

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

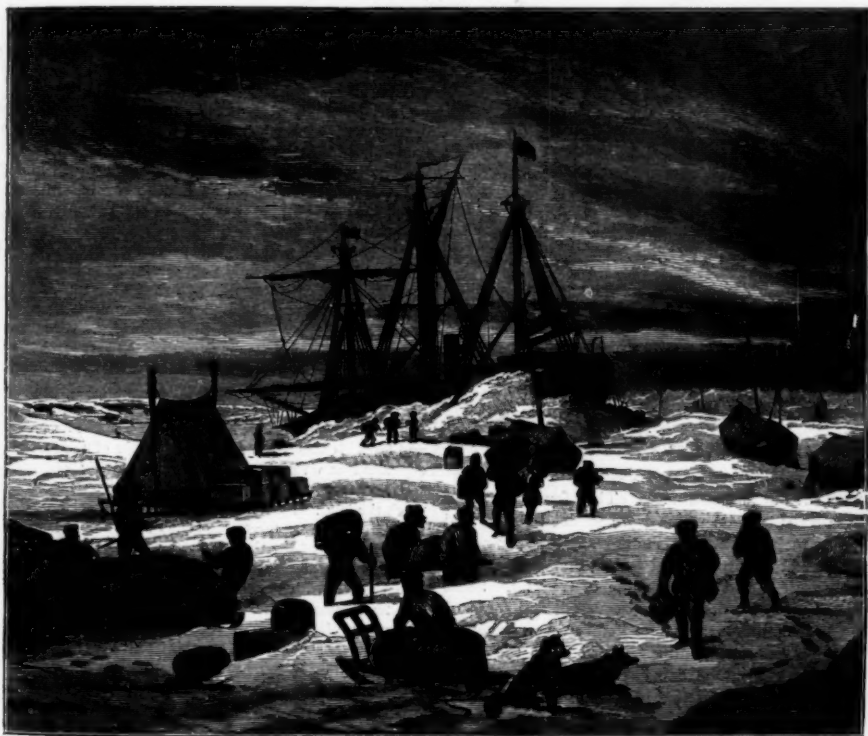
THE AUSTRIAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.—THE SECOND WINTER, AND THE RETURN HOME.

WE left the Tegetthoff, at the commencement of May, 1873, fast bound in the ice, all full of hope of a speedy release. But June and July came and went, and still the imprisoning floe drifted slowly along. There was little change in the situation, ex-

a little, and the water rose between the ice and the hull on the fore-part. They tried to aid Nature by digging, sawing, and blasting away the floe. But all in vain. Man's puny efforts count as nothing for or against the forces of the frozen zones. The Teget-



ABANDONING THE TEGETTHOFF.

cept that the huge fragments of ice, which had been piled up as far as the eye could reach, gradually lost their sharp outlines, and the scene was a kind of snowy chaos.

At the end of the month the ship began to settle
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hoff lay fast grounded two or three feet above the level of the water, out of which she had been fairly lifted by the ice. The apparent gain by the partial sinking was more than counterbalanced by the rapid melting away of the ice at the sides of the vessel,

and late in the summer they were obliged to guard against the danger of her actually overturning by shoring her up with strong timbers resting against the masts. She looked like a building ready to fall rather than like a ship.

There was, of course, little opportunity for scientific research. Great flocks of birds, notably auks and gulls, made their appearance; some of these which happened to fly directly over the vessel were shot. Many soundings were taken through the fissure near the ship as they drifted along; these showed that this part of the Frozen Ocean is quite shallow. Once they drifted over a bank where the water was so shoal that they brought up material from the bottom with a drag-net; this showed that the bed of the ocean there is composed of layers of mud and shells. The longest excursion made from the vessel was on August 14th. For some time they had observed a large, dark mass of ice at some distance. A



THE DRESS OF THE ARCTIC SLEDDER.

party set out to examine it. They found it to be a huge iceberg, upon which were strewed stones and bits of rock, the first earth they had seen for nearly a year, and they rummaged among the *débris* as zealously as if it had been a mine of treasure. Some bits of yellow pyrites were discovered, and some of the finders, like many a one before them, imagined that they were gold, and speculated as to the possibility of going home one day loaded with the precious metal. The distance from the ship was about four miles. This furnished the only means they ever had of even guessing at the size of the floe on which they were imprisoned, and showed that its diameter could not be less than six or seven miles.

By the middle of August it became certain that there was no hope of liberation that summer, and that they must pass another long winter in the ice. The bears had almost ceased to make their appearance, but seals had become numerous, and their efforts were

turned to hunting them; for they knew that, although their stores of salt and prepared provisions were ample for another year, yet fresh meat was absolutely essential for their escape from the fatal ravages of scurvy. Their success was tolerably satisfactory. They secured about forty seal, besides many that escaped after being struck. On the 25th the sun set at midnight. Four days after snow and rain fell, and the rigging was covered with incrustations of ice an inch thick. Winter was upon them, and with it, to the commanders at least, the despairing thought that, even if they succeeded in making their escape the next summer, they "must return home without having achieved anything, or at most with a narrative of a long drift in the ice." But the very next day wrought a mighty change. What it was, Payer shall tell us:

"A memorable day was the 30th of August, 1873, in latitude 79° 43', longitude 99° 53'. That day brought a surprise such as only the awakening to a new life can produce. About mid-day, as we were leaning on the bulwarks of the ship and scanning the gliding mists through which the rays of the sun broke ever and anon, a wall of mist lifting itself up suddenly revealed to us afar off in the northwest the outlines of bold rocks, which in a few minutes seemed to grow into a radiant Alpine land. At first we all stood transfixed, and hardly believing what we saw. Then, carried away by the reality of our good fortune, we burst forth into shouts of joy: 'Land, land, land at last!' There was now not a sick man on board the *Tegetthoff*. The news of the discovery spread in an instant. Every one rushed on deck to convince himself with his own eyes that the expedition was not, after all, a failure.

"There before us lay the prize that could not be snatched from us. Yet not by our own action, but through the happy caprice of our floe, and as in a dream, had we won it. But when we thought of the floe, drifting without intermission, we felt with redoubled pain that we were at the mercy of its movements. As yet we had secured no winter harbor from which the exploration of the strange land could be successfully undertaken. For the present, too, it was not within the verge of possibility to reach and visit it. If we left our floe we might be cut off and lost. It was only under the influence of the first excitement that we made a rush over our ice-field, although we knew that numberless fissures made it impossible to reach the land. But, difficulties to the contrary notwithstanding, when we ran to the edge of our floe, we beheld from a ridge of ice the mountains and glaciers of the mysterious land. Its valleys seemed to our fond imagination clothed with green pastures over which herds of reindeer roamed in undisturbed enjoyment of their liberty, and free from all foes.

"For thousands of years this land had lain buried from the knowledge of men, and now its discovery had fallen into the lap of a small band, themselves almost lost to the world, who far from their home remembered the homage due to their sovereign, and gave to the newly-discovered territory the name KAISER FRANZ JOSEF'S LAND."

During September the floe continued to drift slowly, first toward the south, then toward the northeast, up to within a couple of miles of the eightieth parallel of latitude, the most northerly point ever reached by the ship. In October the

drift was toward the southwest, during which the floe was driven close to the land, against which its edge was rapidly worn away. On the 1st of the month the distance from the ship to the edge of the floe was thirteen hundred paces; on the 6th it was only two hundred. They were in constant peril of

But now there were only a few hours of daylight, and the days were rapidly growing shorter; so that little could be done until the approaching long winter night was over. Payer with others made several excursions, sometimes by moonlight, to the land, which they discovered to be a small island, to which



THE BURIAL OF KRISCH.

the renewal of the ice-pressures of the preceding year, and everything was kept in readiness for abandoning the vessel if necessary. On the 31st the ship was within three miles of a rather low headland, with huge icebergs all around. Here, in latitude $79^{\circ} 51'$, longitude $58^{\circ} 56'$, the floe came to a stand, about twenty miles northwest of the spot whence the land had been first discovered two months before. The Tegetthoff remained here until she was abandoned, seven months later.

On the morning of November 1st a party set off to reach the land. Clambering over huge blocks of ice, piled up fifty feet high, which formed the edge of the floe, they came upon a broad stretch of young ice, showing that there had been open water there only a few days before. Crossing this, they stood upon land, for the first time since they had left the Barentz Islands, more than fourteen months before. If they had reached the land a few months earlier, they might have set to work to explore it.

they gave they name of Wilczek Island. The longest of these excursions was about a dozen miles, which brought them two miles beyond the eightieth parallel of north latitude.

The second autumn and winter in the ice passed with comparatively little incident. On the 1st of November the stars became visible as early as 3 P. M.; on the 16th large print was barely legible at noon; on the 18th one could just make out the largest letters on the title-page of a book, at the distance of a foot; by the middle of December not a letter could be distinguished at noon on a clear day. On the 21st the sun ceased to appear above the horizon, and for the remaining six weeks of the long polar night they were enveloped in almost total darkness, it being impossible to discern the figure of a man at the distance of a few yards. At noon of this day Payer made a drawing of the ship, which was illuminated with torches for the purpose. The cold grew more and more intense.

On November 23d spirits of various kinds were exposed, and remained unfrozen for an hour and a half at a temperature of -26° Fahr.; at -31° gin and maraschino were congealed, but rum and brandy remained fluid. Subsequently, a mixture of two parts of pure alcohol with one part of water froze at -47° , and cognac brandy at -54° . The lowest temperature observed during the entire expedition was on March 14, 1874, when the thermometer indicated -59° Fahr., or 81° below the freezing-point of water! If the various instruments used were correct, and the observations accurate, a few temperatures considerably lower than this have been observed. Thus Back records -67° Fahr.; Hayes, -69° ; Kane, -70° ; McClure, -75° —all in America; and Nevéroa, in Siberia, -76° . But there is much difficulty, and some uncertainty, in taking observations at such extreme temperatures.

The officers managed to make themselves quite comfortable, and passed the winter pleasantly enough. They succeeded in so improving the warming and ventilation of their mess-room, that they could sit there for several hours on a stretch without their overcoats, although they were not able to prevent the accumulation of moisture in their berths, and not infrequently the bedclothes were frozen fast to the wall. They had all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. Scientific work gave them sufficient occupation; and there was the unfailing resource of a well-chosen library. The crew fared somewhat more hardly. Their quarters were of necessity crowded, for, as the Tegetthoff was not lying in a safe winter harbor, but was liable to be drifted off at any moment, it was impossible, as other arctic voyagers have done, to remove the stores to the land, and use the hold as quarters for the crew. Their work, however, was light. The watch on deck, whose main duty was to keep a lookout upon the ice, and give notice of the approach of bears, was changed every two hours. When they were relieved, they would shoot down into their quarters like a seal into his hole, and those who had a gift for sleeping had ample time to develop it. The worst thing in their case was the prevalence of scorbutic symptoms, in spite of the watchful care of good Dr. Kepes, and, perhaps better still, an almost constant supply of fresh bear-meat.

The bears were, quite involuntarily, their best friends. Scarcely a week passed in which one or more were not shot. Payer estimates that every man ate four or five bears during the expedition. Their constant appearance inclines him to question the prevalent belief that the polar bear hibernates in the winter. On one occasion, during a sledge-journey, they came upon the home of a family of bears. Paterfamilias was encountered by the dogs, and after a fight made for his abode, which was a hole in the snow at the foot of a mass of rocks. The dog Sumbu, sworn foe to bears, followed him in, but soon returned, having evidently seen something which he did not like, and Payer had no desire to enter upon any close examination. On one occasion a she-bear, accompanied by two cubs of darker color, and look-

ing much like poodle-puppies, came close to the ship. The mother was shot, and the cubs brought on board. The sailors made pets of them, put them into a cask, and fed them with anything that came to hand—bread, bacon, sourcrou, or what not. Sumbu took umbrage at the presence of the cubs, and used to scratch and bark for hours together at the occupants of the cask, who would growl back, and show fight with their little paws. At length one of the Newfoundland dogs took sides with the bears, and a fight ensued, in which Sumbu came to grief. But one day the cubs managed to get out of the cask, and made off. They were overtaken, and next day appeared nicely roasted on the dinner-table of the officers.

A large snow-house was built on the ice for the dogs, in which they were shut up during the night. When they were let out in the morning a free fight was the first thing. This over, each dog crept away to the spot where he had hidden a bit of seal-meat or a piece of bread; after he had eaten what he wanted, he would carefully cover the remainder in the snow, all the time glancing watchfully around to see that he was seen by none of his comrades.

During the long winter months, the two commanders took council with the other officers as to their future operations. Their provisions were not sufficient for another year. Scurvy had begun to show itself most unmistakably; seven of the crew were at one time almost disabled by it; and Krisch, the engineer, had also taken a severe cold, which had developed into consumption, and he was evidently very near his end, though he kept busy, and even made Payer promise that he should form one in the sledge-party when the time came. Their stock of anti-scorbutics, especially of lemon-juice, the most effective of all, was diminishing rapidly. All experience had shown that even men who have safely passed two winters in the polar regions are unable to go through the third with health. The ship lay immovably imbedded in the ice, and it was unanimously agreed, if she were not in the mean time set free, to abandon her the next summer, and endeavor to make their way home by sledges and boats; but, in the mean while, to do what could be done in exploring the land which they had discovered.

This determination brought about an agreeable change in their mode of living. The stores, though insufficient for another year, were superabundant for the short time they were to remain. The more that could in the mean time be consumed the better. Officers and crew lived almost in luxury. Lights were freely burned in every part of the ship. Potatoes, preserved vegetables, and fruit, appeared daily on the table, and the allowance of rum was increased. Even the cherished stock of wine, carefully reserved for the use of the sick, was dealt out liberally. Three-and-twenty men drank two hundred bottles in three months. As for cigars and tobacco, every one had as much as he wanted. Under the excitement, and with this better mode of living, the sick improved rapidly, all except Krisch. At the beginning of March he became delirious, with only short

intervals of consciousness, but the diseased action of his lungs was manifested by a continual rattling in the throat. Nothing could be done for him except to alleviate his sufferings as far as possible.

At noon of February 23, 1874, the rolling mist glowed with a red light, announcing the reappearance of the sun, which showed itself above the horizon at ten o'clock the next morning. The long winter night of one hundred and twenty-five days was over! On that day Payer laid before the council of officers his plans for operations upon the land. Sledge-expeditions were to commence between the 10th and the 20th of March, and be continued six or seven weeks. If possible, there were to be three, one succeeding the other: one to the north; along the coast; one in the interior; and one to the west, each to be concluded by ascending some dominating height, from which a wide view could be had. Provisions were to be deposited on the shore for the use of the explorers, in case, when they returned, they should find that the ship had been driven off. In that case they were not to attempt to remain another year, but to endeavor to make their way home over the ice, and by a boat, which would also be left. In any case, the explorations were to be concluded in time to enable those engaged in them to recruit their strength before the whole expedition should set out on its return.

The scheme was successfully executed, and the general result may be briefly set forth. Franz Josef Land, in its already ascertained extent, is nearly as

several large pieces of open water were seen, and at the time of the explorations the ice was usually of not more than a year's growth, though there were numerous broad barriers of piled-up ice. The sledge-routes were considerably more over the ice of the sound than on the land. The atmosphere is so overloaded with moisture as to indicate that the entire country is insular; but the size of the glaciers and icebergs indicate a large land-surface. The mountains are generally from two to three thousand feet high, except in the southwest, where they reach a height of five thousand feet. The prevalent formation is basaltic, consisting of isolated groups of conical mountains and table-lands, the evident result of erosion and denudation, and with no isolated volcanic cones. Tertiary brown-coal sandstone of East Greenland is found here, though the brown-coal itself was seen only in small beds, which Payer considers an additional indication that the climate of the polar lands must once have been as genial as that of Central Europe now is. There was not the slightest trace of habitation, or indeed that a human being had ever before set foot upon its shores. The southern part was destitute of every kind of animal life except polar bears and migratory birds, especially gulls and auks; but in the northern parts numerous fresh tracks of foxes were found in the snow, though the animals themselves were never seen. The vegetation is of the most limited character, consisting almost entirely of a few species of meagre grasses, mosses, and lichens. In no place was there



THE DOGS AND THE YOUNG BEARS.

large as Spitzbergen, and consists of two main masses, Wilczek Land on the east, and Zichy Land on the west, separated by the broad Austria Sound. Both are intersected by numerous fiords, and many small islands lie off the coast. An unbroken surface of ice extends from one land to the other, though

a patch of sward of even a few feet square. Seals were quite numerous along the coast, and a few white whales were seen. Walrus were observed only twice, and then not near the shore. Of fishes, only two small species were brought up by the drag-net, besides a number of species of invertebrate sea-

fauna. Sponges were quite common, many of them of large size. Driftwood was not uncommon, but never large, or in great quantities. Some of the pieces were of a species of pine, whose broad rings of annual growth showed that they must have come from the southern part of Siberia. None of the pieces could ever have formed parts of a ship.

The first sledge-journey was begun March 10th, and lasted only till the 15th. The party consisted of Payer and six men, with three dogs. This journey was chiefly notable for the extreme cold which was encountered, varying between 37° to 81° below the freezing-point. Payer gives some curious examples of the effects of this extreme cold. Thus, on that coldest 14th of March:

"We had some rum; and, as each of us took his share, he knelt down and allowed another to shake it into his mouth, without bringing the metal cup into contact with his lips. This rum, though strong, seemed to have lost all its strength and fluidity; it tasted like innocent milk, and its consistence was that of oil. The bread was frozen so hard that we feared to break our teeth in biting it, and it brought blood as we ate it. The attempt to smoke a cigar was a punishment rather than an enjoyment, because the icicles on our beards always put them out, and when we took them from our mouths they were frozen. Even the shortest pipes shared the same fate. Extreme cold, like extreme heat, is a terrible exciter of thirst. Many try to relieve it by using snow; but this is especially pernicious when its temperature falls considerably below the point of liquefaction. It is, in fact, a mere delusion, because it is impossible to eat as much snow—say a cubic foot—as would be requisite to furnish an adequate amount of moisture. Snow of a temperature of 35° to 55° Fahr. below zero feels in the mouth like hot iron, and does not quench but increases thirst, by its inflammatory action on the mucous membrane of the parts it affects."

This journey was intended to be only a brief one, and most of the hardiest of the crew were left out of it, to be in reserve for the second and longer journey into the interior; but, on account of the partial giving out of three of the men, a return was commenced sooner than was intended. For a week Krusch had lain insensible in his berth; but on the day after the return of this party a sudden cessation of sound told that all was over. Three days afterward his coffin was borne on a sledge to a high point on Wilczek Island, where prayers for the dead were read over the body, which was buried in a fissure between two basaltic columns, and the cavity filled up with stones, and a simple wooden cross erected over it, and a cairn was subsequently raised. The thermometer stood at 37° below the freezing-point, and the snow blew so fiercely that it was with great difficulty they could find their way back to the ship. More than once, indeed, during that winter, when some of the party were only a few hundred paces from the ship, they were completely lost, and were saved only by the sagacity of the dogs.

The second and longest sledge-journey was begun on the 26th of March. It was designed to last a month. For several days previously the weather had been stormy, and there was great danger that before

the close of the month the floe would break loose and drift away, bearing the ship helplessly along; and in that case there was hardly the remotest chance that the land-party would ever regain their homes; yet there was not one of the sailors who was not anxious to form one of them. Payer chose those whom he thought the strongest and most reliable. The party as made up consisted of Payer; Midshipman Orel; the two Tyrolese, Haller and Klotz; three sailors, Zaninovich, Sussich, and Lukinovich; and three dogs, Jubinal, Torossy, and Sumbu. Payer called his picked men together, explained his plans, and pointed out all the perils involved, especially that of their being cut off from the ship; and in such case all of them solemnly promised to take the whole blame entirely on their own shoulders. He also guaranteed them a reward of one thousand florins if they should reach the eighty-first degree of latitude, and twenty-five hundred florins if the eighty-second degree was attained. This promise was not to be divulged to the rest of the crew, and was to be void if any of the others should hear of it; for it would be likely to create ill-feeling on the part of those who were left behind. They took a large sledge, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and a small dog-sledge, weighing thirty-seven pounds, to be used in special cases. The whole equipment weighed 1,565 pounds, apportioned as follows: Sledges, 137 pounds; provisions, 620; tent, sleeping-bags, etc., 320; instruments, rifles, ammunition, etc., 170; alcohol, for cooking, and rum, 128; fur coats and gloves, 140. Experience had shown that on such expeditions both men and dogs require an unusually large amount of nutriment, not less than two and a half pounds of solid food daily for each man, and about as much for a dog. They expected, and as the result showed correctly, that the bears would add largely to their stock of provision. The narrative of this journey forms one of the most interesting and valuable portions of the work; but we must limit ourselves to a condensed *résumé* of some of its more striking incidents.

March 26th.—They started in a driving snow-storm from the northeast, the thermometer standing at -6° Fahr. Before they had gone a thousand paces from the ship the storm increased, so that it was impossible to proceed; but they chose, rather than to return to the ship, to put up their tent behind a hummock, where it could not be seen from the vessel. For the next four-and-twenty hours nothing was to be done except to thaw the snow out of their pockets, and to sleep. Next morning there was a slight snow-storm, and the temperature varied between 34° and 54° below the freezing-point; yet so severe was the exertion of dragging the heavy sledge that their faces were bathed in perspiration. 28th.—The route lay over smooth ice covered with snow. The temperature rose, with a strong wind. A sail was set up, and the force of the wind was enough to drive the sledge, which was guided in its course by a man running on ahead with a rope. 29th.—Thermometer rose to $+23^{\circ}$ Fahr., and it began to rain. 30th.—Thermometer fell to -22° Fahr., with a strong

north wind, in the teeth of which they could not march, and so set up their tent, in which men and dogs tried with ill-success to make themselves comfortable.

April 1st.—A bear appeared at long range, and his flesh would be a priceless exchange for their rations of boiled beef. Payer promised the Tyrolese the usual "bear-money" of Tyrol (thirty gulden), if he should be bagged. He received three shots at once, but began to drag himself slowly off. They followed and dispatched him with knives. They cut off and put fifty pounds of his flesh on the sledge, in lieu of as much boiled beef, which was cached on an iceberg, and abandoned the remainder to the dogs, who ate their fill, and left the rest on the snow. Three weeks later these remains saved the party from starvation. April 4th was a sad day. A gull flew low directly over their heads, whereat Sumbu

rendered Payer somewhat fastidious, for elsewhere he praises bear's tongue, heart, and brains, and leads us to infer that very good bear-meat is not worse than very bad beef. On the 7th they reached a small island, which they named Becker Island.

"Over this ice-covered island," says Payer, "we now dragged, and, full of expectation, mounted to its highest point. To the north lay an indescribable waste more desolate than anything I had ever seen, even in the arctic regions, interspersed with snow-covered islands, all, big and little, of the same low, rounded shape. The whole, at a distance, presented the appearance of a chaos of ice-hills and icebergs scattered over a frozen sea. One thing only in this view gave us much satisfaction. Austria Sound still stretched uninterruptedly toward the north. Could we have forgotten how the Tegetthoff had drifted toward Franz Josef Land, that sound would have seemed to us the true road to the pole. Nor could we doubt that in the immediate north open water would be found, for



THE WINTER-HOLE OF A BEAR.

was so excited that he broke away from the sledge and started in pursuit. No shouts could recall him; his track was soon covered over by the drifting snow, and they saw him no more. On the 5th, the day before Easter-Sunday, they passed the eighty-first degree of north latitude, and celebrated the event and the day by hoisting a flag on the sledge, and christening a bold headland by the name of Cape Easter. On this day they had the good fortune to shoot their third bear, who came toward the sledge, burrowing her nose in the snow. At last she began to roll over, evidently in great delight at something she had found. Three rifle-shots finished her. The men rushed to the spot, expecting to find the body of Sumbu, but found instead a partially-consumed seal which Bruin had hidden there. "Bear-flesh," says Payer, "was now our principal food, and the sledge was heavily laden with it. We ate it both raw and cooked; and, when the flesh was badly cooked—especially if it were that of an old bear—it was less palatable than when uncooked. It may be tolerable food for sea-gulls; but it is hardly fit even for devils on the fast-days of the infernal regions." We imagine that the recent luxurious fare on board the Tegetthoff had

in no other way could we interpret the indications we had observed in the last few days: the great moisture and high temperature, the dark color of the northern sky, the frequent flights of auks, divers, and gray and white gulls, which flew from the north southward, or *vice versa*. . . . On the 7th we passed close to Archduke Rainier Island, and having taken our observation, at noon, we found our latitude to be $81^{\circ} 23'$. We had consequently gone beyond the latitude reached by Morton; Hayes only having reached a higher latitude than this. . . . *8th.*—Our latitude, from a meridian observation, was found to be $81^{\circ} 38'$, and, although the sun shining dimly through the clouds might account for an error of two or three minutes, we had certainly passed beyond the latitude $81^{\circ} 35'$ reached by Hayes in Smith's Sound in 1861. Having no conception that Hall's American expedition had penetrated, the year before we achieved the result, to $82^{\circ} 9'$ on the land, and $82^{\circ} 22'$ at sea, we hoisted our sledge-flag to commemorate our success."

The character of the ice now became so wild and confused that they could not advance directly north, but had to veer about as much as 45° from one point of the compass to another. The transport grew more and more difficult, and they were in momentary apprehension that, in the heavy shocks which

the sledge encountered, the precious cask of alcohol, their only fuel, would be destroyed. On the 9th they discerned a high, rocky pyramid to the westward, which served as a conspicuous landmark, and which they called Cape Schrötter. To this they hastened, and found its latitude to be $81^{\circ} 37'$, so that all the toil of the last few days had been without result.

Before them to the northward were mountains three thousand feet high, over which it was clearly impossible to drag the heavy sledge; and, if they were to go farther northward, they could only do it

covered with snow, into which they were continually slipping. At noon they set up their tent, and made their dinner. And then Klotz made the ominous confession that he had overrated his capacity for travel. One of his feet had for some days swollen and ulcerated, so that he could walk only in shoes made of leather, which are useless in the snow. There was nothing to be done but to send him back, and he soon disappeared from view.

The others set out, Payer, Zaninovich, and the dogs, harnessed to the sledge, Orel walking on a little behind. Suddenly the snow gave way beneath



HOW WE RECEIVE BEARS.

by the small dog-sledge. It was, therefore, resolved to divide the party—three to remain at Cape Schrötter with the stores, while the others went on with the small sledge. Payer told those who remained behind that he meant to be absent from five to eight days; and, if he did not return in fifteen days, they should saw the large sledge in two, and with it make their way back to the ship. The party to go on consisted of Payer, Orel, Klotz, Zaninovich, and the two dogs. They set out on the morning of April 10th, taking with them provisions for eight days. Climbing the steep edge of a glacier, they proceeded along its surface, crossed by many shallow crevasses lightly

the sledge, and Zaninovich, the dogs, and the sledge, plunged down into an abyss, to the edge of which Payer was dragged backward. Payer crept on his stomach toward the edge, and shouted to Zaninovich that he would cut the rope. The other begged him not to do so, for then the sledge would turn over, and he and the dogs be lost. Orel now came up on the other side of the crevasse, and, prone on his stomach, looked over. "Zaninovich," he said, "is lying on a ledge of snow forty feet down, with precipices all around him, and the dogs are still attached to the sledge, which has stuck fast." There was but one thing to be done. Payer shouted to Orel to

throw over his knife, with which Payer severed the trace fastened around his waist. The sledge made a short turn, and then stuck fast again. Payer leaped to his feet, sprang across the crevasse, about ten feet broad, caught sight of his comrade below, and shouted to him that he would run back to the camp, get ropes and the men, and, if he could keep himself from being frozen for four hours, he should be rescued. Flinging off his skin garments, his shawl, boots, and gloves, as he ran, and, dripping with perspiration, he pressed on at the top of his speed through the deep snow, and gained the camp, six miles distant. A rope was taken from the sledge, with which, and a long tent-pole, all made their way to the crevasse. Four hours and a half had passed, and not a sound was heard at first; then there was the faint whining of a dog, followed by some unintelligible human words. Haller was fastened to a rope and let down. He found Zaninovich, almost frozen, on a ledge, and both were drawn up. His first words were to ask forgiveness for having drunk a little of the rum, in order to keep himself from being frozen to death. The dogs had somehow freed themselves from their traces, and sprang upon a narrow ledge, where they had fallen fast asleep. They and the sledge were soon hauled up. So well had it been packed that not an article was lost.

The march of the three was continued northward for two days—first across the frozen Austrian Sound; then along the northern edge of a large land, which they called Crown-Prince Rudolf Land; past a lofty promontory, which they named Cape Auk, from the immense numbers of those fowls which were circling around it, and past Cape Säulen, "Cape of Pillars," from two immense columnar rocks which jutted out into open water; then across the land, until they climbed a promontory one thousand feet high, which they named Cape Fligely, in honor of a distinguished geographer. It is in latitude $82^{\circ} 5'$, and from it they looked far around on all sides.

"The view we had from this height," says Payer, "was of great importance in relation to the question of an open polar sea. Open water there was of considerable extent, and in very high latitudes; of this there could be no question. But what was its character? From the height on which we stood we could survey its extent. Our expectations had not been sanguine, but, moderate though they were, they proved to be exaggerated. No open sea was there, but a 'polynia,' surrounded by old ice, within which lay masses of younger ice. This open space of water had arisen from the action of the long-prevalent east-northeast winds. But of more immediate interest than the question of an open polar sea was the aspect of blue mountain-ranges lying in the distant north, and which lay before us with their outlines clearly defined. These we called King Oscar Land and Petermann Land. The mountainous extremity on the west of the latter lay beyond the eighty-third degree of north latitude. This promontory I have called Cape Vienna, in testimony of the interest which Austria's capital has ever shown in geographical science, and in gratitude for the sympathy with which she followed our wanderings and finally rewarded our humble merits."

This was the extreme northern point of their

journey. If they had had a boat, they might have gone some miles farther. Although they were a few miles in error in supposing that Cape Fligely was the most northern land ever trodden by human feet, we believe that Cape Vienna is still the most northern land ever seen by human eyes. They raised the flag of their country on the summit of Cape Fligely. "Proudly," says their leader, "we planted the Austro-Hungarian flag for the first time in the high North, our consciences telling us that we had carried it as far as our resources permitted. It was no act asserting a right of possession in the name of a nation, as when Albuquerque or Van Diemen unfurled the standards of their country on foreign soil; yet we had won this cold, stiff, frozen land, with not less difficulty than those discoverers had gained those paradises. It was a sore trial to feel our inability to visit the lands lying before us; but, withal, we were impressed with the conviction that this day was the most important of our lives." The following document, signed with the names of all the party, was inclosed in a bottle and deposited in a cleft of the rock.

"*Cape Fligely, April 12, 1874.*—Some members of the Austro-Hungarian North-Pole Expedition have reached their highest point in $82^{\circ} 5'$ north latitude, after a march of seventeen days from the ship, lying inclosed in ice in latitude $79^{\circ} 51'$. They observed open water, of no great extent, along the coast, bordered by ice, reaching in a north and northwesterly direction to masses of land, whose mean distance from this highest point might be from sixty to seventy miles, but whose connection it was impossible to determine. After their return to the ship, it is the intention of the whole crew to leave this land and return home. The hopeless condition of the ship, and the numerous cases of sickness, constrain them to this step."

The return-journey was more difficult and perilous than the advance had been. "As we started on the morning of the 13th," says Payer, "we awoke also to the extreme difficulties of the return-route—difficulties which the excitement of our advance had made light of. Orel, suffering from snow-blindness, marched along with closed eyes; and want of sleep began to tell on us all. Even our dogs were worn out, and whenever a halt was made they lay down exhausted in the snow. The sledge had constantly to be unloaded and reloaded, and its fractures repaired. The surface of smooth ice, encumbered with snow-slush which had accumulated on it, rendered our progress very burdensome." They made a long day's march, and at evening reached the camp at Cape Schrötter. Those who had been left there were not in good plight. All were suffering from diarrhoea and snow-blindness, and Klotz's foot had become much worse. The whole party, however, took up their march on the 14th. It was soon apparent that their strength was greatly reduced. Their appetites were enormous, but the excessive consumption of animal food, to which they were unaccustomed, seemed to lower the muscular power and irritate the nerves. Three of the men, who could not endure bear-meat, were often attacked with giddiness, and had to be placed on half-allowance. In the following week

their miseries were intensified by insufficiency of sleep: they could not spare time to sleep it out; and, though the sledge-load grew constantly lighter, their strength to drag it diminished still more rapidly. By the 17th their stock of provisions was reduced to bread and bear's-meat for two and a half days, and henceforth fasting, more or less absolute, was the rule.

On the 18th the snow began to grow more soft, and water rose in the holes made by their feet. At first they supposed that the water came from streams flowing underneath from the glaciers; but before long they became assured that the ice-sheet had broken up, and that the water under the deep snow was that of the sea forcing its way upward. All at once Haller, who was in advance, broke through the snow, and would have been lost unless rescued by the others. Klotz went ahead, feeling the way with a long alpenstock, and often finding no bottom. It

to the western edge of Wilczek Land, and then, if the ice was not broken up in the southern part of the sound, they might cross over, and gain Wilczek Island, where they hoped the ship was yet lying. If there was open water, or even a broad fissure, they must inevitably perish on the shores of Wilczek Land.

Now commenced the most terrible march of the whole journey. The driving snow increased to a fierce snow-storm, amid which they dragged the sledge at the foot of the glacier, whose huge walls were visible only at intervals through the driving snow. Haller went a few paces ahead, all the while sounding for fissures. At every hundred paces they were obliged to halt to clear away the ice from their eyes and around their mouths. But they dared not rest until the glacier-foot was past, and they had put foot on firm ground. This was accomplished after a march of seven hours. Then they put up their tent, and



FALLING INTO A CREVASSE.

was midnight, but the sun was still visible above the horizon, though the land on either side was veiled in mist and fog. Soon they heard the ominous sound of an ice-pressure, and the hoarse beating of the surf at no great distance. They were in their old sledge-track, and before long saw a great patch of open water before them, with no white ice-edge beyond. Climbing an iceberg, they saw other bergs drifting swiftly in the dark waters—the same bergs which, less than a month before, had seemed as immovable as granite islands. Upon one of these they had made a depot of provisions, and that was floating too.

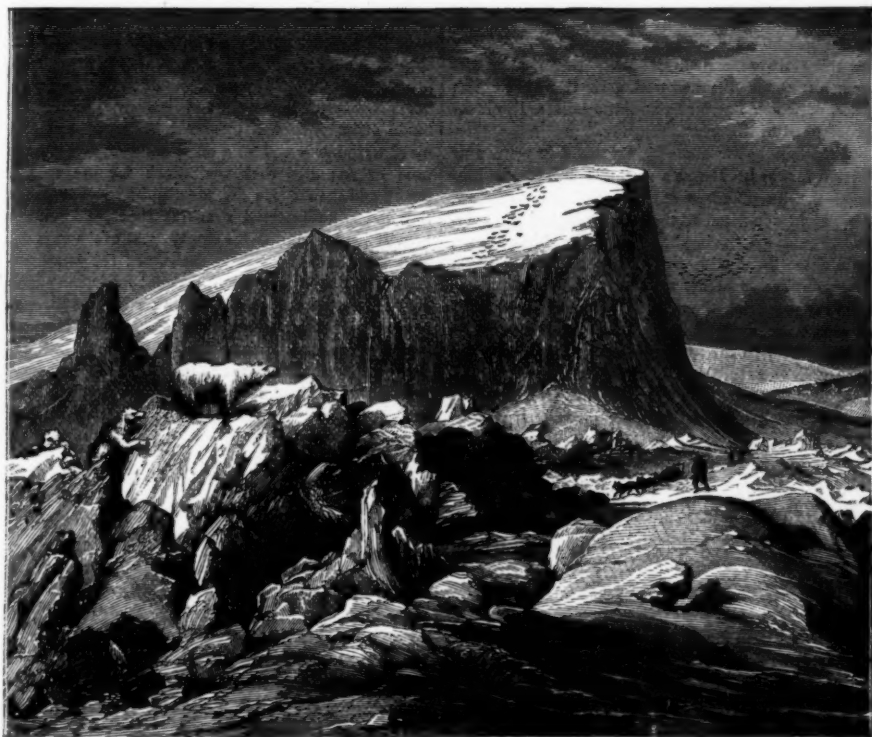
No situation could well be more hopeless. They were on the edge of the open water, without a boat, almost without provisions, and sixty miles from the ship, if she, too, had not drifted away. If they killed their dogs and ate them, and broke up the sledge for fuel to melt the snow for drinking, they might possibly keep themselves alive for a week—and then what? There was but one alternative: they must drag the sledge along the narrow ice-strand clinging

crept under its shelter, wet through, half frozen, and half starved. But they did not dare to take a morsel of food from their scanty store. Hunger, cold, and wetness, forbade sleep. Next morning, April 20th, the storm continued to rage. The thermometer marked 36° below the freezing-point; and after a breakfast more fit for a fever-patient than for men as hungry as wolves, they left their tent. In a few minutes their wet clothes froze into coats of icy mail; but they pressed on as best they could until evening. Then the storm abated, and they came upon the very iceberg where almost a month before they had made a depot of boiled beef, and close by which were the remains of the bear which had been left by the dogs, buried two feet under the snow. It took an hour to dig him out, and, having each devoured three pounds of the boiled beef and bear-meat, they loaded the sledge with the frozen mass and pressed on. To their joy they found that the open water had retreated to the west, and, by making a considerable bend, they were able to get around it, and saw the ice stretch-

ing away, apparently unbroken, toward the southwest, the direction in which the ship should be lying. No wonder that they celebrated their deliverance by a glass of grog.

Next morning broke bright and clear, but very cold. The large sledge, with the men, was sent on, while Payer, with the dog-sledge, remained behind, in order, from a high elevation, to make some measurements indispensable for the maps which he was constructing. He overtook the others during the day, and they went on over a broad reach covered with ice-hummocks; not without difficulty, for Lu-

southern extremity of Wilczek Island. A few hundred steps more, and he would stand on the top, and be able to see if the ship were there. He reached a commanding point, and the horizon of the frozen sea expanded before him, an immeasurable white waste. No ship was visible; not a trace of man save a lonely cairn with a tattered flag fluttering over it, which marked the resting-place of poor Krisch. Suddenly three slender, black lines emerged; they were the masts of the *Tegetthoff*, just visible above the surrounding icebergs and snow-drifts. There lay the ship in her old spot, three miles away, and



CAPE AUK.

kinovich and even the much-enduring Zaninovich were seized with fainting-fits, consequent upon their excessive exertions, and they were frequently forced to stop and rest. Their food was nearly consumed, but at midnight of the 22d they came upon their last depot of provisions on Schönau Island. All fear of starvation was now over, and they enjoyed a delicious sleep of seven hours.

They were still about thirty miles from the place where the *Tegetthoff* should be, and Payer, with the dog-sledge, went on in advance, to ascertain if the ship was still there. At midnight—though still before sunset—he came close to Orgel Cape, near the

seeming no larger than a fly. The three miles were soon overpassed. At a hundred yards' distance Payer was descried by the watch on deck. All the others were fast asleep, but were speedily aroused. In a few hours the remainder of the party were seen approaching over the ice, their sledge-flag proudly flying. For a week the keen zest with which they enjoyed the good cheer which now prevailed on the *Tegetthoff* was the wonderment of the rest of the crew.

The object of the third and last sledge-voyage was to make some exploration of the southwestern portion of Franz Josef Land, with a special view of

learning how far it extended toward Spitzbergen. Only brief space could be allotted to this, for it was now time to abandon the *Tegetthoff*, and endeavor to return home. Only Payer, Lieutenant Brosch, and Haller, formed the party, with Jubinal and Torossy to drag the small sledge. They started April 30th, and returned May 3d. The weather was unfavorable, and they were unable to make any probable estimate as to how far to the west the land extended. They could only be sure that it was a vast, mountainous region, everywhere intersected by fiords, and covered by glaciers; and that the mountains were usually of a conical shape, with the exception of *Richthofen Spitze*, the loftiest summit seen in *Franz Josef Land*, which rises like a slender white pyramid to the height of about five thousand feet. During the three sledge expeditions they traversed a distance of about five hundred and twenty English miles, of which not far from three hundred and fifty belonged to the second journey.

Preparations for abandoning the ship were now hurried forward. It was a veritable carnival to usher in the long *Lenten* season which was to follow. *Weyprecht* deposited all the meteorological and magnetical readings, the log-books, and the ship's papers, in a chest lined with tin, firmly soldered. Payer made duplicates of his surveys and measurements, carefully preparing them so that another hand could construct the map of *Franz Josef Land* in case he should perish on the return-journey; these were also deposited in a tin-lined chest, with some two hundred sketches of the country and their adventures therein, nearly half of which are given in his narrative. Of the zoological collections, only a few of the most portable specimens could be taken. The sixty-seven carefully-dressed bear-skins, and the books and instruments, were left behind. The remains of numerous bears' carcasses lay half buried in the snow, for so abundant had they been that of late only the tongues, brains, and some of the choicer parts, had found their way to the kitchen, the remainder being abandoned to the dogs, who for the first time found themselves free from rations served out to them, and at liberty to gorge themselves at will; and even their voracious jaws were inadequate to make away with their supply. A month later, when summer should set in, the place would become a hot-house of pestilence, unless the gulls should effectually perform the duty of scavengers.

For the return expedition three boats were selected. Two were Norwegian whale-boats, twenty feet long, five feet broad, any two and a half feet deep, each of which was to carry eight men; the third boat was somewhat smaller, and carried seven men. Each of these boats rested on a sledge. The whole weight to be carried was about ninety hundred-weight, of which the provisions amounted to about fifty hundred-weight. Of the dogs, two were shot as useless; only *Torossy*, *Jubinal*, and little *Pekel*, being taken along. The only luxury allowed was a single pouch of tobacco of a certain size for each man; and the crew vied with each other as to who should pack the greatest weight in the allotted

space. The plan of the journey was very simple: to reach the depot of provisions on the *Barentz Islands*, which lay almost directly south; then to follow the coast of *Nova Zembla*, with the hope of meeting one of the ships which are engaged in the salmon-fishery there until the beginning of harvest. Of the men, two were almost unfit for duty; one of them had shattered his arm by an accidental discharge of a rifle, and the other could hardly move his limbs from the effects of scurvy, and had often to be dragged in the boats over the ice. The remainder of the crew were in good condition.

The *Tegetthoff* was abandoned May 20th. Just nineteen years before, to a day, *Kane* had in like manner abandoned the *Advance* in the *Greenland ice*. They partook of their last meal on board the ship in the evening, and at 9 P. M.—it being still broad daylight—all were assembled around the boats ready for a start. For the first days their mode of advance was this: All hands, officers and men, were harnessed to a boat, and dragged it for a mile or so; then they went back for the second boat; and then again for the third; so that every foot had to be traveled over five times, three times heavily loaded, and twice empty. At every step the men went to their knees in the snow; the boat-runners were deeply imbedded, and not infrequently the combined strength of all, pulling with a will, was scarcely sufficient to move the heavy load. It was a weary and monotonous scene of incessant toil, aggravated by that constant thirst which we are wont to associate with the sandy deserts of the equator rather than with the icy deserts of the pole. A mile a day was counted good progress; sometimes not half as much could be made.

During the first week, whenever *Weyprecht* halted for the night, *Payer*, *Haller*, and *Zaninovich*, were sent back to the *Tegetthoff*, with the dog-sledge, to bring up more stores. The journey which had required a week to accomplish with the heavy boats was easily performed in an hour or two. The remains of the half-frozen carcasses of the bears around the ship were always surrounded by flocks of sea-gulls screaming and fighting over the carrion; and sometimes bears were seen prowling in the distance, as if waiting their time to plunder the deserted ship.

After some days, dark masses of clouds were seen to the southward, indicating that there was open water at no great distance. If they could reach that in a few days, and enter the network of ever-changing "leads," they might launch their boats in these water-ways, and, following its windings between the ice-fields, hope to escape into the open sea.

Still moving over the snow-covered ice, on the eighth day they came to a small, low island, of whose existence they had been unaware. Ascending its highest point, they saw an ice-hole stretching away to the southeast. Toward this they started, hoping to reach the end of their ice-floe. Day after day they toiled in vain, for the edge of the ice-hole was everywhere surrounded by masses of

broken ice piled up so high that the boats could not be dragged over. Further advance was for the present impossible. They pitched their camp at a level place in the ice, which they named the "Harbor of Aulis," for here, like the fleet of Agamemnon, they had to lie idly, awaiting a change in the wind. The three boats having been found too small for the men and stores, a party of ten was sent back to the Tegetthoff to fetch the jolly-boat, with additional stores, to replace those which were rapidly diminishing. It took Payer, with the dogsledges, only three hours to accomplish the distance over which it had required eight days to drag the boats. They remained here until June 18th. The "Harbor of Aulis" was in latitude $79^{\circ} 46'$, so that in a month, lacking two days, they had accomplished hardly eight miles, and it was nearly twelve hundred miles to the coast of Lapland. At this rate it would require twenty years to reach home.

On June 17th an ice-hole opened close by them. On the next day they made a track to its edge, and succeeded in launching the boats, the sledges being towed on behind. Drinking some tea, flavored with the last of their rum, they pushed off; but after going three miles they were stopped by heavy ice. They drew their boats upon this, hauled them across, and launched them in another fissure, only to be obliged to haul up on the other side, thus merely changing their position from one piece of ice to another. For days their work may be summed up as sailing a little till the end of the "lead" was reached; hauling the boats upon the ice; and dragging them over the hummocks to another "lead."

But they were not always moving southward. During the last four days of June their absolute advance in this direction was only a mile; and on the 4th of July they found that the floe had been driven by a southeast wind to a point farther north than that which they had occupied three weeks before; so that the labor of those weeks had been fruitless. We give, with much abridgment, from Payer's journal, a *résumé* of their way of life during this period:

"It was a strange life, this abode for weeks of summer in boats covered over with a low tent-roof, with oars by way of furniture, and three pairs of stockings for each man's mattress and pillow. Four boats are lying on the ice, crammed with sleeping men; and so great is the heat in them that no one needs his fur-coat, and snow placed in any vessel becomes water in a few hours. If Torossy has not ushered in the day by barking, the cooks do it, when they bring the bowls of soup to the boats. The soup is composed of meat, pemmican, pease-sausage, bread-dust, boiled beef, seal, and bear's flesh; when it is flavored with seal-blubber, it is called *Gulyas*. It is consumed in perfect silence. What, indeed, is there to be said, which has not been said a hundred times before? Each one knows the other's history from his cradle downward. A stillness like death reigns over all the surrounding forms of ice, and the frozen ocean stretches out beneath, a vast shroud. A sunless, leaden sky spreads over all; not a breath of air stirs; it is neither warm nor cold; but the snow is slowly melting. And this pale realm of ice forms a world of danger

and difficulty, against which are matched the strength and sagacity of three-and-twenty men.

"Again all have taken their places in the boats to bail out the thaw-water, the great enemy of their health, and of their solitary pair of boots. He whose turn it is to hunt the seal squats at the edge of a floe before a fissure, which admits a few square feet of water, in which no seal will show himself, because he has scarcely room to turn in it. To the others, their abode in the boats is a time of weariness and *ennui*. Happy is the man who has any tobacco; enviable he who discovers a hole in his fur coat which he can mend; but happiest of all are those who can sleep day and night. Noon comes: a little tea is made over the train-oil fire; each gets one cup of it, and a handful of hard bread-crumbs—a kind of dog's food which the impartial committee of provisions measures out with Argus-eyes. The fourth part of the skin of a seal is thrown into each of the four boats, and the blubber on it is eagerly devoured. Some, for the sake of the fins, the ribs, or the head, become guests of the dogs. Flocks of gulls settle impudently near us, screaming and fighting for every morsel they can reach. Some of us try to catch them in nets, but no sooner are the nets up than the gulls disappear.

"There is, however, one solace left us—the solace of smoking. Some, indeed, have already exhausted their whole stock of tobacco. He who has half a pouch of it at his disposal is the object of general respect; and the man who can invite his neighbor to a pipe of tobacco and a pot of water is considered to do an act of profuse liberality. Tobacco becomes a medium of exchange among us, and provisions are bought and paid for with it, its value rising every day. There is no difference between day and night, and Sundays are only distinguished by dressing the boats with flags."

The upshot of all, on July 15th, is thus summed up:

"The ice on all sides lay closely packed, and we had many times to wait for a week in our boats on a floe till the 'leads' were pleased to open, while every empty tin case proclaimed, with fearful distinctness, the diminishing of our provisions and the gloominess of our prospects. And now a steady wind from the south destroyed the little progress we had made. *After a lapse of two months of indescribable efforts, the distance between us and the ship was not more than ten miles!* The heights of Wilczek Island were still distinctly visible, and its lines of rocks shone with mocking brilliancy in the ever-growing daylight. All things seemed to say that, after a long struggle with the supremacy of the ice, there remained for us but a despairing return to the ship, and a third winter there, stripped of every hope, and the Frozen Ocean for our grave."

On the 16th matters began apparently to mend a little. A small line of "leads" had opened southward, on the previous day, by which they made a full mile. The wind now blew from the northwest, and, after being nearly crushed, the boats ran into a broader and longer lead. At noon their latitude was $79^{\circ} 39'$, and the highest points of Wilczek Island were barely discernible—blue shadows surrounded by an edge of yellow vapor, and over the whole a heavy water-sky. They now were able to make four miles a day. July 22d is marked as a white day, for during it they had to draw up on the ice only twice, and reached latitude $79^{\circ} 1'$, fifty miles south of where



THE SLEDGE IN A SNOW-STORM.

they had left the Tegetthoff; and, still warping through narrow "leads," came to larger ice-holes, over which they were able to sail. "Our spirits," says Payer, "were greatly raised, and we went on, full of hope that we should soon come into longer water-ways, which would exempt us from the toils of crossing floes with sledges." But no sure reckoning can be made upon the movements of an ice-floe. On

the 27th they had gained latitude $78^{\circ} 48'$. Then a southwest wind drove them back, and on the 2d of August they were in latitude $78^{\circ} 28'$, more than twenty miles farther north—that is, while they were moving southward in the floe, it was drifting more rapidly northward.

But the ice-holes grew larger day by day, and they again advanced at a considerable rate. On the

7th of August they made fully twelve miles. This was the first day when they were not once obliged to drag their boats over a floe. At noon they halted amid some loose ice. Looking southward, they saw a fluctuation in the sea-level, the ice alternately rising and falling. "The swell of the ocean! We are close upon the open sea!" broke joyfully from every lip; for the "open sea" meant deliverance, if only their provisions would hold out. They had now reached latitude 78°. The fulfillment of their fond hope was to be delayed. The favoring north wind had packed the ice more closely together. They could not move, and once more remained still for a week, improving the delay by hauling the boats upon the ice, and calking them. But every hour of delay was fraught with peril. In mid-August the arctic summer was wellnigh past; the weather was growing sensibly colder; they had food only for another month; and the caprice of wind or current might again carry them to the north, as it had two years before, but now to inevitable destruction.

At last, on the night preceding the 14th of August, the ice opened a little, and they could go on their way. Just before starting in the morning a seal was shot—their eighteenth and last since leaving the ship. They forced a passage through a long succession of "leads," and entered larger and still larger ice-holes, through which they could move under sail, and at noon they were in latitude 77° 49'. Right before them was a large ice-hole, with the sea running high in it. There was the last ice-barrier, and beyond was the boundless open sea. At six in the evening they, for the last time, drew up the boats on the floe. "Again," says Payer, "our ears heard the noise of the waves—the voice of life to us. Again we saw the white foam of the surge, and felt as if we had awoke from a death-like slumber of years to a new existence. We went to rest for some hours, but were aroused by the watch about two o'clock in the morning. The east wind had gathered some heavy masses of ice around us, and we were already several hundred yards from the water's edge. Any delay in escaping would require the labor of many days to set us free again. After much shoving with the poles, and unloading and loading, we again got beyond the line of ice. The Frozen Ocean lay behind us, and on our last floe we made preparations for our voyage on the open sea. The day of our liberation was the 15th of August, the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, and our boats were dressed with flags in its commemoration. But it was no time for the rest and recreation of a holy day; graver duties pressed upon us. The boats had to be ballasted, and were with difficulty made to take on board the baggage, the water-casks, and the crews."

With three hurrahs they pushed off from the ice, and commenced their voyage, the happy issue of which depended on the weather and incessant rowing. The nearest land lay sixty miles away, and if a storm should arise the boats, laden as they were, must go down. The dogs could not row, or do anything else for the common safety. Payer shall tell what followed:

"We were soon convinced that the dogs, which suffered greatly from sea-sickness, would dangerously incommode us in the boats, by destroying their trim. There was, in fact, no room for them in our overcrowded boats, nor water, nor provisions. We could not bring ourselves to abandon them, and our only form of gratitude was, alas! the painful one of putting them to death. A floe by which we passed became the grave of these our true friends, our companions in all situations, and our helpers in all dangers."

Their course was shaped south-by-west, toward the Barentz Islands, where they hoped to take in the provisions left there two years before to a day; and then to coast along Nova Zembla in search of some ship engaged in the fisheries. All hands took to the oars. The crews of each boat were divided into two watches, relieving each other every four hours. On the second day a fresh breeze sprang up from the north, before which they hoisted their sails, and on the morning of the third day the mountains of Nova Zembla, bathed in violet and crimson hues, rose through the mists. But a dense fog set in, and they could steer only by the compass; and, while it lasted, a strong current bore them to the southwest, and when land next became visible they found that they were a hundred miles beyond their depot at the "Three Coffins." To go back would have involved a loss of time far more valuable than the small quantity of stores which they could take on board their overloaded boats, and they held on their course down the coast of Nova Zembla. They peered into the bays, and landed several times, in the hope of discovering fishing-vessels or fishermen's huts on the inhospitable shores. All that they could discover was a single abandoned whale-boat lying keel uppermost. Sometimes, indeed, they thought that they saw a ship, but when they rowed near it they found only an iceberg. It was clear that the fishing-vessels had already left their more northern resorts.

On the 23d of August it seemed that their fate must soon be decided. Their provisions would last only ten days more. They had passed every place but one where they could hope to fall in with a vessel. This was the bay of Dunes, toward the southern extremity of Nova Zembla. Should they be unsuccessful there, they must run the desperate risk of attempting to cross the White Sea to Lapland—a distance of nearly five hundred miles—and they could even now keep their boats afloat only by constant bailing. During the night the boats became separated in a storm, but came together again next morning. To give all an equal chance, the remaining provisions were fairly divided among the different boats, and they again took to their oars. Toward evening they rounded the black, weather-worn rocks of Cape Brütwin, the northern headland of the bay of Dunes. The ledges were covered with innumerable birds, reveling in the spray of the surf. At about seven o'clock a simultaneous shout of gladness went up from all the boats. Right before them was another little boat, with two men engaged in catching birds. Then, turning the corner of a rock, they

saw before them two schooners lying at anchor. In a few minutes the boats were alongside the nearest vessel, whose decks were crowded with long-bearded sailors.

It was the Russian fishing-schooner Nikolai, of Archangel, whose patriarchal captain, Feodor Voronin, welcomed the strangers, not knowing who they were. The welcome was changed almost to homage when the ukase was produced bidding all the subjects of the czar to give every possible aid to the Austrian polar explorers. At the sight of the

the intention of Captain Voronin to fish a fortnight longer in the bay of Dunes, and another fortnight farther south. But the explorers could not endure the thought of spending a whole month in the now overcrowded Nikolai, where the crew must of necessity sleep in the hold, among bear and reindeer hides, salmon, and reindeer-flesh, nets and oil-casks. So they agreed with the captain that he should forego his fishing and take them at once to Vardö, a little fishing-port in Norway, near the North Cape.

On the 30th of September, the eight hundred and



SCENE ON THE ICE.

imperial seal and sign-manual the sailors bowed themselves to the deck with bared heads. But their welcome was none the less cordial. The best of everything they had was spread on the table, and the hungry and exhausted voyagers regaled themselves on salmon, reindeer-venison, eider-geese eggs, bread, butter, tea, and brandy. The skipper of the other schooner soon pulled on board, and was no less cordial in his welcome.

The day of their deliverance was the ninety-sixth since the abandonment of the Tegetthoff. It had been

twelfth day since they sailed from Bremerhaven, they sighted Vardö. The Austrian flag was displayed on the foretop of the Nikolai, and each adventurer, in his fur coat, stood on deck, ready to land. They ran into the little harbor in the afternoon, and, amid the wondering looks of the inhabitants, Payer hurried to the telegraph-office. Before many minutes had passed their friends and countrymen knew, and before many hours had passed all Europe and America knew, that the men of the Austro-Hungarian North-Pole Expedition had got back alive.

BARBARA.

THERE'S her picture, hanging on the wall—
Copley's work, a century ago ;
See the grace with which that silken shawl
Droops from off the shoulders' rosy snow !

See the carriage of that haughty head ;
See the latent scorn in those dark eyes ;
Only the mournful mouth of blossom red
All the haughty splendor soft belies.

"My Lady Barbara" they called her then ;
'Twas in the old gay days of George's reign.
My Lady Barbara ! In the eyes of men
No fairer beauty ever breathed disdain

From lovely lips or scornful, radiant eyes ;
Yet all her beauty brought no dower but pain,
For all her beauty could not win the prize
That she had staked her hope of heaven to gain.

She laughed at love and lovers till *he* came,
And laughed the more, and flung her idle threat
Of idle scorn, when others spoke his name,
And said, "My haughty lady'll get

Her match if not her master here."
Her scornful, laughing threat rang up and down,
And where he rode or feasted met his ear ;
And where he rode or feasted through the town

She held aloof awhile with cunning guile.
He gave no sign ; a stranger in the place,
He rode and feasted, gave back smile for smile.
One night he smiled upon *her* waiting face,

Then bent a moment, looked and smiled again.
Low laughed she under breath : "So this is he
Who conquers women's hearts, this startled swain,
Whose heart is in his eyes, 'tis clear to see."

"Whose heart is in his eyes"—and thinking this,
She gave him smile for smile, and glance for glance.
He came at her command, she did not miss
His presence day or night at feast or dance.

What was it that she missed as time went by ?
What was it that she sought and sought in vain,
In soft and courtly phrase, and glance of eye ?
What was it that she missed and could not gain ?

"His heart is in his eyes," she'd lightly said,
And left unsaid the vow to win and wear ;
And, looking in those eyes, her own heart bled,
And broke at last with love's despair.

Her master, not her match, she'd found indeed ;
And, like the fair, fond women Shakespeare drew,
She flushed and paled with love, and gave no heed
That all the jeering town her passion knew.

No vision of the truth pierced through her pride,
Till winter came and went, and spring was nigh ;
He but delayed, she thought, to seek a bride
His repent love ranked over-high.

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And, dreaming thus, poor sweetheart, fell the blow,
And half the town stood staring at the sight :
'Twas at the Province House, beneath the glow
Of festal lamps one festal night.

High beat her heart beneath her bodice-belt ;
Her cheek was like the rose, her eyes
Like stars, triumphant, fond, as if she felt,
"To-night, to-night my beauty wins the prize !"

A moment thus she stood superbly fair,
An image of exultant youth and grace,
That seemed to say, "With time and care
I have no part nor place."

Then all at once a whisper met her ear :
"Look ! there he comes, his sweetheart on his arm,
The girl from over seas." She turned, without a fear,
Without a thought of coming ill or harm,

This proud, unconscious Barbara, to see
Whose sweetheart was so trumpeted by fame,
And she not know ; she turned to see
His face—his cruel, splendid face—that came

Between her soul and heaven : his face
Bent smiling down, smiling and fond
To seek another face, not hers ; another face—
Good God ! was this the sweetheart from beyond

The seas they'd whispered of ?—No, no, 'twas chance—
Some fool had blundered ; this was she
Of whom the provost's wife had spoke, her guest from
France,
Late come, to find herself unknown, and he

In kindness, like a gallant knight,
Paid his devoirs in courteous word and deed,
His gentle service, as a gallant might
To serve a stranger's need.

And with the thought a smile across her face
Flashed lightning-like ; for there he came,
This gallant knight, with sudden, hastening pace,
And smiles to meet her own. Like flame,

Her cheek, that had been pale with pain, now burned ;
Like flame, her fierce heart leaped with love and
pride :

"Mine ! mine !" her eyes declared. He touched her
hand, then turned
To her who hung upon his arm. "My bride,

Come Easter-morn," he said, "a stranger here,
Brought by her kinsman to my waiting love ;
If Lady Barbara, whose welcome cheer
I know so well, would welcome *her*, above

All favors would a bridegroom prize—"
Here all at once a smothered sound
Broke off his silken speech of lies ;
And cries of "Coward ! calf ! hound !"

Rang down the room ; and Barbara stood
Incarnate Hate, who but a little space
Ago was Love's ideal womanhood.
Thus for a moment gloomed her face,

And, like the caltiff she had named him there,
He shrank beneath her withering word and look.
Not this the triumph he had planned with care,
Not this the end, this mighty wrath that shook

And swayed the throng, till men—ay, those whose suit
She'd laughed to scorn in other days—
Turned judge of him, as there he cowered, mute,
Before the lightning of her speech and gaze !

The very air seemed full of menace then,
Of muttering thunder, soon to break and fall
In storm upon his recreant head ; when,
Almost as she spoke, they saw her tall,

Straight figure sway and bend, her eyes grow dim ;
And, ere a hand could reach to save, she fell,
A senseless heap, prone at the feet of him
Whose mocking love had turned her heaven to hell.

Then for a moment all the throng lost sight
Of aught but that still semblance lying there,
And only when they saw returning light
Of life upon her face they whispered, "Where

Is he, this coward, who has fled before
His dastard's work ?" Ay, where was he ?
Not then, not there, nor ever any more
They saw his cruel face : across the sea

That very night with her whom he that night
Proclaimed his bride, come Easter-morn,
He fled away. That very night,
Indifferent of all her scorn,

Dead to revenge, forgetting hate,
In blessed trance poor Barbara lay—
In blessed trance that seemed to wait
From hour to hour, from day to day,

Until a day rose dim with rain,
An April day, chill and forlorn ;
Then broke the trance, and out of pain
She slipped from earth—on Easter-morn !

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

"Anything that's mended is but patched; virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue."

MIGNON walked to the window and looked out at the garden stretched below. Bumble and a favorite wife had escaped from the kitchen-garden, and were strutting about the burnt-up, stubbly bit of lawn on which reposed half a dozen bent croquet-hoops, three or four battered wooden balls, and two mallets, the same being the forlorn residue of a set of croquet that had been in its prime some three years ago.

"It will rain before night," she said aloud, and looking up at the skies, over which a lowering, black cloud was slowly creeping. The air was sultry, the silence oppressive; there was but little beauty in either sky or land just then, but Mignon leaned far out on the window-sill, looking abroad as though she were anxious to imprint what she saw upon her memory. Perhaps some instinct told her how this old garden, that had grown dear to her from long familiarity, would never again look the same to her after to-day; that the careless, happy hours of her girlhood were gone, never to return, while the cares and troubles of a woman were thickening about her path—I say it may be so, for she was not conscious of thought: she simply regarded that which was before her, and understood it, noting all things, from the stray birds that flew from one tree to another, hastening to hide themselves from the coming storm, to the blood-red heart of a single rose that grew on one of the standard bushes her own hand had planted nigh upon four years ago.

A faint mutter in the distance heralded the approaching storm. Mignon withdrew from the window and went back to the table where the unopened letter lay. She took it in her hand, looked at and laid it down again.

"Muriel," she whispered, and her voice sounded strange and sinister in the lonely, darkening room, "shall I open this letter or destroy it, and go back to the long and weary days of waiting, with the added misery of knowing that I might have learned somewhat of you, and did not? It holds tidings of you, and any news must be good to me after your long and cruel silence.—You cannot have done anything wrong, my Muriel; it is I who have been always wicked, and perhaps you are expecting me—reproaching me in your heart; while I am idling here, there may be a message in this letter from you to me—an explanation why you do not come.

"Yes! I will read it, I will face the truth, whatever it may be, for nothing can break my love for you, my beloved, nothing can make you any other than my angel of goodness, and I can bear anything that brings me nearer to you, no matter how steep and thorny the path may be."

Once more she took the packet in her hand. As she did so, the storm burst; a sudden glare of lightning half blinded her, and a clap of thunder seemed to shake the house to its foundations.

"Mignon," wrote Miss Sorel, "when a bad thing has to be told, or a blow is about to be inflicted, the only mercy that can be shown is to do it quickly; therefore I shall say what I have to say in the fewest possible words.

"You know that when I brought you here,

Muriel sought and obtained a situation as governess in the family of a Mrs. Falkner, living in Dublin. Twice a year she came over to spend her holidays with you. Twice a week (sometimes oftener) she wrote to you, and for the space of over two years she failed neither in her visits nor her correspondence. At the end of that time all communication with her abruptly ceased; your letters and mine were returned to us, unopened and redirected by Mrs. Falkner. Upon my writing to that lady and inquiring for your sister, I received the intelligence that Muriel had left her suddenly, giving no reason, leaving no address, affording not the slightest clew by which it was possible to ascertain her whereabouts.

"You used to come to me and say, 'Do you think she is dead, ma'am?' and my heart grew sore for you, for I had begun to suspect that Muriel was lost to you (let me whisper it, Mignon; and, since I shall be dead when you read these words, do not hate me for what I am forced to say) by something of which you have never heard, and cannot even guess at—something compared with which death is kind and the grave a friend—and the name of this thing by which she is lost to you is—*shame!*"

"I say I suspected it, but I did not *know*; that was to come after.

"Do you remember the illness you had in the autumn of the year before last—an illness mainly caused by the grief that filled you at her strange silence and stranger neglect? And do you remember how, when you were beginning to recover, you used in the evening to lie in the drawing-room with Lu-Lu, or, sometimes, myself, for companion? One evening I was sitting with you after dark—I in the shadow, you in the firelight with your features plainly visible—when I saw a woman's face pressed against the window-pane, peering in. She thought you alone, for her eyes never once wandered toward me; and the intensity of her gaze, and something in the half-seen features, sent a sudden suspicion leaping through my mind. I managed to get out of the room without a sound, so that when I came behind her in the garden she was still there. I laid my hand upon her arm; she turned with a violent start and broke away from me like a mad creature, but I caught at her dress and held her fast.

"Muriel," I said, 'have you come at last to see Gabrielle?'

"How do you know that I am Muriel?" she said, in a strange, defiant voice, that staggered me.

"It was so different from the sweet voice of the girl I had spoken with only a few months before.

"She was holding a piece of her shawl over her face; we were but a few paces from the window, but it was pitch-dark and I could no longer distinguish her features. Nevertheless, an unerring instinct told me that it was your sister and no other.

"I think she dropped the shawl. I let go her dress and held her arm—a round, fine arm, clasped by a heavy bracelet, that from the mere touch assured me she was not at all events suffering from poverty.

"Let me go," she cried, struggling violently—

ay, violently; and do you remember that the distinguishing quality of Muriel was her *gentleness?*"

"Muriel," I said, 'do you know that Gabrielle has been very ill, that the child's life has been in danger?'

"I felt her arm tremble in my grasp as though she were in an ague-fit, and her voice was hoarser than before as she whispered:

"She is better now—she is recovering."

"Yes," I said, 'and, strangely enough, she now frets about you no longer, but seems happy in looking forward to the time when you will return to her.'

"She rocked herself to and fro in a strange, dumb agony for some moments; then she said:

"She does not think evil of me; she does not suspect me of—*sin?*"

"My soul seemed to die within me as I heard her—I saw the old, miserable story so plainly—but through it all I was most conscious of pity for *you*—you who had so loved and believed in her, who looked upon her as something above and beyond other women—and it seemed to me that your wreck of faith in her (when you should know all) was the most piteous feature in the whole case.

"She repeated her question almost fiercely: 'She does not suspect me of—*sin?*'"

"She does not know the meaning of the word," I said; 'at least, in the common acceptance of the term.'

"God grant she never may!" cried Muriel, with fearful energy. 'Promise me, swear to me, that you never *will* tell her—let me be for a little longer to my angel the Muriel that she used to love—and to love—'

"Her arms fell by her sides, she stood like a woman turned to stone, then she suddenly stooped her lips to my hands and kissed them passionately.

"You are a good woman," she said, 'are you not?'

"No," I said; 'I try to be, but I am not, really.'

"Then, if you are not," she said, 'nobody is. And a good woman always keeps her promise, does she not?'

"Yes," I said.

"Then promise," she said, holding my arm tightly, 'that you will never reveal to Gabrielle that you saw me here to-night. Swear to me that you will never tell her the thoughts that I know are in your heart concerning me to-night—that you will utter no word to tarnish the mirror of her pure mind by one whisper or hint of evil. Let her think me cruel, unnatural, heartless, but do not let her think me—wicked. Do you swear it?'

"Upon one condition only," I said, after a few moments of thought, 'and that is, that I leave a written account of this interview with you for Gabrielle to read in case of my death.'

"In case of your death!" she cried; 'are you ill of an incurable disease? Have you any reason to think that you are *likely* to die before long?'

"No," I said, 'I have no disease that I know of; humanly speaking, I am likely to live for a long

while, but death may come unexpectedly to me, as to you, at any moment."

"Do you think that you will live two years?" she cried; "do you think you are likely to die before that?"

"It was a strange question asked in a strange fashion, but I perfectly understood that she wanted certain things to be kept from you for a certain time, and that she feared my death might interfere with her plans.

"I cannot tell," I said. "Why do you say two years?"

"Because," she said, "by that time all will have come right, and I shall be able to face her—honest. I shall be able to look her in the face, and you, without fear or shame. You will have a better opinion of me then than you have to-night; if you knew what I have suffered, what I do suffer, you might find it in your heart to be sorry for me."

"She left my side, and stole to the window. I looked over her shoulder. You were sitting by the fireside working, and there was a smile upon your lips, the first I had seen there for many weeks.

"See!" cried Muriel; "she smiles!—Gabrielle! Gabrielle!"

"There was such a passion of longing in the poor, pretty creature's voice that it made my heart ache to hear her. At last she tore herself away.

"Think as well of me as you can," she whispered, taking my hand in her two trembling ones; "you have promised that you will never tell her?"

"Yes," I said, "I have promised."

"God bless you!" she said, "but, above all, for the friend you have been to my Gabrielle! Do not deem me thankless for your goodness; I pray for you every day."

"And with that she kissed my hands and was gone like a shadow.

"I have only seen her once since that night; it was about three months ago. She was again looking in on you from the garden, but this time at the front of the house. When I reached the place where I thought I had seen her standing, I found no sign of her. It seemed to me a curious and sad fatality that, at the very time you were at your brightest and happiest, looking forward to such unclouded hope to your reunion, I should have become possessed of the knowledge how by her own act she had severed herself from you forever.

"Mignon, do not look for her return; better far for you that you never see her face again, lest you have to endure the inconceivable agony of contrasting the Muriel of your love and childhood with the Muriel that now lives to you; and believe me when I say that, bitter as would be her loss by death to you, it would be merciful compared with the horror of knowing her to be alive, divided from you by a gulf that she can never cross—the gulf of *sin*!

"That she will return in two years I hold to be too wild and improbable a story to afford us one ray of hopeful anticipation; dependent upon the capricious impulse of the man who has betrayed her, she leans but on a broken reed. For so it is that when a

virtuous woman forfeits the respect of the man who loves her, she makes herself but a poor pensioner on his bounty, and reposes herself but by sufferance upon his protection; while he, being bound by no law to give her redress, being indeed thrown absolutely back upon the goodness of his impulses and heart as to whether or not he shall repair the wrong he has done her, is, alas! more likely to be false to his better instincts than true to them; for the tendency of a bad man is ever toward evil, and he rarely gives the lie to his past life in one deed of conspicuous virtue.

"Mignon, little adopted daughter, if my words appear heartless and cruel to you, I beseech you to believe that they are as hard to me to tell as to you to hear. Comfort I cannot give you, pity I dare not offer. Only believe that you are not the first, as you will not be the last, to whom God has seen fit to send so terrible a misfortune.

"LALAGE MAKEPEACE SOREL."

Five minutes passed, ten minutes, fifteen. The hand of the clock went round to the half-hour, but still Mignon sat still and quiet, the letter neatly re-folded and placed in the envelope. A knock at the door came, and there entered Prue.

The storm had spent itself, the rain had ceased to fall, the sweet odors of flowers and refreshed green leaves floated in at the open window.

Prue advanced, about to speak; but, when she saw the rigid attitude of the girl who sat in the chair; when she saw the awful change that had come over Mignon's face in the space of one hour—she stopped short, terror-struck.

"Little mistress," she cried, "don't look like that; don't fret so about Miss Sorel; if you haven't got any friends or home, dear heart, you've got your poor old Prue, and together we'll make our way in the world."

Mignon lifted her hand and beckoned to the woman. Prue came slowly nearer and nearer till she faced the girl.

"Prue," said Mignon, slowly—and her voice was as the voice of a stranger—"what is *shame*?"

CHAPTER XVI.

"O limnéd soul! that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged!"

SOME one was watching the stars, "the angels' forget-me-nots," come out one by one in the sky overhead. O stars! that man in his short-sighted, narrow-minded wisdom calls "restless," do you not mock him, even as he speaks, with the silent majesty of your eternal peace and presence? Is it not the toiling, throbbing, suffering heart of man that is restless, not you? Century after century you look dumbly down upon million after million of human beings who, in the brief and scanty hours of serenity that brighten their lives, and possessed by no immediate, passionate wish, or unfulfilled longing, lift their eyes

to your supreme splendor, and, pointing at you a pygmy finger fashioned of dust, hurl at you the epithet of "restless."

You might teach us many a lesson of beauty and peace if our hearts could only be guided to read you aright. You might breathe into our souls some divine image of the unutterable grandeur of the life that lies beyond this present, but we do not seek to understand you, or fathom the mystery of your meaning. We only glance up at you for a few seconds with careless, aweless regard, as though you were pretty toys hung out for our passing wonder and amusement, then turn our eyes downward to the coarse, garish lights that guide our footsteps, and death overtakes us while we are still groping to and fro, seeking for the jewel of wisdom in the mud that hampers our feet; having learned not one lesson from those simple yet mighty teachers overhead, and attained to neither knowledge, understanding, nor greatness.

Some one was thinking, as so many other souls have thought in their misery (and most of them, I think, in their youth, when trouble seemed to them a less natural thing than happiness; whereas, to the older wayfarer, happiness is accepted as something strange and precious, theirs by no right of their own, but a gift sent straight from Heaven), "It will be all the same a hundred years hence."

This cry, that proceeds from such different hearts, under such widely-different circumstances, must surely take its root in some subtle process of reasoning that is gone through alike by all suffering human nature—perhaps it is the outcome of a sudden lightning conviction of the utter impotence and wastefulness of sorrow, and our intense weariness of life causes us to look forward to the ambulation of it, all it knows and comprehends, with a certain sense of relief. But, although the mere utterance of the old, old thought carries with it a dull comfort of its own, reality steps quickly in and pricks us with the thought that the hundred years are not over yet, that the *meanwhile* alone is our life and must be gathered up and borne as a burden, no matter how the flagging limbs fail us, no matter that we see no end or turning to the dark and lonely road along which our journey lies, nor that there is not one breast upon which we have a claim to lay the burning brow for our precious purchase hour of peace.

"Nothing cares," thought the girl, as she lifted her heavy eyes—eyes that had shed no tears throughout these seven long days—to the crescent-shaped moon, that

"Put forth a little diamond peak,
No bigger than an unobserved star,
Or tiny point of fairy cimeter—
Bright signal that she only stooped to tie
Her silver sandals ere deliciously
She bowed into the heavens her timid head."

A night-bird whirled swiftly past; out of the soft twilight a night-wind came sighing and whispering, toying with the few precious flowers brought by Prue, that

"... poured out their soul in odors,
That were their prayers and confessions;"

and the peace and stillness of the soft summer night warred against the girl's passionate heart, and she cried out dumbly against the heartlessness of Nature, as though she expected the stars to step down and comfort her, the bird to pause in his flight to whisper consolation, the very foundations of all things to be upheaved because she was tossed upon the waves of shame and agony—but there came no voice out of the night, no sign out of the silence, and so, in her confused longing after something that she could not compass, she had said in her bitterness of spirit, "Nothing cares." Who has not felt, at some period or other of his existence, that Nature is a cruel and unsympathizing mother to the children who love her best?

Go to her when you are happy and contented, and she will seem to rejoice and make merry with you. Every one of her quivering lights and delicate tints will be a message from her heart to yours, that she knows your secret, and exults in your gladness. The music of the waterfalls will be as the sound of her voice, the breath of her flowers as the words of her lips; the sunlight upon her purple hills will be as a smile that is smiled for you, and you alone, and your heart will borrow a quicker throb and beat at feeling how perfectly it is in unison with hers. But go to her when you are sad and lonely, when the only creature from whom you could brook the receiving of pity is far away, and she will heed you not—nor shed one tear over your sorrow, nor silence one song of her countless birds, or quench one of her magic lights—nay, if you die, she will wear her fairest robe, her brightest smile, and, at the very moment that you are lowered into her breast, she will produce some magical effect of sunlight leaf and landscape that you should, on beholding it in your moments of felicity, have deemed to be a special and loving token of her harmony with your soul. And yet the great nurse-mother has a heart, and a very human one, for while she still continues to smile for those of her children who are light of heart, she receives her dead and sorrowful ones tenderly into her breast. Over their heads she sows her delicate flowers and kindly grasses, and out of the hum of the bees, the chorus of her silver-throated choir of birds, the very rustle of her silken leaves, nay, the very foot-fall of her shy and beautiful animal creation, she weaves one exquisite, never-failing requiem to sing over us, remembering, when all human things, ay, even they that have loved us most tenderly, have utterly forgotten!

"Nothing cares." But little further on its way of research groped the confused and childish intelligence of the lonely little creature who sat, very still and drooping, in the old wooden chair.

There was something strangely pathetic in its absolute quietude, for in Mignon's short life it had ever been her nature to cry out sharply under pain of body or mind; but the bitterness of an adversity that was in itself irreversible, and set far beyond the merciful chance of either hope or fear, had absolutely

stunned her with its violence, leaving her with no more than a crushed and helpless feeling of accomplished misery.

In the days of her keenest longing after Muriel, she had owned one precious possession, of which no man had power to rob her, that had been the tide upon which floated, fair and stately, the argosy of her hopes, laden with the golden store of love and happiness, liable to no storms from without, no treachery from within, as are the brave ships that sail upon the dangerous, shifting floods of reality. Now the future had stepped backward and become the present, and she saw it, this dream-joy of her fancy, as the hollow, pitiful mockery that it was, devoid of substance, use, or fulfillment, how its boards were rotten, its yards manned by the dead, its sails but skeleton hands that waved idly in the wind, the ghastly wraith of that cursed and cruel "might have been" that draws all the sweetness and pith from out of human lives to cast it down as water upon the earth.

To Mignon all things began and ended in the present—the present, that her immature powers of suffering did not give the strength and resolution to meet; she was as one who is suddenly deprived of the crutch upon which she has confidently leaned in her troublesome path, and knows not how to take one single step forward without its support.

She did not even dimly guess how Time, the restorer, heals all wounds; even if she had known it, would not her soul have rebelled against the hurt that she had received, unconsciously asking what healed wound could ever compare with the unflawed wholeness that was hers ere the knife descended and the blow fell? What restoration can ever compare with the dauntless confidence of untried and unbroken health? The stain may be cleansed away, but the traces of the process remain—the gaping wound may close, but the scar remains forever—we can lay our fingers upon it at any moment, and say to our hearts, "It is here"—and we feel it throb and burn for many a year after others deem it wholly healed and forgotten; we remember, as no other can, what we were in the days before we tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge—we know what we now are: not to mortals is it given to eat of the bitter fruit either in the shape of sin or sorrow, and henceforward be as though our shrinking lips had never touched it. The night drew in, the countless hosts of the great army of living lights overhead had ceased together, and now filled the appointed places set by him of whom it has been written, "He calleth them all by their names"—but the girl still sat without stir or movement, trying painfully to think, yet hearing only a dumb cry from all creation, the skies, the earth, the wind, of *Muriel! Muriel!* And so it was that her ears were deaf to the sound of footsteps that came slowly along the gravel-walk, nor did she lift her eyes when they came nearer, nearer, and at length came to a full stop before her.

There was enough light in the sky for the newcomer to make out the outline of a fair, drooped

head, and of two little slim hands, folded stiffly on a plain black gown.

"Gabrielle Ferrers!"

It was a man's voice that spoke, harsh and distinct, each word falling sharply upon the absolute silence with startling effect.

She raised her head slowly, like a dull or child-like child, with whom obedience, however painful, is an instinct.

"Stand up!" he said.

She rose, in a strange, mechanical fashion, and quietly, with no sense of wonder or of fear, discovered in the half-light the unforgetten face of Silas Sorel.

He put out his hand and touched a fold of her black dress.

"You wear this for your benefactress?" he said.

She bowed her head in silence. The sources of speech, as those of thought, seemed, for the time being, to be dried up.

"You have reason to regret her," he said, coldly, "for she was the only friend you possessed in the world. There are men and women altogether independent of friendship and extraneous support, who find their best and safest allies in themselves, and possess the power to carve out their own lives boldly and well; but you are not one of these women; your father was not one of these men; you are all unstable; and as a sapless tree or a drought-stricken land shall you wither away, root and branch, and your place shall know you no more."

The even voice, broken neither by anger nor passion, uttered these words with the solemnity of a curse; and Mignon, listening to him with patient care, and no shadow of either fear or resentment, unconsciously committed them to memory, knowing not that in an unknown day of the future they would recur to her mind with all the force and significance of a prophecy.

"Facile as sand, weak as water, with headstrong hearts and feeble wills, you are all bound to fulfill your destinies. Already, from afar off, I have watched the working out of those of your father and sister, and yours will in no sense be behind the others, or I have not read that true Ferrers face of yours aright."

He paused. The scorn that for one moment thrust aside her pall of wretchedness, and flashed from her eyes, might surely have awakened in him some dormant spark of manliness, had he not been blind through his madness. A spirit of revengeful hatred, immoderately nourished and exalted into godship, has the effect of divesting both man and woman of every human attribute where the object of its loathing is concerned, making of them but blind instruments of a cowardly and degrading passion.

"Such being the case," Mr. Sorel went on, "the death of my sister is in every way disastrous to you. Had she lived, your home with her would have been secured until some man, mad and senseless enough to be caught by your pretty, wax-doll face, spoilt his life by marrying you; but, as it is, you are deprived

of your home, you have not a single friend, and you will have to earn your bread before you eat it. The world in general is apt to be cold to those who look to it for subsistence—cold, yet in some respects too kind for the safety of a young and friendless woman."

His latter words fell unheeded on Mignon's ears. With her lately-acquired terrible knowledge of sin fresh upon her, she yet did not understand him, so that the insult of his insinuation, the disgrace of his speech, simply recoiled upon himself, and he knew it. His hatred and bitterness of heart rose higher as he saw how powerless he was to move her; he knew nothing of the history of her griefs, he believed her silence and mobility to be but an insolent and audacious phase of the Ferrers' haughtiness and pride of bearing, and his slow pulses quickened with anger as he cried:

"Do you know what she was to me, this dead woman, who was the sweetheart of your father, the friend of his child, the gentle schoolmistress to an army of turbulent girls that her weak hand had scarcely power to control? She was my very life itself. Any pretty fool would have suited your father just as well as she did; any commonplace woman could have done as much for you as she has done; but nothing would serve but that my own joy upon earth should be sacrificed at the altar of you and yours. A harsh, unloved man, I was a yet more cursed and unhappy child; my very mother could not endure my evil humors, my father spurned me from his path; only one creature bore with me, understood me, loved me—ay! in spite of all my hatefulness, *loved* me—and that was the dead sister upon whom I looked my last four days ago, and who would be with me now but for you and yours—you and yours! It was no fever that killed my poor girl, it was a broken heart—do you hear me? A broken heart, and your father was the man that broke it. He had all the world to choose from, yet he must needs come and steal from me my one ewe-lamb! I endured to see her drift away from me—endured to see the passionate love of a week set aside the deep and steady attachment of years, for I loved her too well not to be able to endure my own loss if it should result in her happiness, only it was not so; the treasure that he had grasped with such eager, avaricious hands ere long fell from them, and on the day that she should have become his wife her heart broke instead, and I!—O God!—in my madness was as Cain, and would have followed and killed him, had she not wrung from me a promise that I would never lay hand upon him. It was not his fault, she said—not his fault! O Heavens! And thus for many years we dwelt together, but a gulf yawned between us; the old days never came back, she was no longer my sister, but *his* sweetheart. She came to me one day and told me that he was dead. I rejoiced, thinking, 'Now that he is gone her heart will turn back to me.' And even as he had been to her living, so was he to her dead. Not long afterward she came to me again, and said that he had left a child in her care, and that she was resolved upon ac-

cepting the trust. I bade her choose between us, and she chose—you. The patient love of a lifetime to weigh not a feather against the dying wish of the man who had duped her! Judge, then, whether or not I have reason to hate you—ay, even more than I hated your father. Judge when from time to time I saw her, growing paler and paler, flagging more and more under the burden your selfish father imposed upon her, whether I did not transfer my hatred from your father, dead, to his daughter, living; judge whether I am likely to raise my hand to save you from the miserable future that awaits you, for even as your ill-starred father perished, even as your sister is living in shame, so shall the horror of your future in no way fall behind that of the others, and I shall live to see it—ay! and behold you perish even as the Book has written that all the seed of the unrighteous shall perish!"

He lifted his hand in solemn warning; his voice had the monotony of a curse—he was, in truth, a fanatic, whose brain had been partially overturned by intense brooding on the subject of his sister's wrongs and his own, and there was the glare of covert madness in his eyes as he peered through the half-light into the girl's face. She, recoiling at those pale and frightful features, fell back before him, and he, still advancing, was face to face with her as she stood upright against the wall; whereat, her courage suddenly failing her, and the power of speech returning, she suddenly shrieked out:

"ADAM!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"Friend! is there any such foolish thing in the world?"

THE cry had preceded the thought by about a second; instinct directed it, for it was the result of no conscious volition of her own.

A breathless silence followed, which lasted some ten seconds. Then a man dropped noiselessly from the wall almost at their feet.

"You called me?" he said, intensely relieved at finding nothing more terrible going forward than Mignon in apparently close conversation with a middle-aged and extremely ill-favored gentleman; for the cry had been such as one might utter in the extremity of fear or anguish, and had pierced his ear with a sudden and disastrous sensation of evil.

"An assignation, I presume," said Silas Sorel, withdrawing a few steps from the pair; "you are beginning early, Gabrielle Ferrers."

The tone of the man who spoke conveyed a deliberate insult to the girl, none to Adam, and the latter perfectly understood him.

"An assignation," he said, calmly, "is a thing that requires a previous agreement between two persons, and that such is not the case this evening is proved by the fact that I am here only in obedience to Miss Ferrers's summons."

"Take care, take care," said Mr. Sorel, addressing Mignon, and disregarding Adam utterly, "that

you do not follow the example of the girl that you call Muriel!"

"Peace!" cried Mignon, stepping forward, the *ferit* of her voice and attitude amazing the one man as thoroughly as the other; "do not dare to take her name between your foul and slanderous lips! Revile the dead if you will; they are beyond the reach of your curses as of your hatred forever, and you can wreak no pitiful revenge upon them; revile the living that are face to face with you; but do not dare to traduce one who is not here to speak for herself!"

She turned back to Adam as though he were her friend and refuge, and indeed she had altogether forgotten her cause for anger against him; instinct guided her to him, and she went. The Ithuriel-spear of sorrow had turned all lesser things into shadows at a touch, and a passionate throb of exultation ran through Adam's bewilderment that it should be so; that the wild and improbable dreams of an hour ago should in a breath have leaped to golden fruition; that he was actually in her presence, called thither by her voice, looked to by her for help and protection; nay, more, that he dared to hold one of her little, trembling hands securely in his own.

"Who is this man?" he said to her; "and by what right does he come here to insult you?"

"He is my enemy," said Mignon, "and he has no authority over me."

"This young lady, sir," said Silas, extending his hand toward her, and for the first time addressing Adam, "enjoys the proud position of owning not one soul upon earth who has the smallest authority over her; but, as a slight drawback to her enviable position, she is an absolute pauper, without a shilling or a friend in the world, and not a home open to her save that which is furnished by a sister's shame."

"You lie!" cried Adam, dropping Mignon's hand, and striding forward. "She has a friend, and he is—*here!*"

He struck his breast with a vehement gesture, the longing strong upon him to seize the man before him, and give him the chastisement he so richly deserved.

"And so you are her friend?" said Silas, with a sneer, and again the deliberate insult his tone conveyed made the blood boil in Adam's veins.—"Did I not tell you, girl, that you would find the world, cold as it usually is, in some respects too kind to you? And we all understand what kind of friendship subsists between a young lady who is on such excellent terms of clandestine intimacy that a call will at any moment bring him to her side!"

"Sir!" cried Adam, almost beside himself with fury, "do not presume too greatly upon your gray hairs, although the man who can so shelter himself behind them is so vile a coward that he deserves to take a coward's punishment. And as to your calumnies, I hurl them back in your teeth."

"Bah!" said Silas, scornfully; "you use long words, but ask her if what I have said is not true, every word of it."

Mignon's head sunk upon her breast; a burning

shame was upon her; she could not have put her hand in Adam's now if her life had depended upon it, but he took it in his own, and—

"Sir," he said, "I think you must hate this young lady very much, although I cannot believe it to be possible that she has ever harmed you."

"I hate her," said Silas, slowly; "she and all her stock. The men are all fickle, the women are all light; there is not one sound fruit upon the tree; have naught to do with them if you desire any peace of mind, or covet an unstained life; better far that you should slay yourself than place your honor in the hands of a Ferrers."

In the days to come were not these words to ring in Adam's ears, and be to him as letters of fire in the darkness, as letters of ink in the sunshine—although they were now as the angry, futile ravings of an embittered, half-maddened man?

"Have you anything more to say?" said Adam, quietly; "if not, I charge you go, ere I force you from the gentle presence that you have so outraged by your foul-mouthed, lying words."

"Before you bid your elders and betters begone," said Silas, "you had better be quite certain of whose premises you are standing upon. Now, as it happens, this garden is mine, whereas you committed a trespass by entering it by way of the wall; therefore it is for me to command your departure, scarcely for you to command mine."

"But," said Adam, looking down at the girl who stood beside him, "is not Miss Sorel—"

"Miss Sorel is dead," said Silas, fiercely; "and, as her property reverts to me, this garden is mine. Yonder house, and all that it contains, is mine.—You will leave it," he said to Mignon, "by the day after to-morrow at sundown; you will take with you that beggarly woman who has for you so great an affection; and you will leave not one trace of your sojourn here, or one indication that will serve to remind me of your existence, nor will you dare again to cross the threshold of the house that has sheltered you for so long. Henceforth your place is out in the world."

"Oh, have mercy!" cried Mignon, falling down on her knees; "and do not drive me away before she has come back—she would think I was dead or had forgotten her, and she would go wandering about looking for me—and we should never find each other. Let me starve, live in the meanest corner of it, or in this old garden, do humblest service for you; but oh, do not send me away!"

A mist swept across Adam's eyes; a lump in his throat half strangled him as he stooped over that little, kneeling figure, and raised it in his arms.

"No," said Silas; "you shall not live here. If she returns (and it's not likely), I will bid her follow you; you will probably wander about half your lives looking for each other, and that will be a worse punishment than if you found her now, although she is what she is."

A low cry of agony broke from the girl's lips—his wicked words passed her by; she was conscious of but one thought, that she was to be banished

from the place to which Muriel would so certainly return, whether in triumph or degradation, sooner or later.

"Mignon," said Adam, "if it be true that you are so lonely, having neither father nor mother, nor any friend at hand to take care of you, will you take me for your friend, lover, and husband? Will you come to such a home as I can give you, where we will wait together for Muriel's return?"

He felt a quiver pass through her, as though she were violently surprised and startled, but she answered him never a word. How the brave, true heart beat as he looked across at Silas, who had retreated a step, and seemed struck with a bitter and angry dismay!

"You would marry her?" he cried.

"Yes!" said Adam, "if she will take me; if she will stoop to lay her little hand in mine, all unworthy as I am, and give me the right to cherish and protect her always; so much I will do for her, so help me God!"

"You would take her!" cried Silas, "with the knowledge lying at your heart like a viper that all the Ferrers are bad—bad; that sooner or later the black drop will come out in yonder girl; that sooner or later—for they are all false—she will betray you?"

"I would take her," said Adam, never loosening his hold upon the girl's drooping, quiet figure, "with all her childish faults and imperfections, with her beautiful youth, her unsoiled freshness, and innocent heart, and deem her the most precious and exquisite gift that ever came to the heart of man! I would commit my honor to her keeping, and lay my future in her hands without one doubt as to their safety, or one fear of her disloyalty—if she is able to find within her heart one little word of kindness for a poor fellow who loves, yet is not half worthy of her."

"You love me?" exclaimed Mignon.

"I have loved you for a long while."

This new puzzle for the moment distracted her attention from other things; she stood quite still, conscious, for the first time that night, of thought. Impulse and instinct had hitherto guided all her words and actions.

The two men waited, breathless, for her reply. One at least would have forecast her future with a certain amount of truth had her answer been in the negative.

"You would help me to find her?" she said, pursuing a certain train of thought, and looking earnestly into his half-seen face.

"I would."

"And let me live close by here with Prue, so that we might take it in turn to watch by the gates, in case she came?"

"Yes, you shall live close by."

She put her hand to her head.

"Wait a moment," she said, "I have got a hundred pounds, my very own: would it buy a roof to shelter Prue and me, and feed and clothe us for some time, perhaps only until the autumn comes, perhaps a great deal longer?"

"It would not last a great while."

She fell to thinking again; then said:

"And if she did not come here, if it were necessary, you would with me search the world through from end to end until we had found her?"

He hesitated a moment.

"Yes," he said.

She turned without a word and put both her hands into his. Adam held her fast, but did not speak. So they faced the enemy, young, and brave, and handsome—so he often saw them thus in the years that came after, defying him. Even so they in the future remembered that cruel, wicked face and the mirthless smile that covered his thin and bloodless lips as he stood, his arms folded, looking at them.

"I wish you joy of her," he said, coldly. "When we meet again, as we shall meet, it will be a matter of the profoundest amazement to me if I discover that this young lady still retains the place in your esteem that she at this moment possesses. Miss Ferrers—sir—I have the honor to wish you a very good evening."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Half happy by comparison of bliss is miserable."

As the echo of his footsteps died away, Adam took that pale young face between his hands, and looked down into it thoughtfully. It took a faint warmth beneath his touch, for she was ashamed—in a moment's space he had been transformed from her friend and champion to a scarcely-known lover, whose presence filled her with uneasiness: the former had been something to hold fast by and value, the latter oppressed her with a dull sense of dissonance and strangeness.

He was instantly conscious of the change in her, but he did not let her go.

"Mignon," he said, "after all, is your answer 'No?'" But, as he looked, he found himself no longer seeking the answer to his question, but recognizing, with a dismayed feeling of astonishment, the change that had come over her face during these past ten days, and not possessing the key of the puzzle beyond the fact of Miss Sorel's death (for that other black misfortune shadowed forth in Mr. Sorel's speech he had rejected as a willful and malevolent lie), he was at a loss to comprehend it.

"I am tired," she said, slowly, and he cried out upon himself for a fool that he had not observed her fatigue. When she was seated, he knelt down by her side, on the very spot, as it suddenly occurred to him, where Rideout had knelt a fortnight ago that very day.

The girl did not speak—a wheel seemed to be going round and round in her head—the waters of affliction, held back for a brief period by the strange events of the past hour, were rushing back upon her with resistless fury, and again her soul and heart and body were one yearning, bitter cry of "Muriel!—Muriel!" while her sole consciousness was one of intolerable shame and misery. Presently she looked

up, and, seeing Adam's face close to her, a ray of curiosity flashed across the confused horror of her own.

"How long ago was it," she said, slowly, "that I called you a liar, and a thief, and a spy?"

"A long while ago," he said, gently; "do not think about it."

"And, after calling you those names," she went on, still more slowly, "you offer me a home and—your love. For you said you loved me?"

"Yes."

"No; you do not," she said, in the same stiff, careful way; "you only pity me. How can you love a person who said such things to you? You only said so out of kindness, and to show that bad old man I had one friend."

"Mignon," he said, "I have been your faithful lover for a longer time than you think, even before I came over the wall and weeded your garden—I have watched you growing up for these past two years, for I said to myself, 'When she is old enough I will go to Miss Sorel and ask her openly for leave to try and win her for my little sweetheart.'"

"And that was why you came over the garden-wall?" she said.

"No; I had not meant to approach you in any clandestine manner, but a foolish impulse prompted me to go over, for, at that time of the morning, I never dreamed of your coming out; but you came, and caught me." He paused, but she seemed to have relapsed into apathy, and did not speak.

"At first you believed me to be the man who had written you the love-letter; then, before I had in any way recovered from the confusion into which I was thrown by your sudden appearance (for, remember that I loved you, and was now for the first time face to face with you), you asked me who I might be. In the moment that I hesitated, I saw your eyes fall upon my shirt-sleeves, an inspiration flashed through my mind, and, almost before the thought had formed itself, my lips had uttered the *sobriquet* given me by my sister Flora, 'Adam, the gardener.'"

"She calls you that?"

"The term is applied contemptuously," he said. "All my life long I have been fond of working in my garden, and she is pleased to marvel at the lowness of my tastes."

"Then it was not quite a lie?" said the girl, sighing; "but you should not have come again; you would not have acted deceitfully then—"

"No," he said, "I should not have come again, but the temptation was too great to be resisted; to look, not furtively, but openly, at your face, to hear your voice, to hear you addressing me, and to watch you, yourself so utterly unconscious—it was not in human nature to cast this delight away, and so I followed you, in some clothes borrowed for the purpose, to Madame Tussaud's, and afterward I came over and weeded your gravel-walks."

"But why did you steal the letter?" she said, still trying, through all her giddy sense of confusion and misfortune, to follow out a line of special thought.

"Because, at that time"—he laid a certain stress

upon the last three words, that Mignon did not observe—"I would rather have seen the girl I loved in her coffin than receiving or replying to a letter from the man whom you know as Philip Rideout, and"—his voice grew lower—"it maddened me to think that to this man, who was not worthy to approach you, should be written your first love-letter—"

"Then you *were* listening," cried Mignon; "you watched me write it from the other side of the wall?"

"Yes," said Adam, slowly, "I listened to you—I could not love you as I do to-night if I did not know every thought of your innocent heart—if I were not so sure that your face is but the reflection of your mind, if I had not assured myself with my own ears that I had not erred in placing all the hopes of my life upon you. Nevertheless," he sighed, sharply and bitterly, "it was a fatal mistake, Mignon—a mistake that I shall feel to the latest hour of my life."

He paused for some seconds, then went on again:

"Mignon," he said, "there is one thing that I have to tell you; and perhaps when it is told you will bid me go away from you, for it may be that to *him* you have given your first fancy, and when you become aware—" He broke off.

"It is this," he said, firmly: "the man you know as Mr. Rideout is free to woo you honestly to be his wife."

"Then that, too, was another lie?" she said, almost in a whisper.

"O Mignon! Mignon, how could you—" He turned aside, asking himself how he was to expect the honor and duty of a wife from one who doubted the truth of every syllable he spoke.

"A bad beginning, a bad beginning!"

"No," he said, "it was true."

"But you said he was married?"

"He was—at that time."

"Then is his wife dead?"

"No—not dead."

How could he tell this girl the whole shameful story? His lips refused to utter it: it was curious that the two utterly dissimilar men, who were fated to be the joy and misery of Mignon's life, were equally careful over the purity of her mind, and that both were so passionately desirous of keeping from her the knowledge of evil.

"Then she must be his wife still," said the girl, knowing nothing of the law of man, but remembering that of God, which has decreed that the man and woman united in his name shall cling together till death do them part. She remained so still, that Adam said:

"Are you thinking, Mignon, that you would have been happier with him? That if I had not scared you by a warning, you would have chosen him—not me?"

"No," she said, at last, "but I was thinking—that perhaps (if you are quite sure that he is free) I might have married *him* and saved you the trouble; for I do not think he would have *mingled* marrying me, he seemed so very sure and certain that he *did* want to marry me, and was so angry when I said

"No"—whereas you only asked me out of kindness, because you heard that wicked man say I had no friends, and indeed it was a generous and noble thing of you to do, but I do not wish to take advantage of it, because I like you so much, and I do not like him, no, nor his looks, though I dare say he would help me to find *her* as well as you could, and I think he would be really grateful to me if I said "Yes."

"But if you liked me best," he said, clinging resolutely to the only crumb of comfort that her speech contained, "why should you marry him, for I love you too?"

"But he will be so angry," said Mignon, wearily, her interest beginning to flag; "he said if I dared to marry any one else he would follow me through the world, but he would find me at last; and really I think he is quite determined enough to do it."

"I shall know how to protect my own," said Adam, gravely; "and when did he say he should return, Mignon?"

"He said that I was to look for him any hour after the fourteenth day had passed."

"And the fortnight is up to-day," said Adam; "he may be here to-morrow—to-night, even!"

The girl's head had drooped again; she did not even hear him; her soul had gone back to Muriel again.

Adam was thinking deeply.

"I will not hasten things by one hour on his account," he said to himself, "but if he should come it will be a bad business—bad."

"Adam," said Mignon, almost in a whisper, "you heard what he said—that wicked man, about *her*?"

"Yes."

"It is true," she whispered back again, "or so they say."

He did not immediately speak; this revelation of her family life was terrible to him—up to this time he had not believed the words of Silas Sorel, although he knew some strange mystery hung about the fate of Mignon's sister. Like all men, he wished the surroundings of the woman he loved to be absolutely unassailable, and was not proof against the world's decree that, whereas the evil doings of the male members of a family may disgrace and bring the same into disrepute, yet will no real stigma attach itself to its women until one of the sisterhood shall stoop to sin, and thereby forever sully those other innocent creatures who are guiltless of aught save their fatal relationship to her.

"They say it is true," went on Mignon, piteously, "and they ought to know better than I; but how could she be wicked, and she said she would come back at the end of two years—honest?"

And then Adam felt, with a sharp, sudden pang of grief, that all his care for her had been in vain—that her mind was no longer a page upon which had been written no word of sin or harmful meaning.

"When my poor love comes back to me," ran on the girl's soft voice, "as she will come to me some

night or day, you will not by word or look show her that she is unwelcome, or drive her away?"

"I will not drive her away," he said, slowly, but in his heart he was praying that she might never come back to reflect her own shame upon her guiltless little sister.

"The only creature that I love in the whole world," she said, below her breath—"the heart of my heart, the life of my life!"

He heard her, but was in no whit dismayed. How could he expect her to love him yet? While he had been learning her disposition, studying her face, he had been a perfect stranger to her, and he was not one to value hasty love—he knew that a fancy may be born at first sight, but that love grows, even as the appetite, by what it feeds upon, and he had infinite hopes of the future.

"We will not draw down the blinds at night," she said, dreamily, "lest she should come and look in and we should not see her, but some night, *some* night, I shall see her beautiful pale face against the glass, as Miss Sorel did, and then I shall run out and bring her in—at home at last."

He shivered.

"Mignon," he said, presently, "did you not hear what Mr. Sorel said? That yonder house was his and all within it, and that you must go away from it on the day after to-morrow?"

"I had forgotten," she said, putting her hand to the head that ached so terribly, "but he cannot prevent me from sitting at his gates; a beggar has a right to do that—*any one*."

"I have a plan in my head," he said, soothingly, "by which we may regain possession of the house, but to carry it out we must be very quiet and cautious, or he will discover it all and thwart us—in short, Mignon, we must go away."

"Go away?" she repeated, blankly; "but indeed I cannot—I cannot—it is quite impossible!"

"But, Mignon, you must," said Adam, firmly, "unless you wish to lose all chance of getting this house, and you do not wish to do that."

"How long should we be away?" said Mignon, anxiously—"three days—a week—more?"

"I cannot tell," he said; "the time will depend upon whether certain matters take a short or a long time to arrange."

"And the sooner I go away, the sooner I shall come back, is it so?" she asked, feverishly.

"Yes."

"Then let us go to-morrow," she cried; "it will not take me an hour to pack up, and—"

"But, Mignon," said the young man, half laughing, half hesitating, "we must be married first, you know!"

"I had forgotten all about that," she said, suddenly sobered, "but it doesn't take very long—to get married, does it?"

"No."

"I don't see why we should be married at all," she said, wistfully; "why can't you be kind to me always and look after me?—for I have got a lot of money—oh, a great deal, that I dare say would last

me till Muriel comes back, and then we could go and make some more together."

"Mignon," he said, gently, "I am not your brother, so I could not look after you and take care of you as if I were one, and I do not think you know how hard a young girl like you would find the world. And you promised me, Mignon."

"If you are quite sure," said the girl, "that you do not *mind* marrying me very much, and that you will not some day be sorry for having done so kind a thing, why, then, I will marry you to-morrow—next day—whenever you please; only make haste and bring me back again!"

That imploring voice—he turned aside from it and groaned, for how could he ask her to try and understand marriage? The word carried about as much meaning to her mind as though it were a technical term applied to a branch of study of which she had never even heard. "To marry" was to her to sit in that garden, or watch at yon gates, or search the world through for her lost sister, but of understanding or consciousness of what a wife was, she had about as much comprehension as a baby.

"Then we will be married the day after to-morrow," he said, "and, Mignon—" and gently drew the weary head to his shoulder.

But as he stroked the folds of the sunny hair that flooded his breast with sunshine, he said to himself: "It has all been too quick—too quick! Could I but have had time, she would have learned to love me; and, were it not for Philip La Mort, I would wait. But, lest he snatch my prize from me with his lawless, eager hand, I must go on with it; only it is a pity—a pity—more, it is not fair to her, and it is hard to me."

A dusky shadow stepped out of the gloom and looked down upon the young man supporting the girl, who was too worn out with misery, excitement, and pain, to regret that kindly aid.

"Prue," said Adam, touching a fold of Mignon's black dress, "will you get ready a plain white gown for your mistress, for she is going to marry me the day after to-morrow?"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Had I your tongue and eyes I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack; oh,
She is gone forever!"

A SLIM young figure in a white gown, standing before a looking-glass, fastening a white rose against a round, white throat; a woman standing by, divided between smiles and weeping; a young man pacing a garden with rapid, unfaltering footsteps, and glancing from time to time at the watch he held in his hand; a weary, haggard lover hasting as fast as horse's feet will carry him to the longed-for consummation of his dearest hopes, his most ardent desires, while his eager imagination outspeeds his tarrying body, and pictures to him the form, the face, the very robe even, of the girl whom we saw but now looking in her mirror; an elderly clergyman walking

slowly up the narrow path that leads to the vestry-door, marveling a little at the short notice he has received of the marriage he is about to celebrate; a pew-opener, deciding that for folks who are going to be married without friends, carriages, bridesmaids, or anything whatever that befits the occasion, she need make no attempt at their reception beyond setting the church-door half open, and dusting the altar-steps—these are the pieces that will by-and-by fit into the morning's puzzle, and fall into their places one by one, making the picture that is painted upon them complete.

Only one actor in the little drama (to drop one metaphor and adopt another) cannot fail but to arrive too late—though he were keenly alive to the danger that threatened him, he could not fail to be too late—for fear and apprehension could beckon him forward no more irresistibly than does love with its smiling, wooing lips of welcome!

The bride, with neither smile, nor blush, nor tear, has made her vows, and her husband has kissed her upon the lips, for the first time. The waiting-woman no longer hovers between joy and sorrow; her face is as bright as the sunlight that falls on the red-and-black tiles at her feet. The clergyman has shut his book, and is wondering, half sadly, quite kindly, how it comes that this young girl has no friend to stand beside her, or relation to forbid her marrying so young—for to him it seems almost a profanation of the sacredness of childhood—and his glance turns from the girl to rest reproachfully upon Adam. And he, who is now nearing his destination, feels his pulses bound, his heart stand still in the expectation by the vision and greeting that he fondly believes to await him.

And now they are out of the church; they have signed their names in the big register; and Mignon, after writing her Christian name, has been forced to come to a full stop and ask her husband what she shall write after it, whereat the clergyman has stared, scarcely believing the evidence of his own eyes and ears. When she had written it, she just put her hand in Adam's and came away, quite simply and gladly, with her head full of the thought that the sooner she should go away from Thistle-town the sooner she would return; and so they go along the quiet roads together to Rosemary, where the traveling-carriage waits, ready packed and loaded, and with nothing for them to do but just jump in, take their seats, and set off upon their travels. For the rest, they had breakfasted two hours ago, and within doors there was not a soul to bid them good-by and good luck, or send a slipper and a shower of rice flying after the chariot-wheels.

At the gate Mignon drew her hand out of Adam's. "I am going to say good-by to my garden," she said; and he, understanding her humor, went into the house to speak with Prue, and she passed on her way alone.

She sat down on the old wooden chair and looked around her. All things looked the same, yet not the

same; the world and all things within it had changed to her in more ways than one since the time when she rode in the wheelbarrow with such grand content, and was as happy as the days were long; and now she was riding away, in a real coach, taking with her a heavier heart than she had ever dreamed of then.

The sound of the familiar bang of the garden-door made her look up, thinking that it was Adam come to fetch her. In the act of rising she involuntarily sat down again, as she recognized in the newcomer, not Adam, but Philip Rideout. Worn by fasting and excitement and want of rest, haggard with the consuming flame of gnawing remorse and uncontrollable passion, his dark face startled her with its wild beauty, as he hastily traversed the few steps that lay between them, and, kneeling down by her side, clasped his arms about her waist, and—

"Kiss me, Mignon!" he cried; "for I come back to you—free!"

She gazed down upon him without a word, powerless to loose herself from his embrace, and he, looking up at her, through all the confusion of brain and heart that possessed him, instantly missed something out of that childish face—the beauty was still there, but the radiant, joyous freshness, that guileless innocence of sin and evil, that he had been so fiercely desirous that she should retain, where were they now? Something had gone from her—something had happened to her—of this he was quite sure, but what?

A kind of horror grew slowly in his eyes, reflected perhaps from hers, for she feared him; then his glance went faltering down to the hand upon which the plain gold wedding-ring shone.

He withdrew his right arm from her waist, and lifted this hand, turned it over, looked at it on the other side, parted the third and fourth fingers, as though to make sure that the circlet was perfect, going through all this slowly and carefully, much as a madman may do who knows himself to be mad, yet is trying with all his might to follow out the one solitary thought that he equally knows to be rational; then, still holding her hand, he looked up piteously and unsteadily into the girl's face, then down again at her fingers.

"*Stolen!*" he said, in a whisper—"stolen!" and fell forward like a dead man upon her breast.

When Adam entered the garden a few seconds later in search of his wife, it was to discover her leaning over an insensible man, whose arms were clasped about her waist, while her fair hair mingled with his dark locks as she gazed into the face that lay upon her bosom.

He stood still for a moment, his sight going from him, his brain on fire; then he went on again.

"He is dead!" said Mignon, lifting a cheek as pale and wan as the one that lay beneath her own.

"Mignon," said Adam, scarcely knowing what he said, the agony of his heart making his voice harsh and abrupt, "take your arms away from that man—I command you not to touch him!"

A vain command, when she was powerless to free herself from that death-like, nerveless body, those heavy, clinging arms.

She sought to rise, but could not.

Adam drew Rideout's arms away, and made a gesture to Prue, who had followed him into the garden, to take Mignon's place.

"You will attend to this gentleman," he said, and use every means to restore him. Should you require other assistance you will summon it, but he has merely fainted."

Then he turned to Mignon and took her hand in his.

"Come," he said.

"And leave him like that?" she cried, in amazement. "Oh! how can you think of such a thing? Why, he may be dead!"

The hand that held hers closed so tightly and suddenly upon it that she almost cried aloud for the pain, and yet he was not conscious of using any force or roughness, for there was not one fibre of unmanliness or cruelty in him, but he was for the moment utterly maddened and taken out of himself.

"Come," he said, quietly.

She caught her breath hard and looked up into his face, so youthful in its set calmness, and bearing in its clearly-cut features and firm, square jaw such ample indications of will and determination, that she wrenched her hand out of his, and, flinging both her arms round Prue's neck, cried, through a rain of passionate tears:

"I will stay with you—with you!—and, oh! how I wish with all my heart and soul that I had never got married to-day!"

Some of her scalding tears splashed heavily downward upon the weary, careworn face resting against Prue's shoulder, but he neither stirred nor spoke, the stupor of utter exhaustion was upon him, and bound him hand and foot.

"Come," said Adam, for the third time; but, as he said it, the fury of the tempest being now over, it flashed through his memory how, only two nights ago, he had sworn to her to be kind to her always, to be gentle with her—and this was the fulfilment of his vow!

"Take care of him, Prue," said Mignon, as she gave Prue a last frantic hug. "Poor fellow—poor fellow! And be sure and tell him that I wanted to wait until he was better, but I was not able."

"There," said Prue, in a whisper, as the girl still clung to her, "go now, dear heart, your husband's waiting for you—your husband that loves you dearly, and him that you've sworn to honor and obey—and come back to me soon, my heart, for it's sad I shall be without you; but never fear I'll keep watch for her, so never fret yourself about it."

The tears were pouring down her own cheeks; this parting was to her far more of a grief than to her young mistress.

Why did the girl pause to look down long and wistfully at the face of the man to whom she had written her first love-letter, and whose looks she had

never liked when he was strong and bold and gay? Why did she go, turning often and sobbing bitterly, along the path by her husband's side, even pausing at the door he held open for her, to stand for some

seconds still looking back? Then the door closed—and the last page in the first volume of the book of Mignon's life was turned down forever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KELLER HILL.

THE following story came into my hands by chance, and I think there will be no harm in printing it as a leaflet from the history of colonial times, the only half-veiled and misty antiquity our country has. Those times, obscurely and briefly described and noted in the hasty annals of the day, are yet inevitably to become the cradle of all our family greatness, the parchment proof of all American genealogy; and there is a certain stateliness about them, though, in reality, mixed no doubt with the extreme of roughness, which is pleasing to the ancestor-searching eye. It will be seen, I think, that it is an old Virginia mansion which Master Marlowe describes; but, as in every case throughout the manuscript the word "Keller" is substituted for another which has been carefully erased, I take the name to be a fictitious one, giving, therefore, no clew for possible recognition by modern eyes. But that the story is of Virginia there is scarcely a doubt—Virginia, that Old Dominion, to whose fair lands came English-Church families at an early date, namely, Fairfaxes, Peytons, Dinwiddies, Careys, and Lees. Yet, as we are adrift as to exact locality, so we are for that reason entitled to whatever of detail remains; like reading freely and with honor the body of an old letter whose date, superscription, and signature, are gone.

The diary is written in an old, leather-bound note-book; it bears the marks of genuineness on every page. Master Marlowe was a good scribe, and no doubt he tells his story better than his brother, or his patron, or, indeed, any of the gentry mentioned, could have told it—gentlemen in those days being more ready with their swords than with the pen.

Extract from the diary: "*April 6th.*—A day of transcending beauty. No one who has not seen this landscape of the New World can comprehend the sudden springing forth of the leaves, in one night's darkness as it were, and the quick following of the blossoms. From my casement I view the rugged backs of the mountains, the little brown river below, and the far-stretching valley; to these, the small and well-meeted-out landscapes of my own land, dear England, over the sea, are as the flower-borders of a cottage-garden to the Devon moorlands. Our patron is kinder than ever to us. He hath he given this apartment, where I keep my collection of flowers and plants; and also a horse hath he given, of the proper docility, for my mountain-riding. In fair weather, therefore, am I abroad all of the day, seeking and exploring; in foul, am I here, studying, proving, and labeling, to the full content of my heart. Discoveries not without moment have I already made; whereat much satisfaction I

feel. My brother Edward is chosen as our patron's companion, and the two find pleasure of a real sincerity in each other's company. Truly, of society is there roundabouts but scanty measure, only small settlements here and there, as at the mills, the ford, the cross-roads, and at Kirby-Fields, in all told but one or two gentlemen's families, the rest being settlers of the yeoman class and peasantry.

"Major Keller esteemeth Edward a pleasing young friend, and together they ride to the chase and overlook the estate, which is worked by Africans, held as slaves, according to the custom of the country. The lands are fine, consisting of hill, dale, and valley, together with water-courses; from them the owner hath good living and revenues. Madam Barbary has sent; a word with me she wishes. I hasten to her.

"*April 7th.*—She was sitting in her morning apartment, her black maids around her sewing their seams; seeing me enter, she dismissed them. Ever kind and motherly to us, sweet lady! Childless is she to her grief; wherefore it is, I think, that she looks upon us with so much love. She might have had sons of like age. It was to speak with me concerning the little closed church she had sent. It grieveth her that its doors remain barred week after week, and that no services of God are held save her own poor readings to the slaves on the afternoon of the Lord's-day. 'Is this a proper zeal?' quoth she. Other conversation had we concerning the procuring of a Church-of-England minister; my lady writeth home to her friends by the next ship."

A pen-picture of my lady, from the diary: "Madam Barbary hath a beautiful though wasted countenance—the lace lappets of her cap surround it and hide the silvered bands of her hair; her eyes are black, piercing when roused, though gentle in repose; a soft voice hath she, and fair, white hands, that lie restfully upon the quilted satin of her gown. About fifty-six years of age hath she, I think, and her husband the same, although younger in look and action, as must ever be the case in man and woman. Yet he loveth her and hath respect toward her truly and well, and her little word of comment is, I note, followed by my lord as advice, though unconsciously, perhaps, and from long habit of regard."

A pen-picture of my lord, *ibid.*: "Major Richard Keller is a man of noble port, easily to be recognized anywhere as an Englishman of good family and fortune. He is strong and youthful still, and he wear-eth always his hair powdered, and lace ruffles at his wrist; neither will he give up his sword, in spite of the present peace, since gentlemen so few there are in this Western wild. A generous heart hath he, as

his treatment of two persons especially testifieth, to wit, myself and brother, John and Edward Marlowe, cadets of a poor though well-born English family, seeking home and fortune in this New World. And the writer of this record, John Marlowe by name, scribe and botanist of poor parts, hereby deposeth that, as long as life shall in him last, never can he forget the noble kindness of said Richard Marlowe, Esquire, his patron and kind friend."

A line or two on Edward Marlowe, *ibid.*: "My brother Edward is a gallant youth, of fair Saxon aspect. Riding hard he loveth well, and the chase. Of hot temper is he, yet not holding anger long. Younger than myself by three years, and loving me dearly, though caring naught for my ways, and my plant-studies; yet often bringing unto me tufts of this and that from his mountain-rides, thinking they may be something rare, which are never rare—nay, of the utmost commonness; yet all the same is it a loving thought."

No portrait have we of Master Marlowe himself, save what we gather from his diary. He seems to have been a sedate youth, wrapped up in his studies and dried collections, honest even to dullness, yet of deep nature. He saw only one thing at a time; but that one thing he saw with his whole soul.

Of the old Virginia mansion there are pages of description, written, as the whole manuscript is also written, with the old-fashioned spelling, which I have not thought it worth while especially to transcribe. It was far from settled districts, and the roads over the mountains were rough; therefore the lowland gentry came rarely thither, and Madam Barbary but seldom went to them, on account of the long drive and her own delicate health. The mansion held some old-fashioned furniture, which had been brought over from England; mixed with it, however, were rude benches and settles, plaited mats of dried grasses, broken panes mended with oiled paper, and wolf and bear skins doing duty as rugs, showing the colonist's expedients to make habitable a home in the rugged wilderness. There were wooden bowls to wash in, and Madam Barbary's fine damask towels alongside. There was claret-cup before going to bed; and the light snow drifting through the mended windows all night long. All this I gather from the diary, together with minute descriptions of the life they led; how the squire and his young companion rode far and wide together, dining with the Kirbys of Kirby Fields, stopping to chat with old Blacksmith Kestler at the cross-roads, or the Ramley family at the mills; how Madam Barbary ordered her household, and how Master Marlowe dried his plants; pages of this last-named item. I take up the narrative again when the two young men had been a year and a half at Keller Hill, regarded as dear young friends, nay, almost as sons, and beloved by all in the household.

"July 16th.—Yesterday being the Lord's-day, religious service was held in the entrance-hall, Major Keller reading the psalms of David in their appointed course, and also the holy Litany. I felt my heart more than commonly stirred within me as our

little and remote congregation looked steadfastly upon his face, and the sermon read I with fervor. Our Africans sit upon benches near the door, and after service are they most benignantly catechised and instructed by Madam Barbary.

"July 17th.—Edward and the patron off for a two days' hunt. This morning I found the *Aristolochia serpentaria*, which joyfully bore I to my small laboratory. Already have I made distillations of use in the service of the household, whereat my pride is greatly swollen. In fair vials stand they upon a certain shelf in madam's morning apartment, and to this page I will confess that more than once in passing have I softly oped the door, when no one was by, to feast my prideful eyes upon them; so strong is our poor human vanity!

"July 18th.—Home from the hunt; but with little spoil. The Kirby youths to dine.

"July 19th.—O God of the desolate, God of the stricken-hearted, how shall I write it?

"My brother—my brother is dead! . . .

"July 22d.—Him have we buried, poor Edward! The family burial-ground, hitherto graveless, hath now a mound. 'He shall lie there as mine own son,' quoth Madam Barbary, steadfastly weeping, as, indeed, she hath wept for these three days past. The whole country-side came to the obsequies; a table stood spread in the entrance-hall, day and night, with the best spiced wines and meats constantly served thereon. I set this down on paper to commemorate the honors paid to my brother. But oh! my brother, my brother! The tears do blur my page.

"July 24th.—No relatives have we, save sister's little children afar in England, to apprise of this calamity that hath befallen us; yet will I set the manner of it down on paper, as is fitting for a gentleman's son. He dieth not as the dog dieth; written scroll and marble tablet shall be to his memory. On the 18th day of this month of July, Quartus and Jeremy Kirby, Esquires, of Kirby Fields, dined at Keller Hill. The table was generously spread, the wine flowed freely, together with wit and merriment. At sunset the horses were led forth, the young squires thinking to ride home by the full moon's light; which turned dim, however, ere midnight, by the reason of heavy clouds, as I myself observed, looking from my window. Issuing forth at dawn, as is ever my custom, chance (shall I call it so?) led me onward to the search for dial-plants, growing upon rocks, and opening with the sun. For this cause I climbed down under the high ledge, and found—no dial-plant, truly, but my brother—my brother—dead!

"Lying there, with face upturned to heaven, a direful wound over the temple, lay Edward Marlowe, and by his side, partly lying over him, the cruel, sharp-edged, broken rock that did the deed!

"Wandering out late at night, flushed with wine mayhap (poor brother!), his foot slipped, and the cold rock, caring nothing, took yet that time to fall, when centuries before and after were crowded with minutes that would have done as well.—Insensate

block, didst thou not know? A human atom, merely? Nay; it was my brother—my dear and only brother!

"*July 27th.*—The Lord's-day. (His will be done!) Mournful service had we, the rain falling drearily, wherefore came no one up the mountain to join with us. The funeral-hymn we sang again in memory of the drenched mound outside in the storm, and again Madam Barbary did weep. Nay, I wept also, and the slaves sang alone; truly are their voices marvelous sweet. My debate is now with myself: Shall I leave this place? It has become darksome to me, though once I loved it well, and I would fain be gone. Yet, she asks me to stay—Lady Barbary; and is it not a selfish heart that would leave them now? They loved him well; but the patron most, for Edward was his dear companion, and they rode together daily as friends. There is indeed none to fill the place of the lost one, for I, his brother, am but slow in wit, and small craft have I with horse and gun, wherewith our patron hath an excellent skill. Yes; I will even stay a time longer. Surely I must do this. But—oh, my brother! The sun shineth the same, and the flowers blow; this is hard to see. Nature careth not for our sorrows, then? Yea, she careth; but she biddeth us look upward.

"*August 4th.*—A dreadful thing has come upon us. Its foreshadowings we see, to our horror—our horror! Is the world gone mad, then? This it is (my pen can hardly write it): the people whisper to each other, 'Was it not, after all, murder?' and 'Hath not some human hand done this deed?' And the answer thereto (black word of evil!) is the name of Richard Keller!

"*August 8th.*—It gains ground daily, the infamous tale. I am in agony lest it reach our dear lady's ears; I bid the servants let no one in. But none comes.

"*August 10th.*—I could bear it no longer, but rode down the mountain. In the valley the whisperings stay; there will I meet and do battle with them. 'What is it all, good people? Should not I, his brother, know? His foot slipped; he fell from the ledge; a fragment of rock fell with him—so it was. A glove has been found, you say? High words heard? And, when ever fell fragment from those hard ledges before? Nay, I know not; ask the ages. Pried off and thrown down to hide the deed? Out upon you for the devilish thought! What! our patron, our kind friend, our almost father, *he* do this thing? And wherefore? Wherefore? I say. Ye are silent, and from good cause; ye have no answer. From the promptings of the heart the tongue speaketh, and, if man hath done this deed (which God forbid!), he is among *you*! It is an old trick, that of accusing to escape accusation. Time will bring all things to light, for the proverb is true that saith, 'Murder will out!'" And so I rode homeward again, up the mountain; but my heart was heavy within me because of the averted looks I had seen, and whisperings heard from those I had counted as friends. Steadfastly do I believe that my dear brother met his death by accident; yea, I know it. It was ever his custom to wander up

and down the plateau under the stars before going to bed. Often have I noted it from my casement. Ah, could the dead but rise in his grave-clothes and speak, how he would stab this false slander to the heart!

"*August 15th.*—It has come! They have haled the king's officer from sixty miles away to serve the notices upon us. Richard Keller, Esquire, of Keller Hill, is held to answer to the charge of murder (woe be to this day!). Yet as there is no proper prison, and the confidence in his word is great (strange that, an ye deem him murderer!), he may abide here at Keller Hill until the day of trial cometh, which is in the month of November.

"*August 20th.*—Madam Barbary hath visibly aged in these five days since the thunder-bolt fell; her pale face is heavily lined, and the purple shadows under her eyes deepened. I cheer her as best I can. 'It is a conspiracy, sweet lady,' I said to her to-day, 'to blacken the name of Richard Keller, and drive him from this country, that others may go in and possess his lands and derive profit therefrom. It is but an example, madam, of the evils that come to a new and distant colony. Law have they not, nor the proper explanation of it, being far from learned magistrates, and from the king's authority. To the majesty of the crown can we not appeal, but must bide the decision of men but partly taught, and filled, oftentimes, with envy of the rich and the nobly born. O miserable land! O sad country! To whom can we look for aid?' 'To God!' said Madam Barbary. She folded her pale hands, and together we said the Lord's Prayer. After that, with a better courage, we took counsel together concerning the accusation.

"*August 25th.*—Proud Richard Keller holds himself aloof; he will to no one speak save to his wife, and the very servants doth he order from his presence. For false witnesses must there be somewhere among those black faces; whisperings went down the mountain, or they would never have reached the plain. The Kirbys came at once, hotly indignant. 'We will crush out this serpent!' they cried; and they took counsel with me. 'Such-and-such things can we at the trial bear witness to,' they said, 'having been the last persons here that night. We will come, and with us will ride our cousins from the Tide-water, glad to aid in the good work of awing down these truculent mountain-rustics.' Fear not, sweet lady, all will be well; bide in peace. And, as for us, we will return anon.'

"*August 28th.*—The intense heats are telling upon us. Breathless stand the trees in the valley below, and the mountains bask. It takes much heat to warm their great sides through, and it is but right they should have it; yet human creatures pant meanwhile. The burning counter-fire of indignation availeth, however, to keep mere sun-heat somewhat at bay. Most of all, it grieveth me to see our patron; he lives alone, nor will he speak. Not aged is he like his poor wife; rather doth he stand doubly erect. Him doth pride quicken, disdain of all that *canaille*; the trial seemeth to him a thing beneath his notice. As, verily, so it is; yet must the issue

be met. Escape could be made, home to England, since there is small protection in the law here, and even a gentleman's life in danger; but Major Keller will have naught of this. At Keller Hill will he live, forsooth, and there will he also die; the little plots of the peasantry disturb him not. Me will he not at all give audience to; speech between us passeth through Madam Barbary. It is because of his grief, I think, and the bringing up of memories my face causeth unto him; for I am like my dear brother, albeit not so well favored. Yet once did I find moment to say: 'Honored sir, my brother's generous friend and mine, believe that I am not unmindful of all the kindness you have heaped upon us; for I speak for both, he being not dead forever, but sleeping, and we with the certain hope of seeing him again in another world. Therefore let me say that none so fit as I to stay here and refute this vile slander with all my soul and strength, the which will I do, God helping me! For never lived lie more black than this, that thou, knight and gentleman, noble friend to two poor youths, shouldst slay the one thou lovedst best, him who was to thee like thine own son.' This said I from my full heart, and Sir Richard's eyes did fill; quickly he turned his head away, yet not before I saw it.

"September 5th.—I have been down again among the people; my heart is heavy. We have but this—our word. They have a cloud of happenings which they call facts. First, the glove. But that I have disproved; for both the maids testify to the day when Madam Barbary gave the pair to Edward from her husband's stores, looking up idly from their seams as they worked; and noting the hue and texture of the gift. High words? But often they discussed together warmly, holding converse freely and on all subjects. Nonsense that, good people! Do ye not see it? Now, lastly, a new item is brought forward. Just over the edge of the precipice, caught on a bush, hidden in leaves, some recently-prying eye hath discovered a lace wrist-ruffle, indubitably the property of Major Keller; for Edward Marlowe—wore he ever wrist-ruffles? Nay, he wore them not; that I myself do know. 'Madam Barbary, gave you also lace ruffles to my brother?' She saith 'No,' with a sad countenance. There remaineth, then, this ruffle.

"September 20th.—The people taunt me for my labors; they revile me for my faith. 'He knoweth not if men be killed,' say they, 'so long as he hath his weeds!' Loud-voiced are they, bent upon what they call justice. Great God, rankest injustice that smells to heaven! I labor still in my inquiry; how came that ruffle there—of all places, *there*? Perhaps he walked that way, and the ruffle dropped unnoticed from his cuff. But they answer, 'When do ruffles slide unnoticed over the whole hand and fingers? And this one is torn, also—in a struggle, mayhap.' O base insinuations, I shall yet daunt ye!

"October 2d.—I have spoken with Madam Barbary concerning this ruffle. 'Dear lady, is it his? The lace have I not, since Miller Andrew Ramley will not let it go, but behold the exact drawing of it

which I copied from memory after long gazing at the pattern, as Andrew held it up, the hopper being between us.' 'It is indeed his,' quoth madam, with a paler cheek; 'nay, I can find its fellow;' and herself brings it from the chest of drawers within his apartment. 'When have you seen him wear them?' I asked. 'Not in many months, I think.' 'Can you take an oath that he wore them not on that fatal evening?' 'Nay, I cannot,' quoth Madam Barbary, sadly; 'since the patterns are much alike, and I know them all, and therefore blend them.'

"October 10th.—I have forced myself, as it were, into the presence of the patron, to ask of him the question: 'When wore you this ruffle? Oh, speak!' He taketh it carelessly from me, and, after looking at it, saith: 'Not for some months, I think. This is the one whose mate had disappeared one day when I thought to wear them.' 'You dropped it, mayhap? It slid unnoticed over your hand while walking on the plateau, and when you came in it was gone?' 'Not so; I did not lose it, but missed it from my drawer. Why do you speak of it? Has it aught to do with the subject upon which I have forbidden speech in my presence?' And he turned from me. In perplexity I went away.

"October 20th.—Thanks be to the Lord who giveth us the victory! All is clear; a marvelous thing hath happened. Lo! had I a choir, it should chant this whole day without ceasing, in token of my joyfulness, 'Allelujah! allelujah!' Let me set it down plainly. This morning as I walked abroad, thinking sadly upon the trouble that surrounds us, my steps took the old direction toward the cruel ledge. I sat myself down wearily under the trees, and looked out over the valley; then, gradually, I leaned my head backward on the mosses, until I lay looking upward through the foliage into the blue of the sky. And I said, 'Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away, and be at rest!' For but few days were left to us, and it seemed to me that I had accomplished nothing; my heart was sore within me. Then, to me ungrateful, the good Lord showed a wondrous thing—mine eyes, looking aloft idly, as our organs move without our direction, noted a dark object up among the leaves—a dark object, a round object, a nest, the nest of a bird, and, woven into it, strands of white, and an end fluttering like lace. Instant I had climbed the tree like a boy of ten, and my trembling hands touched the nest, the home of two ravens, now forsaken, but joyous with proof for us; for two bits of lace and a strip of shining ribbon were woven into it—things no doubt stolen through open windows according to the thievish habit of the bird. And, to crown all, one bit of the lace was loose and hanging, a strong wind might easily detach it—a visible proof of how the other fell. I glanced down; the bush was just below. Complete now all links in the chain; and the cloud is broken. My senses stood firm: I did not tear down my witness, but left it in its place, and shouted to the slaves at work in the field below. They came, and I sent a swift horse for Andrew Ramley, that he might come and bring the ruffle, and be convinced. He came;

he was convinced; the patterns matched. Not hostile was he ever, only obstinate, and holding to what he called the truth. 'Now that the truth has come to thee in a bird's-nest, Andrew,' said I, 'as though even dumb things spake, art thou not convinced?' 'I am,' he said. And then together we took down the nest, and bore it to the mills, and after that to the cross-roads, and on to the ford itself, that all might see the witness that so wonderfully had appeared for us from a green tree, speaking with a clear voice, though silent, unto all. And from my saddle I spoke again to the people: 'Ah, friends, see ye your error? The ravens stole the ruffie, and wove it into their nest, whence it fell and caught on the bush below, even as this bit would soon have likewise fallen. And the glove, too, have I disproved. Remaineth but the voices, as to which I testify that often they argued warmly together concerning dogs and guns, and I have heard their voices high full many a time when the wine was in them. To which our slaves can also testify. Likewise the squires of Kirby, who will be here to say it in person. All ye have called proof, then, is gone, gone, gone. One thing more remaineth, which ye should consider, for a strong part of the case it is, although a negative part. This is it: *Why* should he have done this deed? What possible cause to murder foully this youth, his dear friend? No cause—no cause! And yet there is ever cause for such deeds when done, save in the case of madness, insania, the which no one can ascribe to Richard Keller, as ye all well know. I say unto you, No cause! And, if any man knoweth cause, open or secret, I challenge him to speak. To-morrow at this hour I will return hither; seek truly and well, and, if cause ye find, speak it boldly out. And the Lord judge between us if I yield ye not justice, should cause be found.'

"The next day at noontide I rode again down the mountain, and not alone—Madam Barbary rode with me on gentle Bess. For her heart was uplifted with great joy because of the dispelling of the cloud, and she wished with her own ears to hear the refreshing sounds of love and faith returning to her husband as to the rightful lord of the soil. Her laced habit wore she, and the gladness made her young again in brightened eyes and colored cheek as we rode down the winding track into the valley. To the ford we took our way, and the people there assembled shouted when they saw us coming, for the gentle lady hath ever been beloved by them, and to see her on horseback among them—she so delicate, so little apt for mountain-riding—aroused their enthusiasm. The nest, our witness, was at her saddle-bow, tied with strong cords, and, as they pressed around her, she lifted it in her hand. 'Dear friends,' she said, much moved, 'ye are with me again to-day owing to this dumb proof, and I give thanks unto God for it and for you. Now can ye no longer harm your souls with thought and speech against the innocent. Dear friends, I could have told you from the first! The wife's word is not received in law, I know. Yet it should be; for who knoweth so well as she who loves him? The dear

youth, Edward Marlowe, is gone; he was to me as mine own son; for him I weep. A gallant youth and brave, and dear unto my husband—my husband, with whom ye must have kind patience, good sirs, as with one of exactest English ideas and training. Yet, is England not still our home?' said our lady, nobly. 'Is she not still this land's dear mother?' A cheer broke forth at this; for all the listeners were loyal at heart when the name of England was heard, although amply provided with lawless words at other times, and often malcontent. My lady's voice faltered when the men cheered; this token of returning friendliness toward her proud and solitary lord touched her heart, and the tears came. At this they cheered again, and I rode forward a pace or two to relieve her; my turn now. 'I said to-day I would come again among you to ask for discovered cause, neighbors and friends. Hath any man found it? Let him step forth and answer.' 'No man hath found it,' answered old Simon Kestler, the blacksmith; and then, raising his hand solemnly on high, he added, 'God be thanked, the case is at an end!' It was; for though the trial is still to come, we know now what the verdict will be.

"*November 1st.*—All-saints-day. To-morrow is appointed for the trial. We dread it not at all now, since we know the temper of the people. The Kirbys are come, and with them Randolphs, and Harrisons, to bear us countenance. The which is needless now, yet none the less joyful, and therefore the house keepeth festival, and the tables groan with good cheer. Grant, O Lord, that we may all live through the bright morrow to thank thee at its close for the final removing of the clouds that hung over us!

"*November 2d, 3 A. M.*—The Catholics do call this All-souls-day. Thou hast indeed laid my soul bare before thee this night, O Almighty God!—How shall I write it? What shall be my course? O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Now let me tell it all out plainly: This night, when at last the house was quiet, and I could, without impropriety, retire, I went alone out under the stars to meditate awhile, and offer up my evening prayers. It being All-saints-day, I went in the pale moonlight to my brother's grave, below the brow of the hill, far from the house, a solitary place well shaded by forest-trees. Clouds came and went; my feet made no sound on the soft grass, and my voice no sound on the still air, for I murmured not my prayers aloud, as is often my custom, but mused silently as I went, with a thankful heart. 'Thou, too, wouldst be joyous, couldst thou but know it, brother,' I said to myself, as I saw the mound appearing. But what was that? A shadow? A form? It lies by the side of the mound; yes, I see it plainly; I see an arm, a hand white in the moonlight. Ha! Who art thou that lurkest here? I have thee fast; no need to struggle. Merciful Heavens—it is a woman! Yes, a girl, a poor, affrighted maid, who wept piteously, and fell at my feet imploring. 'Tell me all, and I will let you go; not else,' I said, sternly; for I felt

a dreadful secret near. And then, through her sobs, she told me a strange and harrowing tale, one that I had not thought to hear in this remote and simple land. (Yet, why speak I so? Love and passion, are they not ever the same, whether in England's court or the New World's forest?) Both Major Keller and my poor brother had loved this maid. They had noted her as she stood at her cottage-door when they rode by, and her beauty sank into their hearts. And after many chance passings of this kind, both had ridden thither secretly alone, each outwitting the other with feigned excuse, and paid their court to her. She, poor child, innocent of the world's ways, had listened, pleased and much elate, and at last she had confessed to Edward that she returned his love. But not to the elder man; him she feared and dreaded. 'One who might have been my father,' she said to me with simple scorn. (But love does not go by ages, poor child!) 'And as soon as I had in open words confessed it, and plighted unto him my troth, the next day, yes, the very next day, my own love was slain, slain by a fall from the rockledge at Keller Hill.' 'The next day?' I said, startled. 'Yes, sir, the next day; nay—the self-same night, rather! Father went down to the cross-roads that day, and heard the news told; he brought it home, and I, within the inner room, listened as he made mention of it to granny, and fell into a dead swoon, from the which at last I came out again undiscovered, since granny remained outside to talk of it.' 'They did not know, then, of your acquaintance with these gentlemen?' 'They knew it not, sir, for I was shamefaced to tell them, lest granny should chide me severely. Ours is a lonely home; my father, a strange and silent man, who goes but rarely where other men are; he works alone all day, and granny often goes a-field with him, so that I am left by myself with household tasks to do. Yes, we live aloof from all the world; we have seen no one since that evil day.' 'Why have you chosen this night to come here?' I said. 'It is no more than any other night, is it?' answered the maid, all unconscious of the suspicion or the trial (it was for that I asked her). 'I could not come before, for granny has been down with burning fever, and I have cared for her day and night. Poor granny is gone now; she too is dead, and I am left alone. We have buried her under the great pine, and father has made all things ready to leave this country-side forever, which indeed I am not loath to do, since those I love are gone. We journey a long, long distance, sir—to Massachusetts Bay, where I have relatives, father saith. But tell no one of it, sir, I pray you, since we are to steal away secretly by night, for reasons good unto father, though unknown to me. But I could not, could not go, without seeing the place where he is sleeping. I knew that they would place him here at Keller Hill, and I felt that with my own eyes *once* must I see the spot.—O my love! my love! I am nothing to you now. Had you but lived one day longer, I should have told it all, for, after you spoke, then was I proud, indeed, and waiting to tell it when father rode home with the news. After that I could not

speak; nor would they have given credit to my story. I should have been to them but a maid overbold, fit to be chided. And now I must go, sir; I have staid too long, indeed. I have still to journey the long miles back.' 'Then it is far you live?' 'Yes, sir. But the mare is swift-paced; I shall be at home before daybreak.' The moon shone on her tear-wet face, and again I noted that she was fair: long-lashed, child-like eyes, soft, dimpled cheeks, and little teeth like pearls. 'God bless you for a true maid!' I said. 'I am his brother; mayhap he spoke to you concerning me. And now his brother asks you, will you ever tell of this again?' 'Never,' quoth she. 'Swear it on his grave,' I said. She laid her hand upon the mound, and repeated after me the oath. 'This I do because his brother asks it,' she said, with gentle dignity that was almost proud, 'and not because there is danger of my speaking. Since my true-love is taken from me, there is naught else; I am not one to make an idle story of his name. Farewell, sir; God keep you! I must go; and even now, in this quiet night, I am frightened because of that old man who came to me with his words and smiles which seemed so strange in one so old. His house is up there on the hill's crest, is it not? A fearful place! Farewell, sir.' She said farewell to the mound, also, with many tears; I raised her at last, my own eyes not dry. For a token I gave to her a slender golden chain which had been my mother's. 'Take it,' I said; 'his only brother gives it to you as a token of friendship.' She clasped it around her neck, still in tears, and then I helped her on to her horse; she waved her hand in token of adieu, and, taking the westward track, a wild, lonely road that crosses the mountains far from all the settlements, keeping on the crests of the hills while they are in the valleys, she was gone. But now that I sit alone in my own apartment, the awful thought comes steadily: *Was it by accident?* 'The very next day,' said she. Could the two men have had words together late that evening? Did the younger boast of his love, and the favor it had gained, and was the elder wroth thereat? Knew they of each other's passion? Or knew they nothing save each his own hot heart? But still the thought returns, that the younger *did* speak, and that the elder in his mad and baffled rage fell upon him and slew him. It is down on the paper now; God forgive me if it be false! But what if it be true?—Oh, strange, strange happening, my meeting with the maiden! Somewhere in the wild west district lives she, and now even that nearness is removed by her going northward to the far shores of Massachusetts Bay. And for his own reasons the stern father goeth secretly. How strange are thy ways, O Lord! The only one who could know, knows nothing, and yet telleth me all! What to do—oh, what to do? The house is full of happy sleepers. Sleeps *he*, the murderer, well? To-morrow is the trial, for whose verdict I have labored—I, the dead man's brother! How piteous is my fate! And yet, I have no proof; I have suspicions only; and but lately scorned I those who judged by the same.

Yet jealousy is a wild madness, and he must have felt it if he knew the whole. Richard Keller hath a powerful frame, and my brother was but a youth.

"5 A. M.—I have decided to give myself this respite, namely, until after the trial. It may be that the people will judge against him, and so the matter be taken from my hands. I have no proof of anything. And yet—but, verily, more than once during the long hours of this night, hath it seemed to me that I was going mad. *De profundis clamavi, Domine, in toto corde meo.*

"November 2d.—Nightfall. It is over; he is acquitted, unanimously, joyfully. Nay, the people in their enthusiasm drew his carriage up the mountain with their own hands, the slaves bearing part, so that it was like a triumphal procession. The Kirbys, the Harrisons, and the Randolphs, rode alongside, an escort of gallant gentlemen, and the dinner was a high festival, Madam Barbary presiding; while the blacks from far and near, together with our own slaves, feasted on the plateau behind the house in great jollity. From dawn my prayer was that I might be enabled to give my testimony calmly, seeing that it was but the simple truth, and touched not this later matter at all. The nest was our strong witness—oh, the weakness of our strength! For, though all is truly as we and the birds have said, still murder might well be done; the ruffle had naught to do with it. And blasphemous is our common use of the word providential. The finding of the nest was providential, was it? Nay, it was chance alone, and man knoweth not so easily the ways of Providence. I gave my testimony with quietness, and I listened motionless to all; yet, when the verdict came, and the people shouted, it seemed to me that a voice said in my ear: 'Cain, thou hast done this thing in thy influencing of the people. Where is thy brother? Doth not his blood cry up to Heaven?'

"4 A. M.—I have been to him; I have told him all face to face, and commanded from him an answer: 'Didst thou do this deed, Richard Keller, or didst thou not?' I found him just entering his apartment, the revel at last over; he moved softly so as to not disturb Madam Barbary in the inner chamber. His face was flushed, his blue eyes bright; in his rich dress, with the powder in his hair, he looked the younger man, as I, pale and cold, in my black clothes, confronted him. I drew him from the room and out into the night; he went with me humming a tune, and carelessly questioning, 'What freak is this, good John?' 'Richard Keller, thou hast slain my brother! The life of Edward Marlowe was by thee destroyed, and not by the insensate rock. The words that I spake ignorantly to the people of the valley have turned upon me. "Murder will out," quoth I. Yea, and it hath come out, but not as I did dream. The whole do I know, save only what thou now must tell unto me.' 'What knowest thou? Dost thou threaten me, sirrah?' he said. 'Nay, I threaten not; I am unarmed. Nevertheless, thou must surely tell me all. A young girl's fair face it is which hath caused thee to sin, and that face I have seen. Seest thou now that I know all?' He had drawn away into the

deeper shadows, so that I could not note his countenance, and I, wishing not clamor or contest, then repeated to him word for word all that the maiden had said. 'Richard Keller, she knew not, and she will never know through me, that human hand did the deed; yet I know. And it was thine!' Then the voice from the shadows answered me, 'Thou hast no proof.' 'But I have proof: my blood in my veins doth testify. He was my dear and only brother; thinkest thou my pulses would not thrill in the presence of his murderer? I dare thee to swear unto me otherwise—thou art the man!' Then, for the space of a moment, there was silence between us under the dark sky. 'I do not require thee to avow it further,' I said, tears filling my eyes. 'May God pardon thee!' 'A little more and I should have told all the world, John, the devils dogging me to it,' said the voice from the shadows, muffled and hoarse. 'You think so; but you would not,' I replied. Then, again, there was silence.

"'What will you do?' he asked. 'God knows.' 'You can demand my life.' 'Of what avail your life?' said I. 'It cannot bring the dead to life again, and vengeance is not mine. We have eaten your bread and drunk from your cup, Richard Keller; you have been kinder to us than all the world besides. This swore I once never to forget: I do not forget it now. No public avowal do I require, no hurt to name or fortune, for sweet Lady Barbary's sake. Yet my brother's blood cries up to Heaven, and some reparation must be made. We were alone together, we two; therefore on this earth is no one wronged, save myself only and that simple maid. But (life is long) she may love again and wed, and be a happy mother—God grant it! So, then, there remaineth only myself. I claim not empty vengeance, not so do I read the gospel; and the Lady Barbary shall not be slain with grief. But, as I said before, some reparation must be made: not to me—all you have in the world could not avail for my loss—but to humanity at large. I will think further of the matter and communicate with you by writing.' And so it was arranged. We returned toward the house again; the lights were burning dimly in the hall, and I looked upon his face. He had grown into an old man. But one more question I asked. The thought came to me of Edward as a little curly-haired boy, and how we played together on Devon moors, and chased the butterflies. 'Did he suffer much?' I said.

"'He lived but a moment, John,' answered Richard Keller; and then, sinking into a chair, he laid his head upon the table and sobbed aloud. Miserable man! God be merciful to him and to me!"

"It is many years since I wrote the words above, and the Lord hath been merciful unto me—I trust unto him also. Richard Keller and Barbary, his wife, are both long since at rest, and their estate hath served for the education of many friendless youths. For Edward and I were friendless; and, therefore, in that way it was decided that reparation should be made. My trust is over now—my labors at

an end; I, too, am an old man. The young maid lived, as I had thought, to wed, and her children are in the thriving settlement called Boston, on Massachusetts Bay. The spirit of discontent is abroad in

the land; it was not so when I was young. But I leave all things in His hands; He knoweth best. Amen!

"JOHN MARLOWE, aged seventy-four years."

FRENCH ETIQUETTE.

I.

THAT young girls and young men in France are sedulously kept apart, that wooing and winning are unnecessary preliminaries to a French marriage, are facts that have been much commented upon; but *how* they marry in France, and the etiquette of that very formal and business-like ceremonial, and the preliminaries considered necessary thereto, are, we believe, but little understood on our side of the water.

The first thing to be done is to go through that time-honored formality called popping the question. But a French aspirant for matrimonial honors is not allowed to make his proposals in person to the young lady. That would be a sad breach of *les convenances*, and would probably horrify the *jeune personne* out of her seven senses. A friend is charged with the delicate office of asking her parents, not if they will accept M. So-and-so for a son-in-law, but if it would be agreeable to them to consider him in that possible light. Should the answer prove favorable, the gentleman may desire an interview with the lady's parents or guardians, at which interview the young lady must *not* be present. In this first interview all business questions, including the important one of the dowry, and the almost equally important one of the young man's fortune expectations, etc., are settled. Should all these preliminaries be favorably arranged, a second interview is decided upon, and the day and hour rigorously settled beforehand. Exactly at the specified time the future bridegroom must present himself, carefully but *not* too carefully dressed—that point is essential. His betrothed, in elegant but simple attire, awaits his coming, surrounded by her parents and relatives. After this first visit he is entitled to be received as a *prétendu*, but must request admission to this privilege either by writing or through one of his near relatives. Permission once accorded, he is then for the first time presented to his lady-love as her future husband, and may afterward visit the house on an intimate but not a familiar footing. He must always come in full dress, nor can his *fiancée* receive him in other than a very careful toilet. A morning-dress, no matter how fresh or tasteful, is completely inadmissible. The gentleman must invariably send his *fiancée* a bouquet on the days that he intends to call. The engaged pair must never be permitted to indulge in a *tit-ta-ta-ta*, nor can they call each other by their first names without using the prefixes of *monsieur* and *mademoiselle*. An engagement ought to be kept secret, and should be officially announced

only a few days before the signing of the contract. Of course, French engagements are usually very brief, such a life of constraint and formality being agreeable to neither party.

These preliminary formalities having been scrupulously gone through with, next comes the question of the wedding, or rather weddings, for our French couple must be married twice over, once at the mayoralty, in accordance with the law, and once at church, to satisfy religious scruples. This latter ceremony is by no means essential to the legality of the marriage; but not to be married in church is considered a proof of irreligion and republicanism of the most ultra type. Now comes an amount of bother which, to our extremely simple ideas as regards marriage, appears to be at once stupid and unnecessary. As a necessary preliminary to the civil marriage, the bride and groom must arm themselves with half a dozen documents each. First comes the *acte de naissance*, or birth-certificate; then the consent in writing of both parents, or, if either or both of them be dead, the proofs of their decease, and the consent of grandparents or guardians in their stead. If you are sixty years of age, and have parents still living, this written consent is still indispensable, unless, indeed, you go through the formality of the *trois sommations respectueuses*, which consists in "respectfully summoning" your recalcitrant parents three times to show cause why you should not espouse the beloved of your heart, after which you can do as you please. But such a proceeding is looked upon with so much disfavor by French society that it is only resorted to in very extreme cases. If you are an officer in the army, you must get the permission of the Minister of War to your nuptials, and he will not grant it unless the bride possesses either a dowry of thirty thousand francs, or a settled income of twelve hundred francs a year. All these consents obtained, next comes the publication of the bans, which takes place not only in the church, but also at the mayoralty. The signing of the contract is the next formality to be fulfilled. Usually, in Paris, this ceremonial is made the occasion of a family festival, and a special dress is prepared for the bride, very often a fac-simile of the wedding-dress, only in some delicate evening-dress tint instead of white. The notary reads aloud the contract, after which the bridegroom rises, bows to the bride, and signs his name, afterward passing the pen to her. She signs in her turn, and must then hand the pen to the mother of the groom, who must give it in turn to the mother of the bride. These little points of etiquette are strictly observed. All the

other relations then sign in turn, according to age or station. It is considered a great honor to obtain some high personage as a witness to the contract. If there is a *fiat* given on the occasion, the *corbeille* or wedding-presents of the bridegroom, and the *trousseau* as well, are exhibited to the guests. The *corbeille* comprises shawls, jewels, gloves, laces, furs, etc., together with a purse containing a sum of money in gold, the whole inclosed in a large and elegant box, or in a handsome work-table. The value of this present is usually supposed to represent one per cent. of the young lady's dowry.

In Paris, the days usually fixed for marriages at the mayoralty are Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from nine o'clock in the morning till five o'clock in the evening. The necessary papers are to be handed in two or three days before the marriage is to take place. The church ceremony may take place on the same day, or may be put off for some few days longer. The marriage at the mayoralty has entirely an official aspect. No especial toilet is needed, and the bride may, if she chooses, present herself in an ordinary walking-costume. It is usual, however, in all ceremonious or elegant weddings, to have the two marriages take place on the same day, and the bride, therefore, wears her white toilet with veil, wreath, etc., to both ceremonies. Etiquette exacts that she carry a white prayer-book to the church, but if she has not one, and does not wish to go to the expense of purchasing one, she may, if she pleases, put a cover of white watered silk on her old one. The law prescribes that all the doors of the room wherein the civil marriage takes place be left open, even if the personages be of such importance that the ceremony takes place in the private parlor of the mayor.

Having got our bride and groom safely through all the legal formalities, the next step is the religious ceremony. If the parties contracting be related, either by blood or marriage, a special dispensation, both from the Church and state, must be obtained. The French laws are by no means so severe on the point of consanguinity as are those of England, or even our own. Not only are marriages between first cousins, and brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, considered perfectly legal, but those also between uncles and nieces. The bans having been duly published, the parties are required to furnish to the priest who is about to perform the ceremony a certificate that they have been duly to confession within a brief prescribed period, their certificates of baptism; and a certificate of the publication of the bans. If a widow or widower marry, he or she must join to the above papers a certificate of the decease of his or her former spouse.

All these papers being duly *en règle*, we will now imagine our happy pair *en route* for the church. The bridegroom and his family must go in search of the bride and her relatives, all the carriages of the wedding *cortège* being supplied by him. He must come provided, not only with the ring, but with the marriage-coin, which is either of gold or of silver, according to the wealth of the parties, and which is

brought inclosed in a small case like a medal. Among the very poorest classes a double sou is sometimes used, but great indeed must be the poverty of the bridegroom who cannot afford at least a five-franc piece. These marriage-coins are regarded with peculiar veneration, and, in cases of extreme destitution, are usually the last articles pawned (they are never spent), and the first to be redeemed.

On starting for the church, the bride and her parents take their seats in the first carriage, and the groom and his parents in the second. The order observed on entering the church is much the same as at an American wedding; that is to say, the bride is led by her father, and the groom gives his arm to his own mother. When the questions "Wilt thou have this man or this woman," etc., are asked, the bride or groom must turn toward his or her parents and bow slightly before responding. After the ceremony, the bridal party adjourn to the sacristy to sign the marriage-register. They are followed thither by all the guests invited to the church, who come to pay their respects and to proffer their congratulations. On leaving the church, the bride is led by her father-in-law, and the groom escorts his mother-in-law. A collection for the benefit of the poor is taken up among the guests and spectators assembled in the church, by two young girls, each with her attendant cavalier, and both the ladies and the gentlemen must be the near relatives of the newly-wedded pair. A *déjeuner*, or a dinner, followed by a dance, usually closes the festivities of the day, and our French couple, after much toil and tribulation, are married at last.

There are certain shades of etiquette to be observed on certain occasions. For instance, a widow ought not to marry before the first year of her mourning has expired, but, if she does take a second husband within that period, she may lay aside her weeds for the ceremony, but she must reassume them immediately afterward, and her new husband must go into mourning likewise out of respect to the memory of his predecessor. It is against the law for a widow to marry before ten months have elapsed after the death of her first husband. A French widower, on the other hand, may marry as soon as he pleases, but it is considered in good taste for him to wait for six months at least. It is not proper for a widow to invite any guests to her second nuptials, and her dress must be simple, and not of any white material, though a black dress is inadmissible. She must neither receive nor pay wedding-calls. The wedding of an old maid, that is to say of a *demoiselle* of over thirty, must likewise be extremely simple; no printed invitations must be issued, and, though she may wear a white dress, she ought not to wear a veil, and her wreath should not be composed wholly of orange-blossoms, but with a few of those bridal blossoms mingled with other flowers. If she is much over thirty, her dress should not be white, but of pale blue or some other delicate tint, and she ought to wear a bonnet instead of a wreath. No invited guests should ever go to a wedding in mourning, and should a lady wear a

black dress on such an occasion, it is *de rigueur* for her to wear some bright colors about her so as to prove that she is not in mourning.

Two weeks after the wedding the *lettres de faire part*, accompanied by the cards of the newly-wedded pair, are sent out to all their friends and acquaintances.

It will be seen by the foregoing description that it is not an easy matter to get married in France. Nor are the formalities herein set forth at all optional or confined to the wealthy classes. The poorest couple that wishes to join fortunes in France must fulfill all these wearisome and expensive conditions. The consequence is, naturally, that another and wholly unnecessary impetus is given to the immorality of the lower classes in France. Doubtless Jean would gladly marry his Jeannette could he do it with as little fuss and expense as Jonathan espouses Huldah in the United States. But the thrifty French nature revolts from the idea of the loss of time, and the really serious drain upon the slender purse, and so the ceremony is too often quietly dispensed with. The reason given for the maintenance of these complicated marriage-laws is the profit that accrues thereby to the coffers of the state. The laws relating to the marriage of aliens have rendered it nearly impossible for foreigners to be legally united in Paris, and so Americans are obliged to go either to London or to Geneva to get joined in holy wedlock.

II.

THE preceding description of the difficulties and formalities that surround the pathway of those who are about to marry in France may induce in the reader a desire to know some of the peculiarities of French etiquette in other relations of life.

As relates to formal calls, the rules are pretty much the same as those which meet with acceptance in American society. It is, however, more *de rigueur* in France to call on a reception-day. A visit on any other day is held to be extremely impolite, unless the parties are on terms of great intimacy. The visiting hours in Paris are from three to six. A gentleman who comes to call on a lady must leave his overcoat in the antechamber and carry his hat in his hand. He must not wear pale-tinted gloves, such as pearl or pale yellow: such hues are only suitable for evening dress. Ladies who go to make a call on foot ought to leave their umbrellas and their India-rubber shoes in the antechamber. Should any one sneeze among the assemblage while you are making a visit, you must look at the person gravely and bow. Do not draw your chair too close to that of the mistress of the house—it is bad manners. Never bring a child or a dog with you when making calls—a most sensible regulation, by-the-way, and one for the adoption of which most American hostesses would be thankful. Never rise from your chair to approach the fire while paying a call, even should you be suffering from cold. Should any friend of yours meet with some great piece of good fortune, such as the inheritance of great wealth or a title, or

should some prominent post be bestowed upon him, your congratulations by letter will be sufficient. Should he, on the contrary, fall into disgrace or poverty, you must call in person and at once.

The custom of New-Year's calls is not a French one, yet it is to a certain extent observed, among relatives and officials chiefly. On New-Year's-eve a gentleman must call on his superiors and his grandparents. On New-Year's-day he visits his parents and the other members of his immediate family. The first week in the new year is devoted to visits on the other members of his family, the second week to intimate friends, and the rest of the month of January to mere acquaintances. Thus it will be seen that the round of visits that we in America crowd into one day is in Paris wisely spread over an entire month. It is in extremely bad taste to wish anybody with whom the caller is not very intimate a "Happy new year"—a genteel indifference as to the happiness or the unhappiness of the coming twelve months, so far as your acquaintances are concerned, being apparently a rule of Parisian politeness.

Visits of condolence must be made on all persons who have sent you a *lettre de faire part* of the death of a member of their family. Ladies must wear black, or at least very dark dresses, when they go to pay such visits, and gentlemen must be particular to wear dark gloves. If the recipient of the visit be a gentleman, his gentlemen visitors must embrace him and the ladies shake hands with him; if a lady, the ladies must kiss her, while the gentlemen have to content themselves with pressing her hand. We should think that the reverse of this process would be found to be by far the most consolatory—particularly if the person to be condoled with was a widow or a widower. You must not ask your host or hostess how they are when you go to pay a visit of condolence; nor must you speak of yourself nor of your own affairs, nor of any cheerful subject, nor must you mention the defunct, unless the person on whom you are calling should take the initiative. After all these rules, it is rather comforting to be told that a visit of condolence ought always to be extremely short.

If you wish to give a dinner in Paris, and desire to ask to it any person who is your social superior, you must call and deliver your invitation by word of mouth; to write or to send a printed card would be rude, such forms of invitation being suitable for your equals and your inferiors only. At dinner the host and hostess occupy each end of the table. Should the host be a widower, he would insult his guests did he place a *young* woman at the other end of his table. Here follows a rule that is peculiarly and amusingly French: If a gentleman be placed next to a young, unmarried girl at a dinner-party, he must converse with her very little, and only on the most trivial subjects. It is very rude for a lady to pretend at a dinner-party to be a small eater and to boast of her lack of appetite—such a proceeding is an insult to her entertainers. If fruits are served at dessert, and you wish to peel a pear or a peach, you must cut

it into quarters and pare it horizontally; to peel it round and round is considered extremely countrified and in bad taste. Never tell a story at a dinner unless requested to do so by the master or the mistress of the house. After the dinner is ended and the company return to the *salon*, it is etiquette to remain at least two hours, for the evening of a guest belongs in such cases to his entertainers. As French dinners take up far less time than do our longer and more elaborate ones, the reason for such a rule becomes obvious.

The etiquette for Parisian balls differs but little from our own, except that a gentleman must never offer his arm to an unmarried lady, or, indeed, to any but an intimate friend. Ecclesiastics must not be invited to a ball or to any entertainment at which the lady guests are to appear in *décolleté* dresses. Young men who go to a ball and do not dance are styled "impertinent fools" by our Parisian authority, who goes on to remark further that a young man who cannot dance well ought to abstain from inviting any ladies to dance, except those that he is very well acquainted with. A curious chapter of Parisian ball-etiquette is that pertaining to the gaming-tables, which are expected to form part of the amusements of the evening—a feature which is, fortunately, foreign to all our social gatherings. And here let me remark *en passant* that this custom, which is far more universal in French society than is usually imagined, is an extremely pernicious one. The stakes, of course, vary, being in some houses very high and in others the reverse; but so far has the practice been carried that there are certain fashionable houses in Paris whereof the mistress holds weekly evening receptions, and at these receptions gambling forms the chief and, indeed, the only recognized amusement of the evening. In fact, in most of these houses, a guest who refuses to play is civilly but unmistakably permitted to see that his presence is unwelcome. I have heard of an instance where a gentleman lost five thousand francs in the course of one of those fashionable "evenings," which was rather a high price to pay for a few hours' amusement.

Reception-days are a fixed and immutable institution in French society. All ladies who pretend to mingle at all in the gay world, and many gentlemen as well, have their day on which they are at home, they remaining invisible to all save their most intimate friends during the rest of the week. The reason for this practice is at once sociable and economical. It brings a lady face to face with her acquaintances, and thus makes society less formal and more intimate—so much for the social side of the question. As to the economical phase, it is on that one day only that fires are lighted in the *salon*, and that the linen coverings are taken off the furniture in that sacred apartment, and that the mistress of the house assumes a formal toilet.

No refreshments are provided on these reception-days (which, beginning at All-saints-day, last till Lent, and sometimes even through Lent and till the 1st of May), with the possible exception of tea, and sometimes the thinnest of sandwiches and

the most fragile of biscuits. And here let me remark *en parenthèse* that the consumption of tea in social circles in Paris is something amazing. Not only is tea proffered for your acceptance at morning receptions, but at evening ones as well, and at small parties or social evenings it forms the invariable and generally the only beverage. Your French hostess considers that she has amply fulfilled all the duties of hospitality if she gives you a cup of tea to sip and a small biscuit to nibble.

The ceremonies that go to make up the sum total of a French funeral are wellnigh as numerous and as onerous as are those of a French wedding. The first thing to be done after a death is to make a declaration thereof at the mayoralty of the *arrondissement* or quarter wherein the defunct resided. The mayor sends an official physician to examine into the nature and causes of the decease, etc., after which the relatives of the defunct must go to the mayoralty in order to have the so-called act of decease drawn up. They must go provided with all the papers and data concerning the age, domicile, married or unmarried condition of the dead person, etc., by which this paper, which is of peculiar importance in French law, may be prepared. The day and hour of the funeral are fixed by the mayor, of course as much in accordance as possible with the wishes of the family. But no person is allowed to retain the corpse of a relative unburied for a space of more than three days. The reason for this immutable rule is obvious. Owing to the comparative scarcity of ice in France, the use of the ice-box is unknown, and three days is consequently the outside limit of time that the laws of hygiene and the rules of common-sense can allow to family affection in such cases. Another sensible custom is that of closing the coffin before the funeral takes place. The rules of French etiquette demand that during the time that the body remains unburied no person should speak above a whisper in the abode, and that the table should never be set for meals, but that each member of the family should take his or her repasts either in his or her bedroom, or at a corner of the table in the dining-room. On the day of the funeral, the *porte-cochère* of the house wherein the apartment of the deceased is situated must be draped with black, and all other persons who have apartments in the same building must abstain from receiving visitors. The mourners do not ride to the cemetery, but follow the hearse on foot; therefore ladies scarcely ever go to the grave, but content themselves with being present at the funeral ceremonies. Of late years the fashion of civil interments has become very general among the members of the ultra-Republican party. At these funerals there are no religious ceremonies whatever, some intimate friend of the deceased being selected to pronounce a discourse at the grave. Among the leading members of that party, Victor Hugo and M. Gambetta are most frequently called upon to perform this office. The impassioned and eloquent utterances of the former at the graves of Madame Paul Meurice and of Edgar Quinet will not soon be forgotten. It must be confessed that such interments,

after the peculiarly mechanical and formal routine of a French funeral conducted in the ordinary way, have a touch of reality, of warmth, of heart-felt emotion, that is at once novel and refreshing.

As regards mourning, the French are far more sensible than are we. The rules of bowed shutters, and of wool and crape habiliments of the hue of outer darkness, donned for an indefinite length of time, would appear absurd to this peculiarly intelligent nation. Their rules on this head are extremely precise, each shade and style of mourning being severely regulated. A widow must wear mourning for two years. She must wear black woolen stuffs, with collar, cuffs, and veil of crape, for one year; she must not *criper* or friz her hair, and she must wear a cap in the house during that period. At the end of one year she can wear black silk trimmed with black lace; this not very oppressive costume is *de rigueur* for six months. During the following six months, all shades of violet, gray, and lilac, are permissible, after which, her two years' mourning having expired, she can dress as she pleases. The mourning for a parent or a child is to be worn for one year: six months of crape and bombazine, three months of black silk and lace, and three months of

grays and purples. For a grandparent the rule is six months, and for a brother or a sister four months, the half of which period only is to be passed in black stuff and crape. In deep mourning it is not considered proper to wear kid gloves, cloth gloves being considered appropriate; nor is any ornament, even of dulled jet or of Berlin iron admissible. When the head of a family dies, the servants are put in mourning as well as the relatives. Each servant receives from the heirs two complete toilets, one for every-day wear and one for Sundays. Children under twelve years of age are never put in mourning. Abstention from society or worldly pleasures is marked by the duration of the deep mourning only; that is to say, for one year after the death of a husband or wife, six months after that of a child or parent, etc. It might seem, to our exaggerated American notions of mourning formalities, from the above rules, that the French lacked affection as signally in all relations of life as they do in the marital one. Such, however, is not the case. The tie between parent and child is a peculiarly close and touching one among them. Not a lack of affection, but a plenitude of sense, has dictated the French regulations as regards mourning.

A SPRING REFRAIN.

"Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ."

HORACE, lib. i., car. iv.

I.

BRIGHT on the hill-sides set against the sun
The glad grass ripples to the west wind's feet;
Bright in the orchards buds are long begun—
Blossoms and bursting leafage freshly sweet;
Daylight hath stood to hear the linnet sing:
Nay, sweet, nay, sweet, this is no little thing.

II.

Hark! for the birds seem like to burst their throats
In sheer glad-heartedness for earth grown bright;
Hark! from each pasture-land and close there floats
Antiphonal outpouring of delight;
Such is the latter gladness of the spring:
Nay, sweet, nay, sweet, this is no little thing.

III.

Hard by cool shallows of the sapphire sea
Bright-breasted sea-swifts flash above white foam;
Have they no word of hope or fear for thee—
Hope, that thy happy heart become Love's home;
Fear, lest to far-off lands he soon take wing?
Nay, sweet, nay, sweet, this is no little thing.

IV.

"Store not," they say, "for any land unknown;
Gather around thee all things fair and sweet—
Blossoms of love and music softly blown—
Colors to deck thy dainty breast and feet;
Still Change shall find thee, still Death's kisses cling."
Nay, sweet, nay, sweet, this is no little thing.

V.

The year's youth and thy youth meet face to face
'Mid odorous breath of flowers and cuckoo-call;
Love's passionate whispers fill each interspace,
Love's passionate kisses on thine eyelids fall:
Hearts unto hearts responsive roundels sing:
Nay, sweet, nay, sweet, this is no little thing.

VI.

Perchance, one day far hence, thy soul shall say,
"Ah, for that green isle in life's grievous sea!"
And thy tired, tear-dimmed eyes shall look away
Back past regret, and wrong, and agony;
Back past deep snows and drear winds wandering;
Back to the loves and laughter of life's spring:
Nay, sweet, nay, sweet, this is no little thing.

ABOUT GARDENS AND GARDENING.

I.

THE COUNTRY GARDEN.

"I have been in Corisande's garden," said Lothair, "and she has given me a rose."

IT was a quaint and pretty love-scene; and the garden itself will bear describing:

"In the pleasure-grounds of Brentham were the remains of an ancient garden of the ancient house that had long ago been pulled down. When the modern pleasure-grounds were planned and created, notwithstanding the protests of the artists in landscape, the father of the present duke would not allow this ancient garden to be entirely destroyed; and you came upon its quaint appearance in the dissimilar world in which it was placed as you might in some festival of romantic costume upon a person habited in the courtly dress of the last century.

"It was formed on a gentle southern slope, with turf terraces walled in on three sides, the fourth consisting of arches of golden yew. The duke had given this garden to Lady Corisande, in order that she might practise her theory that flower-gardens should be sweet and luxuriant, and not hard and scentless imitations of works of art. Here in their season flourished abundantly all those productions of Nature which are now banished from our once-ravished senses: huge bunches of honeysuckle and bowers of sweet-pea, and sweet-brier and jasmine clustering over the walls, and gillyflowers scenting with their sweet breath the bricks from which they seemed to spring. There were banks of violets which the southern breeze always stirred, and mignonette filled every vacant nook.

"As they entered now, it seemed a blaze of roses and carnations; though one recognized in a moment the presence of the lily, the heliotrope, and the stock. Some white peacocks were basking on the southern wall; and one of them, as their visitors entered, moved and displayed its plumage with scornful pride. The bees were busy in the air; but their homes were near, and you might watch them laboring in their glassy hives."

This is a charming picture of a quaint, old-fashioned garden on a grand scale; but even ordinary old-fashioned ones, humble imitations of the Lady Corisande's, breathe an aroma that is simply delicious. It is only here and there that one is found; and the modern florist is slow to admit that half the charm of the old-fashioned garden lies in that look of happy rest among the plants, each of which seems to say, "All plant-life is sacred when admitted here." A lover of the old ways writes: "I spoke of box-edgings. We used to see these in the little country-gardens, with paths of crude earth or gravel. Nowadays it has been discovered that box harbors slugs; and we are beginning to have beds with tiled borders, while the walks are made of asphalt! For a pleas-

ure-ground in Dante's *Inferno* such materials might be suitable."

But it has also been discovered, among other evidences of progress in gardening, that a small plot of ground, cut up into a labyrinth of narrow walks, edged with dwarf-box, is a piece of unsightly patch-work—displeasing to the eye, and undesirable in every way—the later fashion of a smooth lawn, with flowers-beds effectively disposed here and there, being much more natural-looking and agreeable; for flowers are like diamonds—their setting should be of the most inconspicuous nature, and never the more prominent feature of the two.

In spite of their faults, however, the old gardens, as some one says, stir within us a feeling which the modern ones, with their stiff massing and "blaze of color," fail to excite. Loving memories linger about the little cottage-plot—

"Where the marjoram once, and sage, and rue,
And balm and mint, with curled-leaf parsley grew,
And double marigolds and silver thyme,
And pumpkins 'neath the window used to climb;
And where I often, when a child, for hours
Tried through the pales to get the tempting flowers,
As lady's laces, everlasting peas,
True-love-lies-bleeding, with the hearts-at-ease,
And golden-rods, and tansy running high
That o'er the pale-top smiled on passers-by:
Flowers in my time which every one would praise,
Though thrown like weeds from gardens nowadays."

One particular feature of the old-fashioned garden which rendered it so attractive was the intermixture of fruit-trees, vegetables, and flowers—an arrangement which may not, perhaps, be always practicable, but which is seldom seen even where it could be carried out. Apple-trees, at least, would be ornamental on almost any lawn; and, in the season of blossoms, those exquisite, pink-tinged petals, with their Eden-like fragrance, would compare favorably with the choicest productions of the flower-beds. People are apt to think, in connection with fruit-trees in the garden, of thick, tangled branches hung with those invisible webs with which one's face comes into such sudden and unpleasant contact. But this is not the idea at all. The French *cordon* system of fruit-culture for gardens is both neat and ornamental, and quite invaluable for unsightly walls. Dwarf fruit-trees, too, are all the fashion now for apples as well as for pears.

Is there no beauty in Pomona that we can call to our aid? Or why should we everlastingly call upon Flora for everything that is beautiful in the embellishment of our gardens? Fruit-trees have flowers as well, and thus they have a double season of beauty for us—beautiful when in flower, beautiful when in fruit, pleasing to the eye and to the taste, ornamental as well as useful—doubly gratifying and doubly enjoyable. Berried plants are always in demand for their ornamental qualities; but, after all, these only please the eye, instead of furnishing, like the fruit-

trees, "entertainment for man and beast." Red-cheeked apples, it is argued, are quite as ornamental as red-berried shrubs; and the bird's-eye cherry is scarcely more desirable when in flower than any other cherry, while the ripe fruit, preserves, etc., when placed in the balance, will cause the empty blossoms to "go up at full sail."

Where trees or shrubs are to any extent an impossibility, the lack of verdure may be satisfactorily supplied by ivy, either trained in pyramids or climbing over an arbor. The smaller varieties will agreeably break the formal lines of parterre-gardening; and the spotted British ivy, the broad-leaved variety, the arrow-leaved, the golden-leaved, the dwarf-marbled, the digitate, etc., may all be effectively used. Nothing can be more desirable for edging than the dwarf varieties of this "rare old plant." It is always beautiful, from the rich, dark shade of green in winter to the softer yellowish hue of the young leaves in spring and summer. The variety of veins, spots, and shades, is quite a study; and there is no description of ivy that cannot in some way be made both useful and ornamental.

In the gardens of the Tuileries the glare of color is softened by the numerous shrubs, both flowering and otherwise, which are planted with the most generous regard to their full development—each being allowed abundant space for its own particular individuality. Nothing is crowded in this arrangement; and, stiff as the garden undoubtedly is, with its wide, straight paths, which cut up all the central spaces without the slightest approach to a "turpentine walk," it is not stiff with geometrical beds, or solid phalanxes of shrubs and plants. Green predominates here, and relieves the statuary of its ordinarily staring and conspicuous look. The vegetation consists largely of luxuriant copings of Irish ivy and plant-borders to most of the walks; while the centres of the squares are smooth, velvety plots of beautifully-kept turf. In this way the eye is relieved and rested from the glare of the stone vases, pedestals, statues, etc., and no rocket-like "blaze of color" deprives it of its powers of discrimination.

The owner of a half-acre plot would probably object to the magnificent distances of the Tuileries shrubs as an absurd impossibility in his limited space; the answer to which is, that it is not a bit more absurd than his attempt to imitate the other arrangements of a large public garden, and the sooner such aspiring little inclosures meet with the fate of the frog that tried to be an ox the better.

A garden which is intended for show is usually a moderately large space, and not infrequently replenished by plants already in bloom in place of those whose "season" is over. They involuntarily remind one of the children's gardens that are all "posies" merely stuck in the ground for a few hours. Some one mourns, not without cause: "A garden is, in fact, no longer the home of plants, where all ages, the young, the mature, and the decayed, mix freely, and in easy dress. It has degenerated into a mere assembly-room for brilliant par-

ties, where childhood and age are both alike out of place."

In this artificial arrangement one loses all the delicious pleasure of watching for and reporting the first faint-green tips that whisper of coming buds and flowers—the first crocus or snow-drop that shakes its pearly bell defiantly in stern, old Winter's face; though, for the matter of that—

"Who ever saw the *earliest* rose
First open her sweet breast?"

Paths, instead of conducting one, as they should do, out of all labyrinths and difficulties, are often a serious stumbling-block in gardening. They are so seldom comfortable and picturesque at the same time. They either lead nowhere in particular, or curve where a curve is the height of absurdity, or are damp from lack of drainage—except that made upon the master's purse. For the worst-done work is by no means the least expensive. The experience of a sufferer is, that "it is about as much trouble to keep walks in order as it is the beds; and, unless they are well kept, the whole design will have a slipshod look. Where good gravel can be obtained that will pack, the walks can be kept in order with comparatively little labor; but this is not generally to be had, and perhaps the next best thing is some of the different asphalts."

A path is not for ornament, but for convenience—as a means to an end; and that end is the getting somewhere. It does not add, therefore, to the pedestrian's satisfaction that, in its attempts to be "undulating," it should wriggle like a serpent, or lead him to quite a different part of the grounds from where he expected to go. Beauty in a path consists in a look of naturalness; and a retired, rural-looking place is sadly spoiled by attempts at gravel-walks. "Where wild-flowers and blossoming shrubs, free songs of birds, the murmur of the brook, or the splash of water on the bank of pond or river, fill us with a feeling of solitude, we dislike any appearance of man's labor or artificial improvement. If our way lies through a thickly-settled country, where artificial life is constantly forced upon us, where all walks are formal and graveled, all gardens trim and hedged, fences straight, and trees in formal lines, it is an additional pleasure to come upon a spot where Nature seems hardly to have been disturbed, where the path we follow seems to have been made by loose cattle, or is a wood-road, too little used to be regularly made, and so left to wind in and out to avoid a standing tree or a projecting rock."

This is very pretty reading, but the "loose-cattle" theory would scarcely be convenient or agreeable in ordinary cases; it is not necessary, however, to go from that to the opposite extreme of stiffness. A curved path is more pleasing than a straight one, provided it has a *raison d'être*. The planting of a group of trees or shrubs in the curve, or a better view of the house and premises, will furnish this. Five feet in width should be the smallest limits of ordinary walks, that two persons may walk comfortably abreast without brushing against the plants

and shrubs on either side. A garden procession in Indian-file does not produce so picturesque an effect as the same figures in groups. An abruptly-terminating walk should be finished by some ornamental object like a summer-house, a statue, a vase, etc., as though furnishing an excuse for having the walk. It is far prettier, however, to make the path return upon itself, which can be done by a circular bed of flowers or shrubs, as whatever suggests limits in a garden robs it of half its charm.

The proper edging for beds, since the stiff, little rows of box have fallen into disfavor, is a hopelessly perplexing subject. Grass edgings are pretty, when carefully trimmed; but it is almost one man's work to keep them in order. Tiles, boards, etc., are employed with various degrees of satisfaction. Bricks set on one end are justly pronounced an abomination; but "the cheap, handsome, easily-put-down, and easily-kept-in-order edging is yet to be invented." Edgings of Alpine strawberry-plants, placed four or six inches apart, are very ornamental; while the richly-flavored berries last late into the autumn. Daisies, pansies, and other small-flowering plants, are also used, and are very effective.

The proper shape for beds depends in a great measure upon the size and shape of the garden. A square, or parallelogram, with bias crossings and a round, central bed, produces a good effect; but where the garden-beds are already made, and are, perhaps, nothing more than straight borders along the sides of the fence, the beauty and arrangement of their contents may be made so conspicuous as quite to overshadow the lack of grace and symmetry. To lay out a garden for a large and varied collection of plants is by no means an easy matter. The patterns usually given in works on horticulture are often more suitable for embroidery or mosaic work, and are only tolerable in "masses of color." A garden made on these principles has an indescribably bare, dreary look to the lover of Nature who longs for the old-fashioned arbors and arches covered with roses, or clematis, honeysuckle, and Virginia creeper.

But covered walks and arbors are out of date, and the poor, shy, climbing things can scarcely find a support to cling to; modern gardening, with its set lines, being decidedly opposed to picturesque irregularity. A very pretty framework, not out of place in one of these geometrical beds, is made of wire, and shaped like an umbrella with a very thick handle; and the leaves and blossoms of the sweet-pea, mairandia, cypress-vine, nasturtium, *Cobea scandens*, and all the family of climbers, twist in and out of the open-work in graceful profusion. Something still more simple, and even prettier, when well covered, is the dismantled frame of a real umbrella or parasol—skeletons that are almost sure to be found in the happiest household; and these umbrella-frames, covered with vines in lieu of silk or gingham, are delightfully puzzling ornaments to the uninitiated.

Perhaps the prettiest style of bed for the lawn is the basket-bed, which seems particularly suitable where there are lofty trees. Ivy is indispensable for outlining the basket, and covering the handle. With

a tasteful arrangement of color within, a garden-basket is a happy combination of Nature and art. These baskets, to show to advantage, should be prominently raised above the surrounding level. To make a base of sufficient thickness, three-foot stakes should first be driven into the ground and crossed diagonally. The inside should then be filled with good soil, and left in a convex shape at the top. The ivy-plants should be prepared beforehand from cuttings, and planted under the turf of the lawn; they can then be trained in one direction around the stakes. It is better to get the basket ready in the autumn for the following spring; and, if carefully trimmed and kept in order, it will prove one of the most attractive, as well as cheapest, of floral ornaments.

The selection of plants for various positions requires some judgment, as the beauty of their effect often depends upon how they are placed, some showing to better advantage if looked down upon, others when on a level with the eye; others again must be looked up to; while some accommodating species are satisfactory anywhere. It is a somewhat disheartening but painfully stubborn fact that gardening, even on the humblest scale, is high art; and those who laugh this idea most to scorn usually belong to the class whose beans always sprout upside down.

With regard to ornamentation generally, "carpenter-architecture," besides being expensive, is altogether out of place in small gardens, although harmonious and agreeable, in the shape of summer-houses and rustic seats, where the grounds are extensive. It is common to see a little garden, with starveling flower-beds and a few shrubs, bestridden by an elaborate, expensive edifice misnamed a summer-house, misnamed an arbor, properly called a nuisance. Another popular delusion, that empty urns and vases, painted china sets, ugly statues of mythological deities, are appropriate to square plots of grass and patches of flowers. Suburban gardens are often spotted with these things, which are seldom either ornamental or useful. A rich urn or vase filled with flowers is a beautiful sight, and may sometimes be used with excellent effect, but the right place for it is often an open question.

The ornamental properties of decayed tree-stumps, and even of half-barrels sunk in the ground and covered with strips of bark, are too well known to require particular mention; but a rustic wall-pocket against some grand old tree is not so common, and may be made a thing of beauty with trailing vines and bright clusters of bloom. Our motto would be vines, vines *everywhere*; and a curving-in gate with a light trellis-work over it, for graceful climbers, is a most ornamental addition to the entrance-grounds. For a purpose like this the beautiful *Clematis Jacksonii* is scarcely so well known as it should be; and the fiery autumn blushes of the Virginia creeper touch up with just the right line of color the *paré* charms of summer verging into fall.

But, whatever else the owner of a small garden may see fit to do, let him not, as Mr. Wegg would

put it, "drop into" statuary. Staring plaster-casts, unless veiled and draped with abundant green, are positively hideous; and those who are most given to displaying them in small, unshaded spaces would probably return the Venus of Milo, after ordering it, like an Oriental bride, without seeing it, in fuming indignation at a broken and mutilated "figger," instead of the perfect Greek statue expected and paid for. Mr. Lowell says that "it is only in such a climate" (that of Italy) "that it does not seem inhuman to thrust a naked statue out-of-doors. Not to speak of their incongruity, how dreary do those white figures look at Fountain Abbey in that shrewd Yorkshire atmosphere!"

Occasionally, perhaps, in extensive grounds, a Naiad by a retired fountain, or a Flora not too elaborately gotten up, may be rather a pleasant object; but, after all, the most harmonious figures, where Nature is supposed to hold sway, are those of veritable flesh and blood, even if not after the Greek models.

Garden associations, and especially the characters that have always seemed to belong to certain plants and flowers, are something quite mysterious; and "our impressions of flowers are largely built up of these broken, multitudinous hints, often exceedingly vague and indefinite, but by no means wholly arbitrary. It is from these dim suggestions that our ancestors have drawn our present names of flowers, sometimes with deep insight and poetic truth, sometimes with all sorts of flights and fantastic coloring, lent by medicine, astrology, or alchemy." Many of the homely names thus bestowed are still preserved in England. Thus, the old Saxon name of "wakerobin" is full of poetry: it is pretty, as some one says, to think of the birds aroused from sleep by the soundless ringing of that flowery bell. The more common name of the plant is *Arum*, or lords-and-ladies.

From time immemorial, the violet and the lily-of-the-valley have been the types of modesty and sweetness; and these, with mignonette—the "little darling"—are alike the poor man's flowers and the poet's pets. Milton writes of the "glowing violet," which is something of a puzzle, as is also Shakespeare's "violets dim;" unless both are explained by "the contrast of the colder blue tints of the dog-violet with the purple of the scented kind—a purple which catches the eye in a dim, uncertain way known to all violet-seekers when the flower lies half hidden among herbage, so that we doubt whether we have really discovered one or not."

Ben Jonson calls the white lily "the plant and flower of light;" according to Leigh Hunt this is because of its snowy whiteness, also because "there is a golden dawn issuing out of the white lily in the rich yellow of the stamens," and "that silvery glistening of the petals which makes them seem almost to shine with a light of their own. No darkening shade, no trace of richer tinting—those large, queenly flowers seem wholly compact of a lustrous, dazzling whiteness which gains warmth from the stamens with their rich orange glow."

There are two distinct objects in gardening, which can scarcely be carried out harmoniously in the same plot: one is to have constant masses of bloom for a show-garden; the other is to raise flowers for cutting, both to glorify one's house and to send portions to those for whom nothing is provided. One garden is to be looked at like a picture, or wax-flowers under glass; while another is full of all sorts of sweet possibilities. All things are fragrant and delightful there; and, perhaps, in some shady, green-arched path, more than one lover has received a rose from the hand of his Corisande.

II.

CITY GARDENS.

EVERY one does not leave the city in summer, and many who go spend only a few of the hottest weeks at the sea-shore, or among the mountains—leaving a wide expanse of summer that, although passed within brick walls, is in many respects the most comfortable portion of it. The season is endured, however, rather than enjoyed; and one reason of this is, that so little provision is made for any of the beauty that belongs to the season of leaf and flower—so few traps are laid to catch sunbeams that are ready to fall into the most carelessly-spread snares.

The popular idea of summer in the city may be represented by a palm-leaf fan and a pitcher of ice-water; banks of greenness, or buds and blossoms, being generally regarded as utterly foreign to the subject. A city back-yard is usually only a dismal trysting-place for cats—walled in with ugly fences, and ornamented with perpetual relays of wet clothes; the front, with its stereotyped parallelogram of grass and monumental urn, suggests a well-kept grave. For a background to this, unclothed walls of brick fling back with savage force the fierce, vertical rays of sunshine; and naked iron or stone railings shut in empty little balconies admirably calculated to hold not only flowers that are lovely to the eye, but thickets of green, living sponges that absorb and diffuse a grateful moisture, peculiarly acceptable under an aspiring American thermometer with a passion for the nineties.

Sometimes, perhaps, on an exploring walk, or car-ride, through streets that have been a sort of *terra incognita* within city limits, one comes unexpectedly upon some oasis in the general Sahara, a bower of greenness, having probably an unobtrusive little house as a foundation—but with some trick of porch or veranda, or trellised window, and clustering vines and blooming flowers, that photographs it at once on the memory, and refreshes the summer pedestrian like a draught of country milk. Possibly, the vines are only morning-glories and scarlet-runners, climbing-rose, or common woodbine; but they do their office of love, and cover, with dewy, protecting arms, the helpless walls through the long summer siege, and smile at the

fiery sun that tries so hard to pierce the joints in their armor.

"I have seen," says some one, "a small house in a dusty street, with a bit of garden in front; over its windows and doors pretty vines climbed; bright roses, marigolds, and honeysuckles, lighted up the dark, sad cloud of poverty that hung about the place; though they were of no economical value as food, drink, or clothing, they gladdened the minds of the laborers who passed to and fro from their work morning and night." That is just it, a city garden gladdens the eyes of so many besides the owners; and we recall vividly the surprise of beauty from a wide, gracious-looking mansion in the suburbs, the second-story balcony of which was fringed with a continuous line of brilliant verbenas, blooming with the most generous prodigality in narrow boxes placed just back of the stone ledge.

But, it is argued, some city fronts are so low and narrow and shaded—or, rather, the street on which they are situated is all three of these—that anything like plant-cultivation is altogether out of the question, as nothing could possibly thrive in such a cheerless situation. Even with these drawbacks, however, one need not despair; and green leaves, at least (which are more acceptable than brick walls any day), may be aimed at successfully. The long-suffering ivy will not resent even these forbidding accommodations, and the balcony or window-box may be wreathed with it as with a perpetual suit of Lincoln green, making an effective background for the few shy flowers that may be nursed into bloom. Of these, let it be remembered that pansies and lobelia delight in shade—likewise auriculas, daisies, and forget-me-nots. Hepatica, blue and rose-tinged, lily-of-the-valley, digitalis, mimulus, large-flowered hypericum, nemophila, were all originally forest-belles, whose city admirers would no longer permit them to blush unseen; but their shy, country ways still cling to them, and the shadier the nook the better they will thrive. Violets and periwinkle also belong to this retiring sisterhood, and many others could be added to the list.

Ferns can *always* be depended on for these damp, sunless door-yards; and, when "money is no object" (which Utopian idea involves the most exquisite possibilities), plants already in bloom can be transferred from the florist's grounds to the companionship of the ivies and ferns, and discarded for fresh ones as soon as their beauty wanes, thus forcing brightness and bloom into the dulllest of inclosures.

Everything in the way of flowers is possible on a balcony looking to the east. Almost any blossoming vine may be used in place of ivy; and, with the aid of a hoop nailed to the top of the window-frame, it can be formed into a graceful arch. A vase or basket suspended from the centre of this arch will add to the beauty of the general effect. Flowers will bloom here from the beginning of the season to the very end; and a western exposure is equally good. But where the front looks directly south, the balcony is converted into a natural hot-house, and needs shading. This may be accomplished by a tree,

or an awning, or a plank inside, which, with its edge touching the floor, and reaching as high as the tops of the tallest plants, will protect the roots from the summer heat.

Where there is no balcony there may be window-boxes, and these are ornamental in their simplest forms. With delicate vines hanging fringe-like from their edges, and more substantial climbers wreathing the windows, a little bloom will go a great way. The plant-boxes should be about two feet in depth and width, and as much longer than the window as can be easily reached from either side. Into the box should go, first of all, six inches of broken crock or stone for drainage; then three inches of broken bones and leather; over this a rich, light loam. On the front edge may be planted with good effect verbenas, nierembergia, gilia, mignonette, and maurandia, with its delicate, hanging tendrils.

The little plot of ground between the house and the street, called indiscriminately "court-yard" and "area," even when scarcely more than a yard in width, is capable of results in the way of gardening that would never be dreamed of by those who make no higher attempts than a crop of grass. Sometimes the area is large enough for the cultivation of shrubs and small trees, and, with careful pruning, these can easily be kept within bounds; but it is *always* large enough for vines and window-boxes. There are many plants, too, usually treated as shrubs, which can be trained upon walls like *espaliered* fruit: among these, the *Cydonia Japonica*, with its rich coral blossoms in spring, and dark-green leaves in summer, is particularly effective. Planted unobtrusively at the corner of a fence, it will branch right and left, and form a sort of hedge no less beautiful than novel.

If bereft of all back-yard whatever, the dwellers in cities can, with a little judicious care and forethought, obtain much beauty and bloom from the front. Many of the evergreen-shrubs, and especially the new, variegated kinds, will do admirably on the shady side of the street; rhododendrons, kalmias, and, with some amount of space, *Pinus cembra*, *Ilex laurifolia*, American holly, andromedas, juniper, etc., would abundantly repay the cultivator.

In English cities and towns, these little, contracted front-yards are made into blooming Edens, sometimes not more than twenty feet square. With neat edging-tiles for the narrow side-beds, and a raised parterre in the centre, crowned by some graceful shrub, or foliage-plant, and the high English walls covered with climbers, "the entrance-court" forms an ornamental introduction to some cozy box of a house that has at least the outside air of being inhabited by people of taste.

A suggestion has been made (but not, we believe, ever carried out) that in a row of houses the proprietor of each little court-yard should "give the whole of his mind" (and space) "to the cultivation of some particular flower or plant; and with lilies in one inclosure, roses in another, verbenas in a third, gladioli in a fourth, and so on through the list, the effect would be that of different flower-beds in a large garden, and less patchwork-y than a variety in a small

space. Flowers, of course, could be exchanged; and bouquets for the house would thus be more satisfactory and in greater profusion. With a row of houses thirty feet front and standing thirty feet back from the street, the space afforded would be ample for the exercise of much horticultural taste; and wire fences between the inclosures, as also those on the front, could be entirely covered with various vines, and made as beautiful as leaves, and buds, and blossoms, could possibly make them.

In a plan arranged for these larger houses the paths slant, and the patterns in the different "fronts" join like the breadths of a carpet. The centre-piece in one should be oval, another round, a third star-shaped, a fourth octagon, a fifth heart-shaped, etc. Small deciduous trees like the *Chionanthus*, or fringe-tree, the *Cornus Florida*, *Halesia*, or silver-bell, cranberry-tree, snowball, magnolia, and others, would be desirable in a space of this size.

The same idea may be carried out advantageously in rows of smaller houses if care is used in the selection of plants suited to a small space. Such beds of pansies as might flourish in shaded city door-yards! Such fuchsias, and forget-me-nots, and violets, and lilies, as might take the place of the rank grass or hopeless-looking pavement that now stretches from door to door! The little country-towns have the advantage in this respect—their front-yards being generally ornamental; and in one small city that we wot of there are recesses over the entrance-doors filled with plants and hanging-baskets, and draped with flowering vines. These little wayside conservatories are a perfect blessing to the passers-by; and with abundant watering can be kept fresh and beautiful through the entire season.

Do you know, O reader! the possibilities of a city back-yard?—a back-yard, even, with dingy fences and undesirable neighborhood? Do you know that ugliness and disagreeables can be *planted out*? that Virginia creeper and English ivy will throw a green veil of charity over the most hideous chimney-pots and back views of buildings? To be sure, shrubbery cannot be planted to any great extent by reason of clothes-lines; but grape-vines can, and fruit of various kinds on *espaliers*. The highest fences and the thickest surrounding houses may be laughed to scorn in this style of cultivation; and enterprising people have actually managed to take prizes for fruit raised in this way. They were probably the kind who always find four-leaved clovers—perhaps seven-leaved ones; but their success, even if exceptional, proves that there is more in back-yards than is dreamed of in ordinary philosophy.

Altogether the nicest arrangement for a city-garden is to begin with a background of ivy on the fences planted about two feet apart, while a grass-plot might occupy the whole of the ground except a border between two and four feet wide, according to the space, and with a due regard for clothes-lines. This border should be planted with two or three continuous rows of well-contrasted flowers up to the ivy background; but it should extend on three sides only. A large rustic vase might occupy the centre

of the grass-plot, with, perhaps, a smaller one on either side; and these should be filled with not more than two or three different kinds of flowers.

Under the too common mistake that all the colors of the rainbow, and all the plants in the florist's calendar, are desirable in one vase, these garden-ornaments are made to resemble a gigantic bouquet; but with an harmonious arrangement of two or three colors only the result is much more artistic. Among particularly happy combinations are the old Tom Thumb *pelargonium* for the centre, with an edging of *Saponaria Calabrica*—the effect of orange-scarlet with the trailing pink tresses and delicate green is both pretty and uncommon. A wreath of dark-velvet pansies on the edge, with white and pink geraniums in the centre, is also lovely; as well as lobelia with rose-scarlet or deep-toned pink edged with silver-leaf foliage. But there is no end to the variety to choose from; all that is wanting seems to be the gift of combination.

Next to the house should be at least three feet of gravel or pavement, and the farthest part of the border, facing the house, might be wider than on the other sides, with more flowers, and a background of low shrubs. This would give a very pleasant view from the back-windows between the flowers that should adorn the windows themselves drooping low over the outer ledges. Crimson-velvet petunias and thunbergias, with their orange or buff colored petals and black centres, are a charming combination for this purpose.

We have not done yet with city-gardening, but shall next proceed to the roof, scattering on our way a vine or two in the vestibule—a wall-pocket of ferns, perhaps—and possibly a rustic stand, or French *jardinier*. We know a city-vestibule that is made green and beautiful by a pot of English ivy on one side and a Madeira vine on the other trained over the inner door, and supported on rustic brackets. It is not difficult to set up such an unpretending greenery as this; but the same vestibule without it is quite a different affair.

It has been said that we make too little of the waste space on the tops of our houses, constantly fanned by the most healthful breezes; and that for three months of the year it should be the popular family resort. On the Continent of Europe, and especially among the Germans, roof-gardening is quite common; and, with such unbroken table-lands as most of our city house-tops present, there appears to be no serious obstacle in the way of brilliant success. A roof-garden has the strong recommendation of being well out of the reach of thievish hands.

The roof of an L, or back-building, which is attached to so many city-houses, is the most favorable for this experiment, and more easily reached for work or enjoyment. It may be converted either into a garden or a greenhouse with the most gratifying results; in the latter case, it could easily be heated from the kitchen-range or the furnace. A shed only twenty feet by fifteen would be sufficient for a large collection of flowering plants, a cold grapery, or a cold peach-house—almost any fruit, in fact, that

might be desired. If a garden only is aimed at, be sure that the roof is made strong enough to bear the pressure, and then begin with a bottom of coarse materials and broken boxes for drainage, filling up with compost.

The roof-garden is only a window-box on a mammoth scale; and everything of the vegetable, flower, or fruit order, can be made to grow as well here as on the ground. The arrangement must depend on the shape and size of the roof, and its peculiar exposure. Long, narrow, wooden boxes, placed just inside the ledge or railing, may be used for plants instead of the bare roof; paint them a dull red, and fill with good garden-earth mixed with manure. They can be managed exactly like a flower-border. Wistaria and Virginia-creeper planted at each end may be trained to unite across the front, forming, with the delicate blossoms and richly-tinted leaves, perfect representations of spring and autumn. The generous foliage of both vines will sufficiently shade the smaller plants in the boxes.

In an inclosure of this kind, thirty feet by fifteen, which was outside the windows of a drawing-room on the second floor, and bounded on all sides by chimney-pots, there were more than sixty boxes, some of which had been in use over ten years. The walls were entirely covered with ivies, planted either in casks or in square boxes, about eighteen inches high. There were at least a dozen ivies that locked arms as they grew, and made the circuit complete. One side of the outlook, being uglier and more conspicuous than the remainder, was fitted with a slight wooden scaffolding painted green, twelve feet high in the centre, with side-pieces attached to the walls, and upright laths nailed to the garden-boxes below. Ivy did the rest by covering the scaffolding so closely that nothing else was visible.

Boxes for roof-gardening should be made of the strongest wood; and several small ones are preferable to one large one. Blocks must be placed underneath to prevent the wood from resting on the lead or stone; and a fresh coat of paint once a year is said to be a great improvement. A thorough tarring inside will also make them more durable. The bottom of each box should have six or eight holes for the escape of superfluous water, and a layer of broken pots should be put in before they are filled with earth. Boxes are used instead of flower-pots because the latter would soon be roasted on a roof. To keep them in good condition the soil should be entirely changed every two years, or partially so every spring.

A very pretty arrangement for a terrace-garden is to begin with a roof, which can easily be formed of some quickly-growing creeper supported by trellis-work on a central column of wood. This might pass through a round table, which could be used for books or work. If the roof is over an L, one side will be occupied by the wall of the house with doors and windows opening upon it. Each end may be arched by a trellis-work of wood or wire, and covered, of course, with vines, the inevitable hanging-basket suspended from the centre. A row of boxes on the inner edge of the balustrade will contain such plants and vines as are best suited to that particular exposure. The corners may be beautified with honeysuckle, clematis, Boursault roses, wistaria, and Virginia creeper. Such a garden requires watering two or three times a day, and especially if the roof is of metal, which reflects heat powerfully.

Even fruit may be raised in this way, and many kinds are extremely ornamental. Grape-vines especially flourish; they can be bought trimmed and ready for bearing, and should be placed at the foot of the posts supporting the arches of the terraced arbor. This will provide them with a suitable support and the most favorable situation. They may be trained to grow in festoons, which are exceedingly ornamental. The grapes will appear in due time, within easy reach of one's hand, and hanging in clusters of beautiful purple bloom all the way down from the centre of the arches to the base of the pillars.

There should be four vines in all, one at each corner; and to have the fruit in perfection the top of the vine must be cut off as soon as the young grapes are as large as a pea, and the grapes themselves must be thinned out when very thick in a bunch. When too many are left to ripen, they crowd each other, and the light cannot get to them at all. Some very careful cultivators cut out with a pair of scissors one grape in every three. The leaves, too, should be trimmed off about a month before the grapes are gathered, removing every one that prevents the sun from striking directly on the fruit.

Dwarf cherries and plums will bloom abundantly on the terrace if cultivated in large boxes; and a white and red currant-bush and three or four raspberry-plants will be desirable additions.

A terrace-garden is a much more agreeable prospect from one's back or side windows than a dreary metal roof; and such a garden can be carried on with so little comparative trouble that it is a source of wonder why it should be looked upon as a sort of unattainable castle in the air.

HUDSONIA.

NOT in the cloistered safety of the woods,
Where the fair firstlings of the spring-time hide.
Not the gay, laughing, dancing brook beside,
Nor in the hush of mountain solitudes,
Seek we for thee, O hardy pioneer!
Upon the barren, bleak, and wind-swept sand
Of sea-girt isles, thy feet are set. There, fanned

By breezes salt with spray, thou dost not fear
To spread thy couch of velvet tapestry—
With golden flowers soon to be 'broided o'er:
A new Canute, thou sittest on the shore,
Sending brave challenge to the mighty sea;
While, far and near, as waiting thy command,
The glistening ranks of sturdy beach-grass stand.

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT.

BY GEORGE SAND.

XIII.

IT was just in time. Madame de Nives, pale and excited, entered in her turn, absolutely as if she were in her own house, without knocking or being announced. Marie had turned to the window, leaving visible only her black and white fichu, her blond hair coquettishly curled, and her straw hat turned up behind; without being dressed as a peasant, she wore as usual that pretty Auvergnat bonnet which blends with the new fashions in such a manner as to appear elegant without ceasing to be original.

"Pardon me, M. Chantabel," said Madame de Nives, who at first glance took, or pretended to take, the two young ladies for peasant-girls; "you are here in consultation; I did not know it. A thousand pardons! I am looking for my daughter; I thought she was here. They told me at your house that you had taken her in this direction. Tell me where she is, that I may embrace her. I will wait in your garden till you have leisure to attend to me in my turn."

While the countess was talking I had glanced to the back part of the tower, visible through a window opposite to the one occupied by Mademoiselle de Nives, and had seen Charliette watching and waiting in the ruined and abandoned part of the manor. Therefore Madame de Nives appeared to me perfectly well informed of what was going on, and I was unwilling to indulge her in a useless pretense.

"You will not disturb me, madame," I said. "I am here with my family. If there is a consultation, you will not be in the way." And, advancing to the easy-chair, I added: "Mademoiselle Ninie is in this room; but she is in the midst of the game of 'hide and seek,' and does not see you.—Come, Ninie," I continued, raising the table-cover, "it is your mamma; hasten to welcome her."

Ninie obeyed with a visible reluctance. Her mother seized rather than took her up, and seated her on her knee, saying, in a harsh tone:

"What! are you insane? Don't you remember me?"

While Ninie was embracing her mother with more fear than love, Mademoiselle de Nives, anxious to know if the child was a victim as she had been told, turned round to observe this glacial kiss. The clear, cold eyes of the countess were fixed upon hers, and I saw her tremble as at the sight of a viper. Doubtless she would not have recognized her step-daughter immediately and under this disguise if she had not been informed of her presence. She was evidently prepared for the interview, as she did not mistake her for an instant for Miette, and a ferocious smile contracted her lips.

"You pretend, sir," she said, in a loud and clear voice, "that I shall not be in the way in the consultation I have interrupted. As far as I can see,

the question to be settled is a marriage between two young ladies and two gentlemen. I am acquainted with but one of them; which of the suitors is hers?"

"Here he is!" replied Mademoiselle de Nives, without hesitation, pointing to my nephew. "This is M. Jacques Ormonde. The bans will be published in a fortnight, and, although at that time your consent will be unnecessary, I hope, madame, you will deign to approve my choice for the sake of propriety."

"It will be very necessary," replied the countess, "since this is the gentleman who, it appears, ran away with you."

"This gentleman," added Jacques, to whom happiness gave self-control, "would suggest to the countess that Mademoiselle Ninie is out of place here, and would be better off amusing herself in the yard."

"With Charliette, who is still prowling about there?" I said, raising my voice; "no, take the child to her nurse, who is waiting for her among the vines, and come back here yourself. If your future wife is obliged to make some concessions, we need your approval."

"She may make as many concessions as she pleases," replied Jacques, taking Ninie by the hand, who followed him with an instinctive confidence; "she gave you full control of her affairs, and I do the same, uncle." And he led away the child, followed by the glance of the countess, who thought much less of her daughter than she did of examining the features and appearance of Jacques with a haughty and disdainful curiosity.

"Here is, then," she said, as soon as he had gone out, "the object of Mademoiselle de Nives's grand passion?"

"The young man is my nephew," I replied, "my dear sister's son, an excellent person, and a very worthy man."

"Or a very gallant man? M. Chantabel, you are indulgent, as is well known, to the members of your family! I see you find nothing worthy of condemnation in the elopement. It will not, however, be approved by every one."

"It will remain unknown, for no one here will divulge the secret, out of regard for Mademoiselle de Nives and you."

"For me? indeed!"

I made a sign to the others to leave us, and, approaching very near her, said, in a whisper:

"For you, madame, who agreed with Charliette to bring about this scandal, and ruin Mademoiselle de Nives!"

She became pale, as if she were going to faint; but, making a strong effort, she replied, in a low voice:

"This woman has told a frightful lie, and you will never be able to prove it!"

"Are you willing to let me call her? She is still there."

"Why do you want to call her?" she replied, with a wild look.

"You must summon her before us all to tell the truth. The recompense you promised her will be at this price; and, if necessary, we have a collection of documents that will unloose her tongue. She will produce your letters."

The countess feebly murmured these words:

"You must not do that! I am in your hands—spare me!"

Then she sank back in her chair in a real fainting-fit. I had guessed right, for I learned the details afterward. Charliette had, of course, fleeced, taken advantage of, deceived, and betrayed every one in turn.

My niece and Mademoiselle de Nives came eagerly to Madame de Nives's assistance. She recovered her senses very quickly, and wanted to renew the conversation. I begged her not to fatigue herself uselessly.

"We can," I said, "renew the conference later this evening or to-morrow."

"No, no," she said, "immediately, especially as I have nothing to say. I have simply to wait for propositions that one would think ought to have come from me on the eve of a general settlement of our interests."

"There are no propositions to be made," I replied. "You thought that Mademoiselle de Nives, having been led to commit acts of grave imprudence, would need silence and a generous pardon on your part. Things are changed now, as you have just seen. Silence is for the common interest, and pardon is no more only a matter of expediency—say, rather, of Christian charity. Mademoiselle de Nives is absolute mistress of a considerable fortune. I know now the amount of it, for I procured it during your absence. She has a right to demand the accounts of guardianship, which, as I had foreseen and calculated, will amount to about two hundred and forty thousand francs; but she does not want her sister to be brought up in constraint and privation. She will give you an unconditional receipt for all sums expended or saved by you during her minority. It is for you, madame, to address to her—I will not say thanks—but at least to give evidence of the satisfaction a mother ought to feel under such circumstances."

Madame de Nives had expected to make a better bargain by her unworthy plots. She was checkmated and overwhelmed. She tried to speak, but could not utter a word, and made to Mademoiselle Marie a kind of grimacing smile, with an abrupt inflection of the head. She recovered, however, strength enough to say that Léonie would still be very poor, since the possibility of laying aside even a small sum in the large and expensive Château de Nives was an entirely gratuitous supposition on my part.

"I know nothing about it," replied Mademoiselle de Nives, rising.—"M. Chantabel, would you be

kind enough to tell me the amount of my income as nearly as you can?"

"If you sell the Nives estate, mademoiselle, you will have an income of fifty thousand francs. If you keep it, you will have thirty thousand."

"And now," she resumed, "will you ask Madame de Nives how large an income she requires to live in ease and security?"

"I shall never enjoy these two blessings again," said the countess; "I must have at least fifteen thousand francs a year to bring up my daughter, without letting her feel the change in her situation."

"This, with your small saving, of which I also know the amount, will give you the means of living in the same manner as you have done since your marriage. Mademoiselle de Nives must decide if your affection for her merits such a sacrifice."

"I will do it!" cried Marie, without a moment's hesitation; and, perceiving Jacques, who was just entering, she took his hand, adding: "We will make the sacrifice; but upon one condition, without which I shall adhere to the conditions that M. Chantabel has drawn up—I must have an unconditional release."

"What, then, is this condition?" said Madame de Nives, whose steel-colored eyes shone with a metallic lustre.

"You must give my sister to me, and resign all your rights over her to me. At this price you will be rich, live where you please—excepting at Nives, where I intend to establish myself. You will see Léonie; but she will be mine, mine alone!—Jacques, do you consent?"

"Joyfully!" he replied, without hesitation.

Madame de Nives did not appear thunderstruck, as she should have done in conformity to the character she was playing. The idea was not new to her. Marie had proposed it through Charliette, and the countess had had time to reflect upon it. She feigned, however, a new fainting-fit. Marie and Mitte were very much excited.

"This is too cruel!" contended my niece; "this lady is ill, and cannot bear such emotion. She may be wicked—that is possible; but she cannot be indifferent to her daughter, and we are demanding too much of her!"

"Leave me alone with her," I said; "and give yourself no trouble. Go to my house and wait for me, and, if Madame Chantabel has returned, tell her to have a good dinner ready for us after all the excitement of the morning."

When they had gone, Madame de Nives kept me waiting a long time before she recovered possession of her faculties. She shed a few tears when resuming the subject, exclaiming that it was horrible, and that Mademoiselle de Nives took her revenge in an atrocious manner.

"Mademoiselle de Nives does not wish for revenge," I replied. "She possesses in reality a remarkable sweetness and gentleness. She has not addressed to you one bitter word under circumstances where the wrong you have done her would naturally turn her heart against you. She has taken a great

fancy to Léonie, and I think the child returns it as far as she knows how."

"One thing is certain: my daughter loves every one excepting her mother! She has a terrible disposition. She showed an aversion to me when she was very young."

"I know it, and it is a great misfortune; but it is your own fault, for you have not taken the right course to make yourself loved by her and respected by your servants."

"You cannot, however, advise me to abandon her to an insane woman who has taken a passing fancy for her, and will soon cease to care for her?"

"When she ceases to care for her, she will send her back to you; but then you must bid farewell to your income of fifteen thousand francs! Pray, then, in earnest, that the two sisters may live happily together!"

I saw plainly that Madame de Nives perceived the justice of the argument. She still discussed the question, however, for the sake of appearances.

"You really think, then," she resumed, "that Mademoiselle de Nives is capable of bringing up a young girl in a suitable manner?"

"If you had asked this question yesterday, I should have said, 'No, I do not think so.' I did not then fully know her; while to-day, here in your presence, I felt a great admiration for her. This childlike generosity has a sublime aspect that exalts it above the trifling mistakes of an over-excited imagination. I had just been finding great fault with her when you entered; she punished me by showing an admirable repentance and sincerity. I am now entirely on her side, which will not prevent me from serving you in taking care that the payment of your income shall be made a serious and inviolable contract."

"Ah, yes! that is of special importance!" cried the countess, involuntarily. "This allowance must not be a lure."

"Neither must it be an extortion," I replied; "the allowance will cease on the day when you reassert your claim to Léonie."

"That is understood," said the countess, in an angry tone; "but if Mademoiselle Marie, who knows nothing about money, should ruin herself! I must have a mortgage on the Nives estate."

"You shall have it; but do not fear that she will ruin herself: on the contrary, the moment she marries Jacques Ormonde she will be much richer."

"Will this famous Jacques Ormonde, who is called a conqueror of women, make his wife, and consequently my daughter, happy?"

"This conqueror of women has the best heart in the world, and a natural disposition of the finest water."

"And, while awaiting the marriage, what shall I do with my daughter, who thinks of nothing but running away from me, and to whose absence I must become gradually accustomed, in order to have courage to leave her entirely?"

"You will go to Nives to make preparations for your departure. Ninie will stay at my house with

Mademoiselle Marie, who, being betrothed to Jacques, will remain under the protection of her future uncle."

"But your son—your son has just had—I know it very well—an intrigue with her!"

"That is one of Charlotte's lies. My son is an honest man and a serious-minded man. It is possible that Charlotte wanted to make money out of him also; but he is sharper than Jacques. Meanwhile, as we must not give occasion for gossip, my son will pass the rest of his vacation with his cousin at Champgousse, and will not return home until the marriage takes place. We shall sign this very day the deeds that concern you at the same time with the contract, and, while waiting, as you have recovered your self-possession, you will dine at our house with my family and yours."

"Impossible! I cannot see all these people, Ninie especially! This child, who leaves me with joy in her heart, is my punishment."

"It is a deserved punishment, Madame de Nives. You wished to debase, ruin, and dishonor your husband's daughter—you were determined either to make her a nun or to destroy her character forever! It is too much; you have wearied the patience of God. Do not abuse that of men; and take every precaution to keep them in ignorance of the secret designs of your guilty soul. Offer your daughter as a recompense for your cruel deeds, and accept in return the worldly wealth for which you have worked with so much perseverance and so little scruple. You must dine with me, since you have told my wife everything you could think of against Mademoiselle Marie. I do not ask you to confess your guilt nor to retract your words; we shall say that you have had a reconciliation with your step-daughter, and that, through my efforts, an arrangement has been made satisfactory to all parties concerned."

XIV.

MADAME DE NIVES yielded, took my arm, and we went together toward my house. As we came out of the pine-wood I saw Charlotte, who was watching us, very much disturbed on her own account at the result of our conference.

"We must make a settlement with this jade," I said to the countess.

"No, no!" she replied, in terror; "I never want to see her again."

"For that very reason she must be paid."

And, turning toward Charlotte, I made her a sign to come to us.

She quickly obeyed the summons.

"The time for settling your accounts has arrived," I said; "we have all agreed to have nothing more to do with you. M. Jacques Ormonde has paid you three thousand francs—it is more than you deserve. He has no further need of you. Mademoiselle de Nives will also give you three thousand francs. How much has the Countess de Nives, who is here present, promised you?"

"Ten thousand," replied Charlotte, boldly.

"Only five thousand," replied the countess, bristling with indignation.

"On the day when Mademoiselle de Nives comes of age," I rejoined, "you can come to my house to receive the sum of eight thousand francs, after which you will have nothing more to expect from any one."

"That is little for so much work," replied Charlotte. "If I told all that I know—"

"You can tell it if it pleases you to be driven away in all quarters as a promoter of intrigue, and a vile woman. If you talk about us, we will talk about you also; beware!"

Charlotte, frightened by my words, went off as quickly as possible, and, during the ten minutes it took us to reach my house, I saw that Madame de Nives was rapidly recovering her self-composure. This woman, whose sole impelling power and sole passion was avarice, horrified me. I was none the less very polite, respectful, and attentive to her. I had told her some plain truths, and had gained a good cause. I had no angry feeling to excite me, and I was satisfied with myself. I conducted her to a room, as she wished to rest for a little while.

Madame Chantabel had not returned. Miette had courageously gone to work to prepare the dinner. She understood the art of cooking, was well acquainted with my tastes, and was much beloved by my servants. I saw with pleasure that we should have a good dinner, and that no dish would be a failure—my wife not being there to excite the nerves of the cook by giving confused directions.

It gave me still greater pleasure to see Henri smiling at Miette's side, and helping her in the most lively mood; he had taken off his coat and put on a white apron. This was so contrary to his tastes and usual serious bearing that I could not conceal my surprise.

"What do you wish?" he said; "there are dramatic and romantic heroines here who would be very much puzzled to know how to make a simple omelet. Emilie, who is in my eyes the only and true heroine of the day, and who makes no effort to attract attention, consecrates herself to our service as if she were good for nothing else. It is only just for me to save her all the trouble I can, or at least make her laugh by my awkwardness."

And, as Miette went away to look after her pastry—"See," he said, "how skillful and quick she is! With her silk dress and trimmed fichu, she takes no precaution, and yet she will not soil them with a single spot. She is in her element—home, country, and domestic life."

"We must leave her there," I replied, with a malicious purpose. "Such a condition is not poetic enough for a man of your time."

"I beg your pardon, father, I find it entirely sufficient! Poetry is present everywhere, if one has the eye to see it. It was at Vignolette in the old times, when, in the very middle of her great, black kitchen, where the huge copper vessels shone so brightly, I looked at Miette as she kneaded in her pretty fingers the cakes for our breakfast. It was a picture of Rembrandt with a figure of Correggio in the centre. At that time I felt the charm of this intimate life and

this model woman. I forgot everything, but now I see again the past through the revived medium. Miette is much more beautiful than she was in those days, and has become much more graceful. Besides, I am hungry; the smell of the food seems to me delicious. The animal is in harmony with the poet in crying out: 'Here is the truth—a well-regulated and well-appointed existence, an adorable wife, an inexhaustible depth of confidence, mutual respect, and tenderness.'

"You have come to a full comprehension of the heart as well as the reason. Will you not tell this to Emilie?"

"No, I dare not; I am not yet worthy of forgiveness. I know Miette has suffered for my fault: she believed for a day or two that I was in love with the heiress, and that I was willing to compromise her reputation to get her away from Jacques. Without you, dear father—without the full explanations made to-day, she would, perhaps, still believe it. Do you know how you frightened me for a moment? But, when you put me under the necessity of telling Mademoiselle de Nives before you all what I ought to think, and what I really had thought, of her frivolity, I understood that you were rendering me a great service, and I regained at once my self-control and willingness to do as you desired. If Marie's odd ways surprised me for a little while, no one but myself must ever know it, and, if she felt any doubt in regard to the matter, I am glad you gave me the opportunity to remove the impression. She belongs to Jacques, certainly, and to no one else. She has a noble character, notwithstanding her childish triviality. Jacques has the great good sense that is wanting in her, and, since he loves her dearly, will impart it to her unconsciously, without wounding her pride. He will always talk like her; but he will do it in such a way that in her turn she will think like him."

"Very well reasoned, my son, and now may God grant us his aid! In these *dénouements* that pressing circumstances force us to improvise, life strongly resembles a pleasing romance. I own that, in pleading before you the cause of reason and right, I did not expect such a success—I did not see that two beautiful and good marriages would result from my simple and sincere words! But where are our lovers?"

"Over there, on that bench you see from here. I believe they are waiting impatiently for the countess's decision in regard to Ninie. Do you think she will give her up?"

"That point is already decided," I replied, "and I must hasten to tell them so."

Miette at this moment came toward us with her pastry ready to put into the oven.

"I am not in the habit of embracing my cooks," I said, kissing her on the forehead; "but this one is so much to my taste that I cannot refrain."

Jacques and Marie, seeing me coming from the pantry, ran to meet me with Ninie.

"Well," said Mademoiselle de Nives, pointing to the child, "may I hope?"

"She is yours!" I replied, in a low tone. "Do not say a word, and endeavor to avoid additional trouble by inducing her to bid farewell to her mother properly."

"That is easy," said Jacques; and, taking Ninie in his arms: "Listen, mademoiselle; your mamma, seeing that you are very well here, and very fond of us, consents to leave you a few days longer with Susette at Papa Bébel's. You will certainly thank her for her kindness? You will embrace her, and be very good, will you not?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the child, beside herself with joy; "I will be very good. What happiness!—We shall go after dinner to the fountain with Susette and my hobby-horse, Henri."

"It is I who will be the hobby-horse," replied Jacques, smiling, "and Susette will make the boats."

"Have you pardoned me," I said to Mademoiselle de Nives, "and will you consent to remain with me until your marriage?"

Marie took my hands with that charming outpouring of the heart that atoned for every fault, and, in spite of my resistance, pressed her lips to them.

"You have saved me," she said; "you are and you will be my father! I need so much to be directed, to be really loved! You must make me worthy of this dear Jacques, who spoils me, and from whom I cannot draw the slightest reproach."

"Then I shall scold at you, and it will be his fault. He will tell you that you are perfection."

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Jacques, "I shall tell her so!"

"And that I am an old dotard."

"As to that, no," he replied, half stifling me as he pressed me to his breast; "you will always be our guardian angel."

Meantime my wife arrived, and her arms dropped with surprise when she saw me embracing the lovers. Her eyes were not large enough to examine the countenance and costume of Mademoiselle de Nives.

"Madame Chantabel," I said, while presenting her, "be kind enough, I beg you, to bless and embrace your future niece, a peasant-girl, as you see, but very well born, and worthy of your affectionate interest."

"Is this a joke?" said my wife; "would Jacques marry, in this way, and at once, a person with whom we are not acquainted?"

"A few words will make you acquainted with me," said Mademoiselle de Nives. "I came to Percemont in disguise to consult M. Chantabel. He has expressed his approval of my marriage with Jacques Ormonde. My step-mother arrived unexpectedly. M. Chantabel brought about a reconciliation between us, and she even consented to share with me an inestimable treasure—the child whom you see playing yonder, whom you love also, and who will become mine."

"The child! your step-mother! I do not understand you at all," said my wife, astounded. "Is it a wager to mystify me?"

"Look," I said, "at that beautiful lady who is adjusting her toilet, and passing and repassing before

the window of chamber number two in your house."

"The Countess de Nives! Is she here?"

"And Mademoiselle Marie de Nives also."

"And the countess gives her daughter—she gives Ninie to—"

"To the person of whom she has spoken so unkindly, and who does not deserve it. Did I not tell you that the countess was very odd?"

"I find the word too mild now, but I suppose there is money in all this?"

"Much money, for Mademoiselle de Nives does not count the cost when her heart speaks, and her act is still more worthy of commendation since she had nothing to fear from the calumny that menaced her. Emilie, Jacques, Henri, and I, in front of all, are here to defend and exonerate her."

"And you still receive this countess? Has she taken possession of our house?"

"For this evening. She has been very much agitated, and we are taking care of her. She is going to dine with us."

"To dine with us, indeed! And I not at home! An ignorant cook, and without brains!"

"Therefore I have found another, a wonder whom I wish to present to you. Will you not welcome your future niece?"

Marie approached gracefully and confidently. Madame Chantabel was much moved, and, when after the presentation Mademoiselle de Nives took her hand to kiss in token of respect, my wife had tears in her eyes; she was conquered.

"This does not prevent me from thinking," she said, as we were on our way to the kitchen, "that Jacques's marriage is remarkable, and far above his condition. Since you understand so well how to perform miracles, M. Chantabel, why did you not think of your own son before any one else? Henri would have been a much more suitable and agreeable husband for this young lady in all respects than the great Jacques."

"My dear wife," I replied, "listen to me. Leave the cooking to take care of itself—everything is going on as well as you can desire; let us talk a little while under these trees, like two old friends who ought to have but one heart and one will."

I related to my wife all that had passed, and added: "You see plainly that Mademoiselle de Nives, waited for and hoped for with good reason by Jacques, cannot be the wife of any one else, unless it were of an ambitious person, entirely without scruple."

"You are right, M. Chantabel, I do not deny it; only I regret—"

"There is nothing to regret. Henri will be happy in his marriage, happier than any one in the world!"

"I see what you are driving at, M. Chantabel! You wish him to marry your Miette Ormonde!"

"He wishes it also; he loves her."

"It is you who persuaded him to make this choice."

"No, I was very careful not to use any influence

in the matter; it would have been the means of estranging him from her, and I am not so foolish. What have you, then, against my poor Miette?"

"Against her? Nothing, to be sure—I do justice to her merits; but it is—it is that bonnet."

"That village bonnet? Mademoiselle de Nives has one on to-day just like it, and looks none the less like a countess."

"Yes, but she is one in reality—that is easily seen."

"And you think that Miette looks like an ungainly woman?"

"No, she resembles her mother, who resembled you. There is nothing common in our family; but Miette is cold, she does not love Henri."

"Ah, there is your mistake! Miette appears cold to you because she is dignified and spirited. I thought you would understand her, for I remember some one whom I loved and sought in marriage—a long time ago. This person was jealous of a little blonde, without the least occasion, whom I asked to dance with me at a country ball. My *fiancée* wept, though I knew nothing about it, and never confessed her resentment until after our marriage."

"This person was myself," replied my wife; "and I own I would have cut myself to pieces rather than confess that I was jealous."

"Why so, tell me?"

"Because—because jealousy is a feeling that leads us to doubt the man we love. If we were sure that he was deceiving us, we should cease to care for him; but we are not sure; we are afraid of offending him and of lowering ourselves in his estimation by the avowal of our distrust."

"Very well explained, wife. And, then, one suffers all the more from the effort to conceal it?"

"One suffers much, and must exercise great fortitude! Do you think that Miette has this fortitude?"

"And this endurance? All the more since her pride has been wounded by some one."

"By whom?"

"That is the very thing I want to know."

"Is it perhaps by me?"

"That is impossible."

"Well, it is the truth. I spoke sharply to this child, because she seemed to think Henri would stay in Paris. I confess I was afraid of it also, and was out of temper about it. I vented my spite on poor Emilie, and don't know what I said to her. She went away in consternation, and, as I have not seen her since, I supposed she was in the sulks; but I assure you I bear her no ill-will, and love her as much as ever."

"Shall I tell her so?"

"At once. You say she is here: where is she hiding?"

"In the kitchen, with Henri."

"Henri in the kitchen? This is, indeed, something new! He, so aristocratic!"

"He declares that nothing is so distinguished as a young and beautiful girl engaged in the duties of housekeeping, and nothing so deserving of respect as

the mother of a family like you taking care of the well-being of the household."

"This means that I ought to go and see to the dinner?"

"It means that Emilie has it in charge already, and that Henri looks upon her when he says the woman he loves will be a person useful, serious, devoted, and charming, like his mother."

"M. Chantabel, you have a golden tongue! The serpent had a voice like yours in paradise. You do with me whatever you please, and pretend all the time that I am the mistress."

"Yes, you are the mistress; for, if you are unwilling to receive Miette, Henri and I must give her up."

Just at this moment Henri came to announce that dinner was ready, and, reading from the expression of my eyes the favorable condition of affairs, he embraced his mother, and said:

"Mother, I have a secret to tell you after dinner."

"Tell it immediately," she replied, much excited. "Dinner will wait. I want to know everything!"

"Very well. Only two words are required, my dear mother. I love Emilie—I have always loved her; but I do not wish to tell her so without your permission."

My dear, good wife did not reply, but ran to the kitchen. She found Miette in the pantry, washing and wiping her pretty hands. She took her by the shoulders, then by the neck, and embraced her maternally several times. Miette returned the caresses with her eyes full of tears and a charming smile upon her lips.

"There is no need of any other explanation," I said; "this is the best of all."

Henri thanked and embraced his mother also, and then we went to take our places at the dinner-table.

The dinner was so good that, notwithstanding the great constraint of the first moment, we could not resist the animal (if you will) but profoundly cordial understanding of persons who hold social communion together after the fatigue of a struggle and the relief of a reconciliation. I do not like to eat much or for a long time, but I like a table elegantly supplied with choice viands. Our thoughts, our faculties, our intellectual and moral disposition, depend much upon the delicacy or the grossness of the food we have assimilated. My wife, a much smaller eater than I, was almost a gourmand on this occasion, with the intention—very evident to me—of complimenting Emilie, and repeating to her that she bowed down in her presence.

As I like to study character, and every action has a significance in my mind, I remarked that Mademoiselle de Nives ate nothing but creams, fruits, and bonbons, while Madame Alix de Nives, with her extreme thinness and pock-marked complexion, had the robust appetite of avaricious persons who dine at other people's expense. The great Jacques swallowed everything cheerfully, with a sincere and

hearty flow of spirits ; but this angular person, with his closed mouth and handsome, straight nose, too flat underneath, appeared to be carefully storing a supply of provisions in his stomach, as certain animals do in their nests at the approach of winter. Vice is an ugly thing, and the description of it is disagreeable, since it is impossible to refrain from seeing its serious side ; but when one has escaped from its snares, he may be permitted to perceive its ludicrous aspect, and amuse himself inwardly as I did in replenishing the plate of the countess, seated at my right hand, and treated by us all with every appearance of the most devoted hospitality. Ninie's chair had been placed next to her. She went through with the affectation of sending her to sit by Mademoiselle de Nives.

"By the side of Susette !" exclaimed the child. "Ah, mamma, how kind you are !"

"It is the first affectionate word she ever addressed to me in her life," said Madame Alix, in a low voice.

"It will not be the last," I replied. "She was trusted to your servants too much, and learned suspicion and rebellion from their evil example. Now she will be brought up in the right way by generous souls, and will learn to respect you."

Very much at ease in regard to future proceedings, we put Madame de Nives into her carriage at dusk, and Marie placed the child in her arms for the last time, promising to see her again in a fortnight.

Madame Alix pretended to be much affected at parting with her child, and made the movements of a person whose sobs prevent utterance ; then turning to me while giving back Ninie—"Remember," she said, "I must have a mortgage."

As the carriage departed I indulged in an immoderate outburst of laughter, which amazed Miette and my wife, the one as simple-hearted as the other, and all disposed to be sympathetic.

"Indeed, M. Chantabel, your heart is too hard !" cried Bébelle ; for, following Mademoiselle Ninie's example, we all called my wife by this nickname.

"Oh, you wise woman !" I replied, "you are pitying the vulture who digests comfortably the fortune that has been given her with the dinner that has been served for her !"

When I had talked freely with my dear family, Jacques Ormonde raised an objection to one part of my plan.

"I ask nothing better," he said, "than to return to Champgousse, where I am thoroughly domesticated ; but I confess that I am no longer so eager to build a house there for my own use since Mademoiselle Marie prefers to live in her château, and I have no reason for regretting my small farm. The country is not lively, and my dog-hole is too contracted for me alone. I think that, even for a fortnight, Henri, whom you condemn to this exile, will be very uncomfortable. I propose an amendment ; if two beds can be carried to the tower of Perceмонт, we shall be pleasantly located there, and nearer you, while the proprieties will be equally well observed."

"No, that is too near," I replied. "We all need

a short season of reflective and philosophical retirement before being reunited in the intoxication of happiness ; but I will soften the sentence, for I find Champgousse too far off, and I would like to have you both where I can conveniently discuss with you questions of importance in regard to future arrangements. Henri admires Vignollette, which is within a stone's-throw, and we need Emilie at our house for all kinds of preparations. She must stay here, and you will reside at your sister's with my son."

This conclusion was adopted, and we found it very convenient to dine together every Sunday either at Vignollette or at my home.

I plainly foresaw that Jacques's marriage could not take place under six weeks. We needed that time to regulate the settlement of Ninie's fortune, and the conditions on which it was to be held. And then I did not wish to hurry this marriage which had been brought about so unexpectedly. I knew, indeed, that Mademoiselle de Nives would have no reason to repent of her choice, but for all that she needed time for reflection, and I wished to devote all the time possible to her intellectual and moral education.

The dear child made the task easy for me. I discussed with her the delicate questions concerning love, marriage, and monastic celibacy. I discovered in her some regret for that renunciation that had always been held up to her as a condition of grandeur and purity, and had to destroy many false ideas regarding the world and domestic life. She could not have, and did not have, any systematic defense ; she was, fortunately, very ignorant. I had nothing to combat but an exaltation of feeling ; but I made her understand that the most important employment of our powers and resources is to bring up a family and to give to humanity members worthy the name of men. I initiated her into a respect for that sacred law which she had been educated to regard as the worst thing possible for the true purpose and attainments of the soul. She listened to me with surprise, but also with earnest interest, and, very sensible to the good influence of intelligible and friendly words, declared that no teacher had ever moved and delighted her as I did.

The excellent Emilie, on her side, gave her the necessary instruction. She had already undertaken at Vignollette to interest her in a judicious course of reading ; but, preoccupied or over-excited, the pupil had fatigued the mistress to no purpose. Now she was attentive and docile. Intelligence was not wanting, and I must say that Miette with her serene simplicity was an admirable teacher. Miette liked to do well everything she undertook. At the convent, which she entered as a peasant, she came out knowing everything better than her companions, and she had continued her studies since her return to her own home. She had always consulted me in the choice of books, and, when she had read them, came to discuss them with me, to present her objections, and to ask me to solve them. I saw then that she had read, and read well, and admired the peaceful harmony that reigned in her brain, which still re-

tained its freshness and healthy action in spite of the constant exercise of the will and the rigid performance of moral obligations. I understood perfectly the worth of the woman I wished to bestow upon my son, and Mademoiselle de Nives, who until the present time had known only the patience and kindness of heart, now comprehended the superiority of her companion. At the end of a month she knew enough to have no longer the resource of saying she was too ignorant to be judicious.

XV.

WHEN Marie was twenty-one years old, that is about a fortnight after she took up her abode with me, when all her affairs were settled, signed, authenticated, and terminated, and when Madame Alix, satisfied and delighted, had taken flight for Monaco, where she wished to pass the winter, Jacques Ormonde came with Henri to take possession of the tower of Percemont. The weather was still fine, the chimneys did not smoke, and we saw each other every day. Mademoiselle Ninie went to make boats with her sister as often as she wished, and Bébelles had the table well served all the time without giving herself any trouble, and without having dramatic scenes with the cook. Miette, after finishing her duty as teacher, hastened to pluck a partridge or make butter. Nothing was ever behindhand for a moment, even when my wife, who had a restless nature, anticipated the time fixed by herself for such or such a piece of work. Besides, Miette preserved without effort the blind submission of fact, which is the *sine qua non* toward a provincial mother-in-law, who thenceforth, finding herself satisfied in her legitimate pride as a housewife, gave the absolute government of the household into her hands, and avowed that repose was occasionally very pleasant.

Jacques Ormonde, during this time, was receiving great benefit from Henri's influence. Their *little d-d* at Vignollette had been employed in mutual comprehension and mutual appreciation of each other.

"We did not think of running about or of hunting," said Jacques. "Would you believe that we shut ourselves up at Vignollette like two hermits, and that the only exercise we took was to walk in the vineyards or the garden while we talked together from morning till evening? How much we had to say! Truly we were little acquainted with each other before. Henri confessed to me that he thought I was all stomach. I confessed to him that I thought he was all brain. We discovered that we had, above all, hearts that understood each other perfectly. Emilie will find her cellar in as good order as when she gave us the keys. We drank nothing but the water of Anval. We felt from the beginning that we needed no stimulants, and that we had been sufficiently excited by the stirring emotions our souls had experienced."

"This is the reason you look refreshed, and like one rejuvenated. Continue this regimen, my dear boy, and in a few weeks you will become again the handsome Jaquet."

"Never fear, uncle; I see now how it happens that, after having been the favorite of so many women who were good judges, I ran aground against a little schoolgirl who, without your aid, never would have loved me. The point in question now is, to recover the power of pleasing. I have no desire to make myself a laughing-stock the first time I kiss my intended wife."

"Add one thing more," said Henri; "that you made sober reflections upon the duties of life, such as you never took time to make before! We made mutual confessions; one was no better than the other. But we touched upon each other's faults more lightly. You were too lenient, I was too severe; we mean, however, to walk henceforth in the path of truth, and, if our life is not beautiful and good, I hope it will not be our fault any longer."

Jacques left us to join Marie and Ninie—who, fortunately for our purpose, clung to her sister like a shadow—in gathering the fresh bouquet that every day adorned our family table. The frost was not yet severe. There were still in the garden splendid china-asters, model tea-roses, mignonette and heliotrope in abundance, and many varieties of mallows, whose beautiful, curled leaf enlivens and embellishes the pyramids of fruit at dessert.

"Come, now," I said to Henri, "what are you going to tell me of yourself? You have said nothing to Miette, I know—"

"And I shall say nothing to her," he replied. "I cannot think of the proper words, my heart is too full. I found again at Vignollette all the sweetness of my first intoxication; every leaf, every blade of grass, was a page of my life, and brought back to me a pure and burning image of the past. Emilie's abode is a sanctuary for me. Would you believe that I did not allow myself to look into her chamber, even from the outside, though the casements were often left open? I was contented with examining the embroidery on her furniture; every stitch patiently shaded and brought into line was a reproach to the hours I had lost or employed unworthily when far away from her. What a frightful contrast there is between the life of a pure girl and a gay young man, even among the least depraved of his class! Emilie is twenty-two years old; she has passed three or four years in waiting to see if my will and pleasure would bring me back to her, the most trying years, perhaps, in a woman's life! She has risen above the endurance of solitude, or has accepted it; a glance at the velvet-down of her cheeks, at the purity of her smooth eyelids and rosy lips, gives abundant proof that an immodest idea, or simply a bold one, has never thrown its shadow over this flower, this precious diamond. Jacques, in his hours of unreserved confidence, confessed his many indiscretions, and I did not laugh, for I remembered my own shortcomings. If I have become reconciled with myself on account of my good resolutions, I cannot yet get rid of a feeling of shame in Emilie's presence. Here we are reunited at last, living under each other's eyes. Every moment when I can approach her without being intrusive, I seek her smile,

offer my assistance, or talk with her of old times, that is, of our old and happy love! I see plainly she has not forgotten the enjoyment of the past; she is pleased with my good memory, and smiles or sighs at the remembrance of our childish joys and sorrows. She understands, certainly, that I am not ardently reviving all this past to bury it in barren regret; but when I am ready to put into the present the word *happiness*, I perceive the necessity of commencing with that of *forgiveness*, and feeling that years of reparation can alone give me this right. I cannot say a single word. When, then, alas! shall I see the day draw near, in which I can say, "Be my wife?"

Emilie was passing us with a basket of ripe grapes gracefully poised upon her head. If she had been a coquette, she could not have chosen a richer or more becoming coiffure. The delicate vine-branches, with their varied shades of vivid color, fell back over her dark hair, and the grapes, brilliant as garnets, formed a diadem on her beautiful brow, as pure and proud as that of a chaste nymph.

"Miette," said Henri, who had hurried toward her, "will you be wholly the daughter of your uncle, who loves you so much, and the wife of your cousin, who adores you?"

"If you think I deserve the happiness of being yours forever," replied Miette, putting her arms around my neck, "take me—I belong to you."

The two marriages took place on the same day, and the two weddings made but one at the Maison-Blanche; then Henri and his wife went to pass a few days in their beloved solitude of Vignollette. Marie and her husband went away with Ninie to commence housekeeping in the fine old Château de Nives, which they were obliged to refurnish, for Madame Alix had naturally carried everything away, even to the tongs. Jacques appreciated the value of money, but he had the good sense to sympathize in his wife's disinterestedness, and, instead of being indignant, his feelings found expression in loud bursts of laughter, so that the avaricious dispossession of their home was for several days a source of much mirth.

Besides, everything was not lost. One evening Marie said to Jacques: "Take a pick-axe and shovel and we will explore the park. I intend, if my memory does not fail me, to give you the pleasure of digging up a treasure."

She searched a few minutes among the brakes which covered a remote portion of the park, and suddenly exclaimed: "This must be the place; here is the old box-wood tree; this is the place; go to work!"

Jacques turned up the ground as she directed, and found an iron-bound casket, containing the diamonds of the late Countess de Nives. Some days before her death, foreseeing the ambition or distrustful the rapacious instincts of her successor, she had

confided her secret to an old gardener, and had made him conceal her family jewels in this spot, directing him to inform her daughter of the hidden treasure at a proper time. The gardener died a little while after; but his aged wife had shown the place to Marie, who had not forgotten it: these diamonds were doubly precious as imperishable *souvenirs* of her mother.

However, the newly-married pair were somewhat straitened in pecuniary affairs during the first year of their marriage, but they scarcely perceived it. They were happy; they loved Ninie dearly: she repaid their devotion, and, though until this time small and delicate, she soon took on the plumpness of a skylark in full corn and the splendor of a rose in full sunshine.

At the return of the fine season, I determined to celebrate St. John's day with my family; it was my wife's birthday, for the true name of Bébelles was Jeanne.

As all the young people were going to pass the day with us, I arranged a pleasant surprise, by giving them an elegant breakfast at the tower of Perceмонт. Henri had not welcomed the idea of shutting himself up permanently on this rock, for its isolation would interfere with our frequent intercourse; but, as it was one of the favorite goals for our walks, I had several rooms cleared up and furnished, particularly an elegant dining-room, where the table was set on a carpet imitating rose-leaves of different colors. This tower of Perceмонт was still a source of pleasure to my wife, who liked to say to her friends, with a consequential air: "We do not live in it, we prefer our own house; these things are only superfluities." As for myself, I pardoned the old donjon the slight vexations it caused me. I had obtained there the greatest success of my life—a success gained by persuasion. It had decided the happiness of my children, as well as that of poor little Léonie, who deserved to be loved—the sacred right of children.

All my dear guests met there once more in the enjoyment of a happiness that was touching to behold. Some letters were brought to me at dessert. The first one I opened was a letter announcing the marriage of the Countess Alix de Nives with M. Stuarton, an Englishman, humpbacked and rickety, but worth millions. I had met him in Paris when I was a young man, and he had then reached maturity. Our inconsolable widow had undertaken to take care of him, with the hope of inheriting his fortune in a short time.

"Ah!" cried Madame Ormonde, in consternation, "she is richer than I am; she will take Ninie away from me!"

"Do not be uneasy," I said; "that which is good to take is good to keep. Madame Alix will soon be a widow, and Ninie would be a restraint upon her in marrying for the third time."

[THE END.]

THE WALKING-FERN.

CHAPTER I.

THE botanical class excited quite a *furor*; the woods and the fields were hunted for rare specimens. One lady studied herself ill in a week. Maria and Margaret, together in this as in everything else, planned a day in the woods in search of the rare *Asplenium rhizophyllum*, or walking-fern. Neither of them had ever seen it, nor did their teacher know where it was to be found. He had, indeed, heard it grew upon a single rock near a small pond in Denham Woods. But the Denham Woods were large, with half a dozen ponds in them, and to find it would require much walking and a long search.

He had suggested a botanical picnic, in which the class should all go together to the woods some fine day, to look for it. But Maria and Margaret felt the spirit of discovery strong in their hearts, and determined to have the sole honor of finding this desired plant.

It is not alone in geographical discoveries that emulation exists; its spirit extends to all the minutiae of science—indeed, of life. Every villager desires in some way to be distinct from his fellow; so, in starting ahead of their class, these young ladies but proved their common origin with the rest of mankind. Let us hope this spirit of emulation did not descend from that animal whose only motive seems mischief.

Without confiding their intentions to any one, even the cook, of whom was begged a provident lunch-basket, they started early after breakfast one morning for a day's pleasuring.

"Do not look for us till night, mamma," cried Margaret, as the gate clicked behind her. This young girl was small and fair, with a profusion of light flaxen hair, which gave her a still younger look, and made her infantile ways and expressions seem less inappropriate. But, with all her childish ways, she had a certain depth of insight breaking out in flashes of wisdom far beyond her years.

Maria met her half-way down the path. Slipping her arm into that of Margaret, she hurried the latter forward without uttering a word. Accustomed to her companion's moods, Margaret, in turn, did not speak; she only pressed her companion's arm closely, smiling toward her as she did so.

Strangers puzzled themselves over the bond which united these two, "so totally unlike."

Maria was the oracle of the village, full of wise sayings, and looked up to by her companions with a certain awe.

"Well, now," said she, when, having walked rapidly fifteen or twenty minutes, they approached the borders of the wood.

"Well," reiterated Margaret, "here we are, started at last, and nobody the wiser."

"Then you did not tell your mother?"

"Mamma never asks. She knew you were to be with me, and took it for granted we were after some plant. Did you tell any one where you were going?"

"Not I. I have found out that to tell what I intend to do loses me the power of doing it."

Margaret looked at her companion in some surprise. She was accustomed to strange ideas from her, but anything quite as metaphysical as this she had never heard. Nevertheless, she did not ask questions.

Maria walked, along in silent thought, brushing aside the fallen leaves as she passed. She seemed desirous of pushing some troublesome thought aside. She had taken the lunch-basket, which she declared to be no sort of inconvenience to her. With it in hand, she walked so fast there was no chance for conversation, and frequently the windings of the slightly-trodden path hid her entirely from Margaret's view.

At the end of half an hour, the latter found her seated upon a fallen tree which some storm had uprooted and thrown across the way.

"Idler!" exclaimed Maria, touching Margaret's cheek with a bit of brushwood. "Already the sun mounts in the heavens, and still the way is long before us."

"A moderate pace and a continuous one suits me best. Yours is breaks and halts. Let me take that basket now."

Tossing off her sun-hat, which the shade of the woods made unnecessary, she placed the basket on her head, swung the hat over her arm, and with hand on hip started merrily along, singing, "Tra, la, la! tra, la, la!" in a voice so full and melodious that even the squirrels stopped to listen.

After a while she turned to Maria, who was now in the rear, and asked:

"Which pond shall we visit first?"

"Take them as they come. If I remember, this path zigzags around them all."

"I should say zigzag! I should need an Indian along to zigzag me to the right place, so you shall lead the way."

Maria came slowly up; the girls seemed to have changed characters within half an hour. Maria, so wise, so free from superstition, no longer desired to lead the way. A foreboding of evil seemed to hang over her. At last, in a half-questioning, half-assertive tone, she said:

"Do you ever have presentiments, Margaret?"

"Myriads, but they never amount to anything. I had a presentiment a few days ago that our house was on fire, and I ran all the way home to find ashes on every hearth; even the kitchen-fire was out, and cook fast asleep in her room. The more I have the less I care for them."

"To-day, since I came into this wood, I feel as

I have never felt before. Something seems pulling me back, telling me not to go on."

"Stuff and nonsense, Maria! you've got an attack of dyspepsia. What did you eat for your breakfast? Let me recommend a diet of bran-bread and water; sha'n't even allow you to eat fruit, because it is cold, and therefore not suited to your present condition. But, stop! here is a partridge-berry—take that; the color is good, corresponds to your idea of what is enlivening." And her peals of merry laughter rang through the forest.

Maria seemed to pick up courage.

"I don't know what came over me," she said. "Come on!" And she, who a moment since had been so backward, now resumed her usual manner, and once again Margaret found it difficult to overtake her.

"Here is lake number one," she soon cried; "hurry up."

Long and carefully they looked. They found many varieties of fern, among them the delicate maidenhair, with its branching fronds, and its glossy black stems, but no walking-fern.

"How far is lake number two?" said Margaret, at the end of their fruitless search. "I must have that fern."

"A third of a mile; and number three is three-quarters of a mile beyond that. Unless we find it at one of these two points, we shall have a long tramp to the fourth lake. These three are all connected by little streams, and it is easy enough to find them, but number four is an independent pond, fed by underground springs. I have almost forgotten its direction, it is so many years since I came last."

"Shall we be obliged to go that far, do you think?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Maria, carelessly. "Discoverers do not count distances. When one sets out to find a new world, or a new fern, he must keep on despite the changing needle, or tiresome paths."

"That is true; but my tramp has made me hungry, and I wish to calculate for our woodland hotel."

"Nonsense! don't talk of eating at this hour; let us first find the fern, then we shall have good appetites."

"But eating gives strength."

"But eating brings weakness," retorted Maria, who had resumed her own character and metaphysical style of replies.

"Let us refrain, then; but I hope your walking-fern is not an edible that I shall be tempted to devour the moment I see it. Some plants have such a queer, inviting look; they seem to say, 'Come, eat me!'" Then, apparently struck by a new thought, she added: "I suppose your fern is called walking because it compels people to walk so far for it?"

At the second pond their success was no better than at the first. Many plants, new and curious to them, they noticed for the first time, but did not stop to gather them. Toward the third pond they

approached with less accelerated pace. Two disappointments had somewhat checked their ardor, and led them to expect disappointment.

The lunch-basket began to grow heavy, and even Maria no longer indulged in sentences of hidden meaning as Margaret again hinted the propriety of eating. Neither did she assent, and so the basket was not opened.

The friendship of these two girls was of a singular nature; it was less that of equality than that of mistress and maid. In point of fortune and of birth Margaret stood first, yet Maria exercised a sway over her that comes to the strongest will when any two are united, whether in friendship, in business, or in marriage.

Margaret, who was again carrying the basket, merely slipped it from one arm to the other, and walked on. Again Maria appeared lost in deep thought. The changes which came over that strange being this morning were something unusual. Margaret did not try to understand them.

"What matters?" she thought. "I shall live just as long if I don't know exactly what has come over her. Of one thing I am sure: it is nothing bad."

Thus she showed her faithfulness without seeking that vivisection of the emotions demanded in some styles of friendship. Another short half-hour, and a gleam of green through the trees, a glint of something glistening as the branches waved in the wind, showed them lake number three near at hand.

"How beautiful!" said Margaret, as they came to its border.

Maria stood silently looking into its depths, which even at the shore sank at once in a bowl-like depression, far deeper than a man's head. No gradual shelving of a sandy beach here; no slow approach to its so-called unfathomableness; but at once down, down! Not a ripple stirred the water. The slight wind played its gentle pranks far above its surface, tossing the leaves upon each other, but not descending low enough to bend the shrubs at their feet.

The green of this lake was of the same translucent hue which secured for Lake George its old-time appellation of Lake Sacrament, and which endowed its waters with a fabulous sanctity in the eyes of its early discoverers.

Margaret had never before seen the like; but Maria, who had been to school on the shores of Lake Superior, had seen in that vast body of water, and in some parts of Lake Michigan, a similar purity and clearness.

Is it not a fact that appreciation of beauty grows upon us? Maria, to whom this hue and clearness were no novelty, was more strongly moved by their contemplation than was Margaret.

The latter looked at them in a more utilitarian light.

"What a lovely shade for an evening silk!" she exclaimed. "To catch that hue would make any dyer's fortune!"

Maria filled her soul with its hidden meaning,

and sighed on thinking it too profound to be rightly understood.

It is easy to see that Maria was a full-blooded mystic, ready at any moment to slip from the control of the body, and, soul alone, mount the blue empyrean. At times she so longed for death, in order to solve the mystery of life, that she scarcely could refrain from hastening its hour.

Margaret was a butterfly, happy in the present, and leaving the solution of life's riddles unguessed till the appointed hour.

"But where now is your walking-fern?" queried she, yawning so hard as to stretch her pretty lips wide asunder. "I am hungry, and tired, and sleepy; as you have said we cannot eat till we find it, I propose we give up the contemplation of this dye-pot, and begin our search."

Paying no attention to the contemptuous name bestowed by Margaret upon the lake, Maria slowly turned away, and began to climb the bed of a rocky ravine, from which the waters had long since dried. Margaret followed her, climbing and falling over the stones, which even the wear of the water had not deprived of a certain sharpness. She groaned once or twice as her foot slipped, or she bruised her hands in the ascent.

About half-way up the hill Maria stopped, looked eagerly around, made a little exclamation, and left the ravine. Soon, high above her head, towered a giant rock, standing there alone—some bowlder brought down on a glacier and stranded. It was thickly covered with something green, that did not look like moss. One could have fancied some mysterious affinity between the rock and the plant that had drawn the latter to pity the isolation of the bowlder, and to cover its nakedness with its own lovely verdure.

So thought Margaret, who, while quite materialistic in her views, still had a tinge of romance—like all young girls—in her heart, which had been led in this direction by a chapter in her botany upon the loves of the plants.

"Come, here it is," called Maria, and, before Margaret gained sure footing upon the bank, she had climbed to a little knoll, and, with her hands clasped in an ecstasy of half-devotion, stood looking down upon the leafy covering of the rock.

Long, narrow, lanceolate leaves, with a slender, stem-like apex, that, catching in the soil, threw out tiny rootlets, making arches whose ends, like those of the rainbow, were hidden from sight—this was what Margaret saw—the walking-fern.

"Now I shall eat my dinner," said practical Margaret. "I want to fill the basket with these plants, which I cannot do until my lunch is taken out; and then, too, the trowel is at the bottom of the basket."

"So you brought a trowel, did you? I never thought of that."

"No, I suppose not; you, doubtless, thought the beetles or ants would help you; and you would never have thought of lunch, either, or basket. It is well your Margaret does not live in the clouds."

"Doesn't it look like a fairy-garden?" said Maria, scarcely drawn away by the clatter Margaret made as she unpacked the lunch.

"Yes and no—anything, if you will only come and eat. I am so hungry I shall not answer for your having anything unless you come now." And she dropped down on to a bed of moss beside the lunch.

Before they had finished eating, they heard approaching footsteps, and soon a middle-aged man appeared in sight. His long, gray beard fell upon his breast; his head was bowed, so that only a small portion of the lower part of his face was visible; his hands were clasped behind his back; and he scarcely seemed conscious of the direction he was taking, which brought him close to the bowlder.

Neither of the girls spoke, but Margaret lightly pulled Maria's dress. As to herself, she was somewhat startled to see this man, when they thought themselves entirely alone. It was not that he should also be in the woods—they had been brought up with the usual American fearlessness, or perhaps I should say confidence in the respect of men toward women—but this man was strangely dressed. Around his neck, drooping low upon his beard, on which it lay in fine contrast, was a double-stranded necklace of rose-hips. His wide-brimmed straw hat was turned up upon one side, and fastened in place by a green wreath, which run around the crown. The rest of his habiliments were of common order, except the adornment of his low shoes, upon which partridge-berries were placed in form of a large buckle.

Just at the moment Maria felt the pull upon her dress, the stranger looked up.

"Whom have we here?" he hastily cried; then, regaining his startled composure, he courteously lifted his hat and bowed profoundly, disclosing a round, full-moon face, quite bronzed in color, as such a shaped face should be. Clear, light-blue eyes gave rather a cold look to an otherwise rubicund countenance, and in a different-shaped face would have given him the air of a detective.

With hat removed, he seemed a much younger man than when he approached them. His hair was but slightly gray, and his eyebrows did not possess that wild, bushy look so frequently seen as old age approaches.

He was evidently a man who had cared for himself, and whose hair, beard, and eyebrows, had not been left to negligently grow as they would, but had been trained and pruned in accordance with the behests of civilization. His eyebrows gave special indication of this care. His tones of voice were those of a cultured man, and his appearance indicated familiarity with the world.

"You ladies doubtless belong to the university botanical class, of which I have heard, as I see you have found my favorite asplenium?"

"We came for it," replied Maria. "May I ask, sir, by what right you claim this fern?"

"It has been mine as long as I could see it every hour if I chose; it is no longer mine, if you care to remove it."

"We do not wish it all—merely to replace our lunch with its fragrant leaves."

"Ah, you are a true lover of Nature, if she thus admits you into her mysteries. Few people can perceive its odor. When I traveled in Tasmania I found a fern of powerful fragrance. The belles of that far-off land wore it in their hair as a charm, and long before meeting them one would be aware of their coming by its approaching perfume."

"You have traveled?" said Maria, in whom the mention of far-off lands or distant countries awakened vehement desire to also go.

"Years since"—with a deprecatory wave of the hand—"years since! The wine of life lies on its lees for me now, except in these woods. After fifty, man has few illusions left. For three years I have not been outside these woods."

"And yet you keep your hold on the world?"

"Through means of a messenger whom I never see, but who comes at stated periods with a few changes of clothing and a month-old paper. Books I never read, only this book"—and he cast his eyes reverently around. "I keep out from the turmoil of the world, for I read no news that is fresh."

This strange man threw himself upon the ground, and looked confidingly into their faces.

"A whim has seized me to tell you my history. To you, life is yet full of illusions; I have passed them by, and had thought to go down to my grave unknowing and unknown. Your bright young faces have changed my determination."

Without waiting for a reply, he said:

"I was one of a family in which were six boys and three girls. Our mother died when I, the youngest, was but three months old."

Margaret was certain she saw a tear in his eye; but at that moment a gust of wind threw a lock of hair across his face, and brushing it aside gave him a chance to also brush the tear away if it were there. Maria had noted nothing of the kind.

"I lived, I grew up, and here I am—all the rest are dead. Of six strong boys, and three loving, kind girls, I alone am left—I who was the youngling, the motherless! We were not a marrying family: four of the boys and two of the girls chose a single life. One of my brothers, one of my sisters, and I myself, were the exceptions. Better, far better, had we, too, obeyed the family instinct. The time comes in the history of families when their thread should be dropped. The purpose of that line has been accomplished, and any effort to thwart Fate will be futile. The final hour of my father's family had come. Nine children, even, were not a power against that power invisible. Soon I shall be gone, the last of my race."

Maria's eyes had never moved from his face, though, now he had stopped a moment, Margaret whispered:

"Let us take our ferns and leave the tiresome old fellow to himself. Any one can see he is mad."

"Mad! the world is full of mad people; this one is of a new order—let us hear his story," replied the mystic Maria.

Looking up at them, he continued:

"All lived to be over sixty. My brother who married took to himself an insane wife. He did not know it, neither did she. That her mother died in a mad-house had been carefully kept from the daughter: she had been educated abroad, and was a most lovely woman. Not one of my own sisters was dearer to me. Everybody loved her; my bachelor brothers felt they had a new home, and her husband was devoted to her. In little over a year's time she gave birth to a daughter; soon after, that strange form of insanity which sometimes comes on at such an hour held her in its grasp. My brother devoted himself to her, but after another year she died—had worn herself out by the violence of her paroxysms. My brother shortly followed her, broken-hearted; the babe had not lived long enough to make any trouble."

At this point the strange man arose to his feet, walked toward the lake, seemingly about to seek its depths, then stopped, turned about, and soon resumed his old place.

"Here was one part of our family blotted out—my brother's was the first death."

Maria twisted a cohosh-plant growing near her, and, bruising its berries in her hands, tossed the whole on to the ground; it fell at his feet.

He looked up in apparent surprise at seeing those two sitting there.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but did you wish anything of me?"

"Your story," uttered Maria, in a low voice.—Turning to Margaret, she rapidly said: "My sentiment is upon me. I must know this man's life."

"To what purpose? We have sat here half the afternoon, and, at the rate he talks, it will be tomorrow night before he finishes."

"I shall stay till then if it is—"

"What? You are madder than he! How am I to get home? I have no fancy for these woods at a much later hour."

The stranger had risen while this talk was going on, and now stood a few steps nearer to them, his back against a tree. As soon as he saw them glance toward him he again began:

"Two of my bachelor brothers, who went abroad for cheer after this melancholy episode, were lost at sea on their way home. The vessel was burned, and only one man survived in a boat that was cast off. My brothers had remained on board, perhaps happier to have died that way, terrible but quick, than to have lingered for weeks, a prey to starvation, the want of water, and to be saved at last through eating their companions."

"What uncanny stories he tells us! My blood grows chill here in this wood. He can't have had every bad experience, can he?"

"I must hasten," he said, as if divining her words.

"My one remaining brother and two of my sisters died of consumption. That left Anna and myself. We were both married. Anna's husband was a well-to-do farmer, but terribly close. He did not spare himself nor her. In that house there were no leisure

moments—all was work. No books came in, no music was heard, no lightness nor joy of any kind, even no young children; but a boy was taken into the family, who grew up a perfect copy of my sister's husband—the same greed of money, the same hatred of learning, the same anxiety to do hard work. It is one of the mysteries to me how it came about, but, finally, Anna's husband determined to put his farm into that boy's hands—boy I call him! he was then thirty years old, and my brother-in-law sixty—he determined, I say, to give everything to the boy then, before he died, on condition of support for himself and Anna while they lived. It seemed a marvelous thing for such a man to do; and sometimes I thought he was more determined upon it because he knew his wife was much opposed to this step."

"It was the pauper-instinct!" said Maria.

"I beg your pardon; did I hear aright?"

"Yes, you heard aright; you cannot fail to have met with this instinct, often and often. The desire of being supported, the protection of somebody else, the freedom from care. It shows itself in various ways, and is so lightly condemned that men even pride themselves upon their begging powers, and are sent for from far and near. Oh, yes, the pauper-instinct is strong in some people."

"My sister did not live to endure this shame long. She died, and I had no further interest in him."

Again the narrator walked toward the lake, again returned.

"That left only myself, my wife, and one son."

Maria noticed that, as he mentioned his wife, a spasm passed over his face, contracting its ruddy proportions, till from a full moon it came to have a look like that satellite in its third quarter. Behind, in its shadow, lay his family.

"But I must hurry, ladies; the day falls and you must go. To say that I loved my wife, is nothing; I worshiped her, and God always brings punishment upon those who adore a creature above the Creator. I lost her, lost her, lost her!" and with the last words his voice rose to a wailing cry, and he tossed his arms frantically above his head.

"It matters not how," he began, after a few moments. "I lost her, and I was mad with sorrow. I could not bear to look upon my boy: he was very fair, too fair for a boy—the picture of his mother. So I placed him where he would receive good care, and I went abroad. I staid for years; I visited every land on the globe, but I could not banish her. Let me go where I would, among the snows of Siberia, on the desert of Sahara, on ship and shore, she was with me. I tried to curse her memory, but the words died on my lips, for how can the same lips bless and curse at the same moment?"

"What do you think my age to be?" said he, abruptly changing the subject.

"About fifty, you say; ah! but that is only in mortal years; beside me, the Pyramids are young. I have passed through an endless eternity since those hours," and again he covered his face.

"My wife—she who once was my wife—loved

the walking-fern; always on her work-table stood a little pot of them, and I helped her manage them, so they should always look fresh." Coming to the boulder, he picked a leaf, carried it to his nostril, which dilated like that of a race-horse on its course as he sniffed its odor; then he threw it down with an air of hatred ere he spoke again:

"When at last I returned to this country—I will not say home, for all places and none are home to me now—I could not find my son; I had not written him for many years; the family with whom I placed him were dead, and nobody knew whether he, too, was dead or not. I call him dead. This boulder of walking-fern is the tombstone of all my hopes, and Nature has written the epitaph, 'Adieu!' You who take of this, take part of my sorrow unto yourselves. Nevertheless, it is not mine; it belongs to the world. Once more, and forever, adieu!" saying which, he rapidly disappeared from their sight.

"A queer story, and a queerer man," said Margaret; "not very romantic, and quite incredible. Let us get our ferns and go."

"Hush! I would not touch a root for the world! Let us go."

"What! and leave all this we have had such a tramp to get? I shall take some."

"Take it, then, as your own. I am going home;" and, gathering up her hat and the light shawl she had worn about her, Maria glided rapidly off in the direction whence they had come.

"Wait, wait!" cried Margaret, hastily seizing the basket and trowel—"wait! I shall be lost in these woods;" and, forgetting her anxiety to carry home a fern, she ran rapidly after Maria, leaving every leaf untouched.

CHAPTER II.

"I SHALL bring a gentleman home to dinner," said Margaret's father one morning, as he left the house.

Strangers to dinner were no unusual occurrence in that house, and Margaret gave the announcement no second thought, until she heard the gate click, and saw her father, accompanied by a young man, coming up the walk.

"My daughter, Mr. Harris," was her father's simple introduction; then he went out of the room.

"Rather a bad fire for your town," said Mr. Harris; "must have given your people something to do while it lasted."

"Have you come about the fire?" said Margaret, who suddenly divined this was the expected agent of the insurance companies.

"No—yes; in fact, I am not the special agent, but, as I was traveling in the vicinity, our firm requested me to look into it. No special trouble about the valuation, I think. Your father tells me he is about the heaviest loser."

Though possessing a spice of romance in her composition, Margaret was not looking for a possible lover in every young gentleman she saw; still, this

young man attracted her attention in an unusual degree.

The tones of his voice seemed familiar, even the expression of his eye, and she puzzled herself during all the dinner-hour upon the subject. With his departure she thought no more of it.

Toward night Maria came in. Three months had passed since their adventure in the woods. The botanical class had disbanded, without its proposed search, and no asplenium graced any of its herbariums. These two friends still kept at work, and had much to show for their labors. Quite a long discussion took place this afternoon as to the best method of securing leaf-impressions, during which Margaret referred to the lanceolate leaf of the walking-fern.

"I met the Walking-Fern in the streets this afternoon, somewhat rejuvenated and less adorned, but still the same," said Maria.

"What! our lunatic of the Green Pond? You must have been mistaken."

"Perhaps it was his wraith, with a hint of the spirit's eternal youth. About twenty-five now, I should say, his age cut half in two; not so wild-looking; brown hair and whiskers; the same cold, blue eyes, divining everything at a glance."

Margaret looked at her in a surprised manner, then a sudden glint of intelligence flitted across her face. She clapped her hands together, saying:

"It is he!"

"Who? Have you, too, seen him?"

"He dined here."

"So he lives on mortal food?—it could not have been his wraith," said the speculative Maria. "It seemed too soon."

Without inquiring into this mystical phrase, Margaret continued: "I was puzzled all dinner-time, because he looked so familiar—something about his eyes, his expression, the tones of his voice. If old Mr. Walking-Fern had not said he had no relatives, I should say this Mr. Harris was one of them."

"It should not surprise us to discover resemblances among the tens of millions of people in the world," said Maria, who now evidently desired to remove from Margaret's mind the idea she had just implanted there.

"The wonder is there should ever be any dissimilarity," replied Margaret, ever ready to follow the bent of Maria's mind.

"Does it not teach us of the unseen? The body builds itself upon the soul, and so each body looks quite unlike every other one," continued Maria.

"I don't pretend to know or care; I leave all such speculations to your 'inner light.' What I want to know now is, Who is this Mr. Harris? Where did he come from? Where is he going to? How came he to be traveling in this vicinity, and what is he to the insurance company? And I will find out, too."

At tea-time her father said:

"I have invited Mr. Harris in this evening. He seems to be a cultivated fellow, and Bruce's Hotel is a dreary place for a decent young man."

"Who is going to entertain him?—this is your lodge-night."

"Sure enough! I had forgotten that; don't believe I'll go. I want to get his opinion on Darwin's last book; and then we'll have a quiet rubber of whist. Nobody plays that old-fashioned game now, but Harris casually mentioned his familiarity with it."

"I believe that was the reason you invited him over."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if it was half the reason. I hate always to have a dummy-partner, and old Mr. Penrose will be delighted.—Here, Bridget! you just step into Penrose's, and tell him I have got a partner for him to-night."

Mr. Brandon sat steadily looking into the fire a few moments, after Bridget's departure. Suddenly he looked up at Margaret.

"Have I told you, child, I thought of leaving Holmsbee, when this affair was settled?"

"Leaving! Where? What for? What has put that idea into your head?"

"I believe I can build up a better business in a larger place. You don't care, do you? Society is poor for you here, and your mother has always disliked this town. My business is broken up by this fire, and the change will not be so great. I wish, too, to give the youngsters a better chance for education than they will get here—fill up their heads with solid ideas, my dear; get in plenty of good thoughts, and leave no room for the bad ones."

Quiet games of whist, with Margaret, Mr. Penrose, and a dummy, were Mr. Brandon's favorite winter-evening amusements—having been indulged in for several years. It was early in the season for their commencement, but the prospect of another partner in the game had roused all Mr. Brandon's enthusiasm.

Before the bell rang, Margaret had drawn forward the old-fashioned mahogany whist-table, which opened on to a fifth leg, put the cards in place, near her father's seat, and ordered the dish of walnuts cracked with which her father's whist-evenings invariably closed.

Margaret's mother, who seldom interested herself in this game, contrary to her usual custom, came into the room this evening and took her seat close to the table. Something new evidently interested her. Perhaps it was her husband's plan of leaving Holmsbee, where she had never been quite satisfied to live. Only love for her husband had in the least reconciled her to the place—a place with whose society she seldom mingled. She had not one of those makeshift characters that, if they cannot have their desire, will take something less and learn to be satisfied. Quite the contrary—she could do without, but she could not accept a modification.

This made her, in the eyes of the neighbors, a peculiar person. She was not understood by them; therefore they disliked her. She held herself aloof from them; therefore, knowing so little of her, they made it their business to talk a great deal against her. Of this her husband knew nothing, and for it Mrs. Brandon cared nothing.

The advent of this stranger gave her a little pleasurable excitement. He came from the great world, once so familiar to her, but now so distant. To see him, to hear him, was like the breath of some remembered air.

She did not come down to talk during the game, for she well understood its character to be synonymous with its name, whist, while the game lasted.

The stranger pleased her at first sight; his manner when presented to her was easy but deferential; very different from the nonchalant air of many of the present generation, who, when introduced to an older person, toss their head with an air of condescension, which seems to say, "I honor you by speaking."

Whatever traits of character the young stranger might show upon a more protracted acquaintance, he was at present neither presuming nor vain. His air of deference continued, and he occasionally glanced at Mrs. Brandon in an appealing way, which still further tended to render him pleasing in her eyes. Regard for his wife's tastes caused Mr. Brandon to shorten the delightful games he was playing, and, after three rounds, he rose from the table, drew a semicircle of chairs before the open fire, and invited his wife and daughter, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Penrose, to seats therein. As for himself, he took the centre chair.

"You like the corner, wife, and I know Mr. Penrose has similar tastes. I will keep the young people, one at each side."

"Shall I bring the nuts, papa?" whispered Margaret.

"Not just yet; Mr. Harris has promised me an hour on Darwin."

"Oh, I hope, Mr. Brandon, you did not understand me as considering myself capable of adding anything new there," said Mr. Harris. "I can only give you my thought."

"Well, well, we shall see. I have nobody in this town to express even his thought upon it, and I see you have given the subject some attention."

Mr. Harris turned with a bow to Mrs. Brandon.

"I have your permission, madam?"

"With a thousand thanks; we need a little enlivening, I assure you. Books do very well as promoters of thought, but seed sowed by them is much like garden-growth, very slow. I liken conversation to the forcing-house that compels rapid evolution."

Thus pressed the young man began slowly to speak. He seemed at first quite inclined to keep the beaten track, but a few questions from the members of the little circle soon threw him into self-forgetfulness, and for nearly an hour he talked brilliantly, and with an acumen that justified Mrs. Brandon's idea of the results of conversation.

Then the walnuts were brought on, and talk ran in its usual strain the remainder of the evening.

"I wish Maria had been here," exclaimed Margaret, after the company had separated. "How much longer is Mr. Harris to be in town, father? Maria must certainly meet him."

"I thought you told me she had seen him."

"Oh, that was nothing; a mere street rencontre. But they two would certainly suit. I have never seen the young man before that I thought good enough to talk with her. How long did you say?"

"Oh, I don't know; a week, more or less. Insurance affairs won't take as long, but I understood him to say he had other business to attend to—something about somebody he once knew. I didn't pay much attention."

"You dear old father, you never pay attention to what does not concern you; but I want Maria to see Mr. Harris, and you must invite him here again, and I will manage that Maria shall be here."

"Pooh, pooh! what scrape are you getting your old father into, now?—Wife, how is this?"

But Mrs. Brandon only smiled. She was quite used to such passages between father and daughter. This family was one that very well understood itself. Constant explanations were not needed within the charmed walls of that home, each member of which thoroughly believed in every other member.

Affairs seemed inclined to arrange themselves; for the very next morning came a call from Mr. Harris.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I wish to make some inquiries in regard to Denham Woods, and your father has referred me to you as well acquainted with their peculiarities. Can you tell me about the chain of lakes? I shall visit them myself in a few days, but first I desire to make a few inquiries."

"I have a friend, a member of my botanical class, who knows tenfold more in regard to them than I do. I will call mamma to entertain you while I run over for her."

He was about to protest, but before he could open his mouth she was gone.

A bright, frank laugh broke over his face.

"A transparent child!" he exclaimed.

When Margaret returned she found her mother seated in an arm-chair, her white morning-shawl fallen one side, and Mr. Harris on a stool at her feet, entertaining her with an account of the races he had attended a few weeks before.

Never had Margaret seen her mother so animated. Usually very placid, her life passed along with but few ripples. Now her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were bright, and she looked ten years younger than in the morning—so surely does happiness contain the secret of eternal youth.

When she rose to leave the room, he hastened to open the door for her, bowing with all the deference due a princess.

"Ah, Miss Margaret, you are fortunate that you have a mother! I never knew mine. Is your woodsy friend coming?"

How many sides had this man? How different the tone from that with which he addressed her mother! A mocking laughter Margaret was quite sure dwelt in the words "woodsy friend," and she turned to him half expecting to see a laugh upon his lips; but he was as sedate as when she first met

him, and again she was struck by his resemblance to the Green Pond stranger.

"Shall I tell him?" thought Margaret; but something held her back. "What right have I? He might take it amiss; still I should not care were it not for his strange, puzzling similarity in look."

Maria's entrance broke this train of thought. In her heart, Margaret had already seen them wedded, and now she felt watchfully curious as to the first conversation.

This young girl was pure and simple in all her ideas, but was somewhat imbued with the prevailing thought of Holmsbee society that marriage was the fate of all young women.

It was a subject not talked upon between these two girl friends. Margaret had never heard Maria mention marriage, and was herself careful not to speak upon this topic before Maria's mother, who had been left a widow through a very painful accident.

In the course of that morning's conversation, Margaret for the first time learned that the Denham Woods, from the village to the third lake, had grown into a forest within the last twenty-five years, and that formerly an elegant mansion stood upon one shore of Green Pond—at that time called lake—from which, upon one side, extended a grand park, filled with deer, while beyond the lake stood the primeval forest as now.

Every day for a month Mr. Harris found occasion to call at Mr. Brandon's. His business seemed to drag along, and yet he did not hasten it. He was like a drifting pebble, resting until some new and stronger force should move him. So thought Maria. Margaret felt sure she knew the secret of his waiting, and fell to weaving a long romance, ending in a far-off future year. Her mother grew brighter every day with the prospect of life in a new and larger town. It seemed to Margaret that her mother loved Mr. Harris, because she associated him with the change. She never refused to see him, never showed signs of weariness at his stay.

Margaret's voice was heard oftener than before in song about the house. Her "Tra, la, la" had a new tone of gayety. The world was changing to this family; but they failed to surmise the cause.

"Where have you been?" was Margaret's first salutation one morning, as her usual visitor approached. She said this half eagerly, then quickly checked herself. "How rude I am!" she thought.

The young man merely smiled.

"Will you have it?" he said, extending a small pot in which was growing a luxuriant specimen of the walking-fern.

She took it without reply, and bent her head for a moment over it.

"Do you catch its perfume?" he asked.

She made no answer for a moment, then she said:

"Maria ought to have this."

"I took her one an hour since."

"Oh, did you?" she exclaimed, joyously. "Then I shall keep this, with thanks!"

"My mother loved it," he simply said.

Margaret opened her eyes widely, then suffered the lids to droop slowly over them—a pretty trick she retained from childhood—"making baby-eyes," her father called it.

"Your mother?" she said, slowly and gently.

"I have only her memory," he said. "Do you wonder why I adore your sweet mother? Ah, she permits me to love her!"

"Permits?" said Margaret. "Is not love free?"

"Not at all. It is not free to come or free to go. Of all mortal or immortal things, it is the least free."

"If Maria were only here!" murmured Margaret.

Maria would know what to say—how to answer, but she did not. All this while she was playing with the fern—passing her small fingers over it in a caressing manner.

"Does this grow so common that you do not ask me where I obtained it?" he said.

"I know: the Green Pond."

"So you have been there?"

"Once."

"Will you go again? I have bought this part of the forest, and to-morrow workmen begin a road through it."

"Will not that destroy it?"

"Oh, no; I shall preserve all the wild features; but I must have readier access. The land belonged once to my ancestors. There is a queer cave upon it, and the remains of a mine whose workings have been destroyed. I have found a trace I have long sought, and for it I must thank Holmsbee fire."

"Thank a fire?"

"That is nothing. I thank any fortuitous accident that brings my goal. Do you wonder at events? I do not; their march is no surprise. A year since, a thing is impossible; a year to come, it has long been accomplished."

"All this is fine, but I do not comprehend it," sighed Margaret, but so low he did not hear. "Maria would enjoy this talk."

Taking up the pot, she led the way gayly to her mother's room.

"See, mother, what I have brought you!"

Her mother's eyes shot past the fern, and rested with a smile upon the young man who had brought it.

"Now there are two of them," said Margaret.

"Two! two what?" said her mother, half unconsciously.

"Two Mr. Walking-Ferns."

They did not know what she meant, but the fancy pleased her, and she repeated it to herself.

"The old and the young."

She again looked at her fern, but could read no more of its secrets.

"I shall go to the woods again," she thought.

"Who would have believed botany to be so deep a science? It holds all mysteries. Perhaps that is why Maria is so sagacious!"

Always Maria!

Leaving her mother in conversation with the fern—

giver, she took her hat and wandered down the garden to look at her beds of flowers.

Pulling a weed here, fastening a stake there, she had forgotten he was in the house—forgotten his very existence, so little had it to do with her thought and life—when she heard an approaching step, and turned to see him coming down the walk.

"Ah, you wish to see what care I give my beauties!" said she.

He did not reply—did not seem to hear; but, coming close to her, said:

"Margaret, I love you! Will you be my wife?"

She opened her eyes wide, and let the lids fall over them in the pretty way already described.

"Why do you love me?" she at last murmured; which the young man took as an admission that she returned his love, and stooped to kiss her.

"No, no!" she said, skillfully evading the caress. "You have not answered me."

"Ah, I know not; but it gives me happiness."

"I do not think I love you," she said. "What is love?"

"You ask? Then you do not love. It is something that fills the whole being—it shines on all of this world, all of the next. It makes life worth living—ah, without it, there is no life!"

"I love my mother," whispered Margaret.

"There are many loves. Ah! Margaret, sweet, let me teach you the secret."

She shook her head gently.

"Ah! well, dear, I love you all too much to wish to force your heart. If you cannot love me of yourself alone, I must wait or go away. I should scorn myself if I deemed the fault yours; not to be loved is my misfortune, not anything blameworthy in you; and he turned gently away.

Margaret stood for a long time where he had left her, her fair hair, loosened by the wind, falling over her face, as, leaning thoughtfully on her hand, she looked steadily toward the ground. The sun lighted it like gold, as its beams fell aslant its abundant bands.

Maria sat alone that afternoon, but, strangely enough, her thoughts were upon these two. When the dusk of the evening set in she heard swift steps coming up the walk, and Margaret burst into the room.

"What is love?" she cried. "Maria, you are wiser than I, tell me what is love?"

It was too dark for Margaret to see how this question changed Maria's look, and how cheek and neck and brow reddened at this question.

Margaret could not see this, and, sitting down by Maria's side, she took her hand in her clasp and pressed for an answer.

When Maria found tongue—

"Wiser ones have vainly asked," she said. She feared the trembling of her tongue, the rapid bounding of her heart, would betray the fact that she had learned the secret.

"O Maria, it must be a fearful thing to love any one not your mother—I mean, love some one else

—some man! I am sure I do not know how love comes, or what makes it—do you?"

Again the color ran over Maria's face, but her heart did not beat quite as fast, nor her voice tremble as it had done. Her secret, her very own, and not another's, had been invaded by this friend, who had plunged into its midst all unknowing where she stood, for Maria had given her heart, unasked, to the one that this day had offered his own to Margaret.

Soon Margaret laughed merrily, child that she was in all her ways.

"Poor me!" she exclaimed. "Had it been you, Maria, I should have said it was all right."

"Who is it, dear? what is it? You have not told me," said Maria. A strange frenzy had seized her; she felt determined to force from Margaret's lips the name she dreaded to hear—the name she already knew.

"It is his secret, not mine," said Margaret, when thus pressed, childishly unaware that she had already betrayed him.

"True, true; forgive me," was Maria's reply. Some dreadful demon had been whispering her to hate her friend, who had stepped before her in the love of a man to whom, all unasked, she had given her own heart. But she tried to banish the temptation and the thought alike. Margaret was innocent of all wrong toward her—she did not even return the love that had been offered; and so, in order to drive away the demon of distrust and hate which disappointed love so often brings, she drew Margaret into her arms and kissed her.

"That is right, dear," she said; "another's secret is not your own. I cannot tell you what love is; when it comes you will know."

Margaret nestled closely to her bosom, and, drawing Maria's ear to her lips, whispered:

"There is one I wanted to have love you; I don't know, but it seems to me there is time yet."

CHAPTER III.

Two years have passed. Mrs. Brandon has recovered her health, strength, and spirits in the congenial atmosphere of that city-life in which her youth was passed. She renewed the acquaintance of her early days, and, had the customs of France existed, would have found herself a middle-aged belle in the society where she was a girlish belle twenty-five years before.

Introduced to a new life, Margaret had given up her botanical studies: all that remained to put her in mind of them was a half-filled herbarium, which she seldom saw, and a pot of dead asplenium. She kept it, she scarcely knew why, yet she always fancied a touch of romance clung to its faded and shriveled fronds.

Maria and she were no longer intimate, though no grain had crossed their friendship. They were separated by distance, that was all.

In her new life Margaret found much to claim her attention—much that was in common with ordi-

nary girl-experience. She was no longer an unconscious child, she studied no longer plants, but human beings. Her mother wished her to marry; one suitor after another had received his dismissal. "I do not want to leave home," was all she said. To father, to mother, to suitors, the same cry.

Her mother strove to reason with her.

"We want you, too, my child; but we shall not live forever. Do you not wish a home of your own—two homes?"

"Never, mamma; do not speak of it;" and she would clasp her arms about her mother's neck and kiss her.

Mr. Harris called whenever he came to the city, but he no longer wore the bright, fearless look of old. He had lost his color, and his curious resemblance, so puzzling to Margaret. He, too, had left Holmsbee, though Margaret liked to fancy he knew more of Maria than she did herself.

She sometimes caught him looking fixedly at her; the young girl did not blush, but steadily returned his gaze, but she found at such times he was not conscious of her presence; his body alone was there, his soul was afar.

Opening the parlor-door one morning about his usual hour, he caught a glimpse of something which fixed a long-thought-of plan. Seated upon a sofa was Margaret; before her stood a young man twirling his mustache in an embarrassed manner. "This is the fifth time, is it not?" he heard Margaret say. Feeling himself an intruder, he drew back, shutting the door so noiselessly that he was not heard; but Margaret, whose back was toward the door, had seen the reflection of his presence in the mirror.

Before reaching the street he was passed by the young man. He paused for a moment as the latter rushed by him, slamming the door vigorously. "What matter!" he ejaculated. "As well now as ever," and he turned his steps. But he did not again enter the room where he had just seen Margaret; he passed along, up a flight of stairs, and soon found himself in Mrs. Brandon's apartment.

"I am going away," was his abrupt salutation, "to Europe; and I must tell you my history. Will you listen?"

"You know I will; sit down in this comfortable arm-chair. Now, I am ready."

"Have you never thought I once had hoped to be nearer to you than I am; that I love Margaret—have long loved her? You say nothing. Do you, too, deem me unworthy?" and he clasped his hands over his eyes.

"Do you not know I have long loved you as a son?" she said; "but Margaret has always so closely coupled your name with that of Maria—indeed, I never thought of you as my daughter's lover."

"I am—I have been for years, but I shall never ask her to be mine. When I leave this country, I shall be a wanderer forever; a wanderer like my unhappy father. I am the last of my race. Listen! When I was an infant, a terrible domestic calamity overtook my father's household. I will not pain

you or myself by its recital. It was not known to me for years; it so utterly destroyed that family, that its memory gradually faded from the minds of people. Those who had me in charge brought me up as their own, until I was ten years old. The one I called my mother then died; the one I called my father married again, and I was as a stranger in that household.

"I went out into the world, and from that hour to this have depended upon myself. Home has had the greatest attractions for me—all my exertions have been to build one up."

At this point he stopped, looked imploringly toward Mrs. Brandon, and said, "In your home I found my model."

She answered by lightly touching his hand.

"I loved Margaret from the first moment I saw her; I told her my love before you left Holmsbee. It was too soon; she had not seen the world, and I did not press her when she said 'Nay'; I wished to be her free choice."

"Your sentiments were noble," responded Mrs. Brandon; "and uncommon," she added, in a lower tone.

He looked at her gloomily.

"They were just," he cried. "Could I wish to bind a heart that would not come to me freely? Ah, no!"

She glanced toward him and smiled.

"You are my heart's mother," he said, reverently kissing her hand. "I am innocent, yet I am accused for the sake of another; an hereditary taint poisons my blood. I tell you this, not to alter things, but that you may know. Do not think of me as all bad, for I have intended no evil."

"Life is wonderful," replied Mrs. Brandon, who saw he was expecting some word from her. "The happiest of us do not escape."

"Margaret never told you of a strange man she and Maria met, years ago, at the Green Pond?" he queried.

"I don't know; it strikes me she did. When she was botanizing?"

"I see she has told you. That strange being was my father. At that hour he knew of no son; I knew of no father. He deemed himself the last of his race; I must be the last."

An expression of poignant sorrow settled over his face, as he continued: "And yet, through a slight gift of mine, fate has its grasp on two others—the two whom I would least have drawn into the gulf with me."

Mrs. Brandon slightly shuddered.

"Are you cold?" he asked. "Do you divine?"

"Not cold; but your tale is weird."

He looked at her fixedly, hesitated a moment, then said:

"My father lived to tell me the fate of my mother; he lived to tell me what made him a wanderer on the face of the earth. I had found those woods once to have belonged to my father's family. I purchased them, not knowing what misery I bought, with the graceful trees. Do not think me

mad, mother—I may call you mother, just for this one day—I found a man who had not looked on mortal face for three long years. His tastes were like mine, and we met by a rock—his tomb, he called it. I wrung from him his history, I told him mine. Do you wish to know his name?"

He arose, and, although they were alone in the room, he bent his lips close down to her ear and whispered it.

She drew slightly back.

"Not he?" she said.

"The same, the very same; and do you wonder now why I could not say again to Margaret I loved her? I found my father but to lose him, for he died within a month, and, at his own desire, was buried at the foot of the rock where first I saw him—where Margaret saw him too. He charged me never to marry, never to carry my inheritance of misfortune and crime farther down the world."

"My son—" began Mrs. Brandon.

"Bless you, bless you for that word, your 'son!' I shall bear my exile better now. I must hurry," said he, "while I have courage. I did not decide in a moment; I came here again and again; I saw your happy home: oh, how I longed for its peace! I did not promise even myself for a while, but at last I have decided, and to-morrow I go. It is best for Margaret to forget me—she soon will; but you— you sometimes bear me in mind;" and, seizing his hat, he started toward the door.

Mrs. Brandon put out her hand and detained him.

"I do not know Margaret's heart," she said. "She has refused many suitors. I doubt if she knows her own heart; it may be yours, I cannot tell. But whether it is or not, you have no right to throw away all of life simply because of another's crime. What a hopeless world such a course would make!"

"You trust me still?" he said. "I am glad. I fill with courage; life is not all gloom now. Let me go while I have this light."

"You shall not go without one promise."

"What is that?"

"A letter every month."

He paused; his face darkened.

"So much the better," he finally said; "so much the better. If you have faith, I will."

"Nor is this quite all. If ever you desire to return—if ever you wish to come back, promise me you will not hesitate, promise me you will come."

Her words, which declared her faith in him, her caressing voice, the touch of her hands, weakened his resolution.

"I promise," he at last said.

"And now you must see Mr. Brandon and tell him you are going. Do not run off like a convict. Secrets are bad, at best, and at best the world is very suspicious. There is no cause why you should not go openly."

CHAPTER IV.

In the morning her mother told Margaret he was gone. She made no reply; she did not seem to listen; but from that time she went less and less into young company. She would sit hours with her work in her lap, her head drooping into her hand.

"Of what are you thinking, my child?" her mother often asked her.

At such times she would smile, pick up her work, and answer—

"Nothing."

Whenever Mrs. Brandon received a letter she would mention its place of sending, but Margaret evinced no interest. She asked no questions, nor could her mother have answered any, as these letters merely said, "I am well."

Several months passed in this wise, and then Margaret wrote for Maria to visit her.

She came, and the old-time friendship seemed to take its olden course. Margaret deferred to Maria in everything. A great many secret consultations took place between the two. Maria had the air of a protector over Margaret. Even her mother wondered, though no jealous thought of another's influence came over her. Margaret loved them both, but in different fashions.

By-and-by they proposed a little journey together, those two girls. Margaret's mother was glad, and hastened a few little preparations.

"'Twill do Margaret good," she said. "Even now I can see that Maria's coming has effected a change for the better—the dear child is more cheerful."

The cyclones of life do not always give warning: when we look back, it is in surprise at our unconsciousness, even to the moment before the storm that changes all our life. That journey, over which Mrs. Brandon had so many happy thoughts, in the wonders it was to do for Margaret, was the casting of her fate—a fate that was to draw her young life down to the dark grave.

It all came out soon enough now.

"O my mother!" moaned Margaret, "who will tell her? You must, Maria; but what shall I say her under the grievous news?"

Knowing all that was before her, Maria shrank from its doing. "Her only one!" she said.

All mystic utterances fled before the great burden upon her.

An incurable disease, terrible in its nature, yet to-day fearfully frequent among both men and women—the surgeon's knife, and death in near prospect: these more certainly known after that journey, which Mrs. Brandon so fondly hoped would cheer Margaret's spirits and restore her health.

How she broke the terrible truth to father and mother, Maria never knew: when the bitter task was done she returned to Margaret, pale, as one who had passed through some fearful mental torture.

"My child—my darling child!" moaned her mother, bending over the sofa where she lay.

"Don't, mother, don't!" said Margaret, a spasm

of pain sharply drawing her features. "Mother, dear mother!" said she, a moment after, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. "It can't be helped; don't let us cry; we have had a happy home together, and I will leave you another comfort. Send for him, mother; I must see him."

No need now to mention names; but, as month after month slowly passed, and he did not come, Margaret grew more restless. But at last the hour came when he, too, stood in her room.

"Leave us together," said Margaret. When he came out to seek her parents, the agony of death seemed to have passed over his face.

Father, mother, and lover, talked long together.

"And you?" at last said Mrs. Brandon.

"It *must* be as she wishes," he said; "it cannot change my fate."

"Let it be as the child says," answered the father; the mother bowed her head on to her hands and wept.

A week more, and Margaret lay dead in the house. Beside her coffin, mourning with the parents, stood he so lately made her husband—so soon left a widowed bridegroom.

Did Margaret love him?

I think not. Long suspecting her fate, she had dreamed no dream of marriage, and least of all to him whom she had set aside as the chosen of her friend; she had dreamed no dream of marriage or of long life, but she knew his regard for her mother, and left him to be called son.

Two years more passed, when he sought Maria's home.

"Shall it be as she said?" he asked. "You know, Maria, that I loved her. She was my first, but she bade me love you, and I can promise to be a kind husband."

Maria said, "Yes." She knew that Margaret's father and mother would be glad, and that, in pleasing herself, she should add to the happiness of very many others. The high-tide of passion had ebbed in her heart, yet she did not marry without a kind of love. If not with the bounding pulse of youth she now took the marriage-vows, yet still it was with the sober, even regard that promises more of quiet happiness.

And thus the romance of Margaret had its fulfillment, and thus Maria's own presentiment retained half its power, and was shorn of half its dread. A long and uneventful life was passed by this couple, yet no children grew from it. For this Maria sorrowed, but her husband exhibited no regrets. Although twice married, the wish of his father was fulfilled—he was the last of his family. The unexplained mystery of his mother's life the world never heard; if he himself knew it, he told no one, not even her whose presence and love gave him a comfort he once had thought out of his reach forever.

When at last his life was ended, upon his tomb—upon the tombs of those two, the wives so strangely won—was placed no inscription; simply upon each was carved a pot of walking-fern.

GOING HOME.

A BOHEMIAN SONG.

I WENT home with Ludmilla—

As I very often do;
We sat on the grass together—
But what is that to you?

Beneath the trees we chatted,
But not a word of love;
As innocent as children,
Or the birds that sang above.

I squeezed her little fingers,
That pressed, methought, my own:
"Ludmilla! O Ludmilla!
If you were only grown!"

At the cheeks of poor Ludmilla,
Who turned away her head,
You might have lighted a candle—
They blushed so red, so red!

"What is it, dear Ludmilla,
What maiden hopes or fears?"

Her answer to my question
Was a sudden stream of tears.

"Weep not, weep not, Ludmilla,
Or let your tears be few:
My heart is constant ever,
And only beats for you!"

The moon stole out of the darkness,
As bright as bright could be;
She smiled when I kissed my darling,
And wished that she were she!

We'll meet again to-morrow?
And each the promise made:
Then something rustled near us—
But we were not afraid.

I went home with Ludmilla—
Not as I used to do;
For I covered her with kisses—
But what is that to you?

THE GREAT WHITE WALL.

I.—FOG.

I ARRIVED by the last train, and, for all I could see, I was the only passenger on it. But it was so dark—so utterly and hopelessly dark—that I could hardly see what was in my own mind, much less anything outside of it. As I was groping along with my valise in my hand, I ran into somebody.

"Hullo! are you the porter?"

"Anything I can do for you, sir?" replied a voice.

"Yes; take this valise, and show me the way to the best hotel in town."

"It's not quite in my line o' dooty, sir, at present—"

"Oh, never mind! you won't be wanted any more at the station to-night; and I'll give you a shilling, if the hotel's far off. Which is the best?"

"Gunston's Hotel is the best, sir," said the porter, taking my valise from my hand. "And it ain't far off, neither. Nothing is very far off hereabouts: it's a small town."

"It's a very dark town! Keep on talking, or I shall lose you. Do you belong to Gunston's Hotel?"

"Well, no, sir—not to say exactly belong to it."

"You are sure you are quite disinterested in thinking it the best?"

"Well, sir, I suppose it ain't often a man is quite disinterested about a thing," returned this porter, who seemed to have some ideas of his own in his head; "but I think I'm right in telling you Gunston's the best hotel in town, because, d'ye see, sir, there ain't no other!"

This answer somewhat abashed me; and while I was considering whether to ask the porter's pardon for having seemed to distrust him, or to start a new subject altogether, we turned a corner, trod along a stone sidewalk, and in another minute passed through a portico into a lighted hall. The porter, whom I now saw to be a tall, powerfully-built man of about forty, with a thick black beard, and wearing a long, rough overcoat, set down my valise, and, to my surprise, passed on to the inner part of the hotel without waiting for his shilling. In another moment the landlord appeared—the most commonplace-looking person that I ever beheld—so much so that, as often as I glanced away from him, I instantly forgot every particular of his aspect. Such men are a slow poison.

"Good-evening, sir. Quite foggy to-night," he said, with marked deference.

"There are fogs and fogs. A London fog is one thing; a sea-side fog quite another. I am particularly fond of sea-side fogs."

"Quite so—quite so. Shall I order you any refreshment, sir?"

"A little whiskey-and-water, and a cigar. Breakfast at half-past seven."

"Thank you, sir." The landlord disappeared—from sight and recollection at the same moment;

and I had forgotten to ask after my porter. But since I meant to make the next day a long one, I was soon asleep, with the soft, salt atmosphere breathing in upon me through the open window.

I awoke soon after five; the fog was so thick even in my chamber that it was difficult to distinguish the pattern of the wall-paper on the farther wall. Out-doors there was simply a blank whiteness. I was on the first floor, and yet, looking out of the window, I could not see the pavement of the sidewalk eighteen feet below. No sound was audible except the boom of the surf, which, though evidently near at hand, seemed to come from no particular direction. Did my window command a sea-view? Impossible to say; looking out against the fog was like a cheerful kind of shutting-the-eyes. But against that fog as a canvas I could paint a fairer imaginary prospect than whatever real one was likely to be revealed by clear weather. The music of the surf was as fascinating here as in the southern seas, and it was my own fault if I did not build coral-reefs for it to foam upon.

"My assertion last night that London fogs are different from sea-side fogs, though commonplace, was truer than most commonplaces. They differ as do truth and falsehood. The former is the atmosphere of a hundred impure generations shutting out heaven; the latter, that of angels descending from it. In the one we suffocate and sicken; the other cools and soothes us. We breathe clear air unheeding, but to inhale this visible purity is too manifest a privilege to go unnoticed.

"Philosophers," I continued, "have speculated as to the bodily and spiritual condition of a person who had been born and lived in total darkness; but I should be happy to know a man or a woman born and bred in an impenetrable white sea-fog. She could not fail to be a charming acquaintance; for though befogged intellects are commonly derided, surely a mind which had lived in unceasing communion with blankness so sublime as this"—here I waved my hand toward the window—"could hardly avoid tempering its own blankness with sublimity!"

It was not until after I had finished dressing that I heard any sounds ascribable to human origin. As I leaned over my window-sill, in some doubt how to fill up the gap of two hours between now and breakfast, I heard a door open somewhere below, and somebody come out upon what was probably a doorstep. Then some hard object was set sharply down; then there was a small plash and a trickle of water; then a sound as of scouring and, accompanying it, some light-hearted snatches of song, evidently from a female organ. I took my hat and a couple of towels and went down-stairs.

II.—SURF.

SHE was a red-cheeked damsel in a dirty, lilac-colored gown, the sleeves whereof were rolled up

above the elbows of her stout arms. She was on her knees beside a bucket, and a cloth was in her hand. She looked up in surprise as I appeared in the doorway.

"Good-morning!"

"Good-morning, sir!" said she, very pleasantly, pausing in her work while she dabbled the cloth in the water. "You're down early."

"I'm ambitious to take a swim before breakfast. Can you tell me where the sea is?"

She laughed, and wrung out the cloth between her hands.

"Why, there it's right plain in front of you, sir!" and she nodded with her head over her shoulder.

"But it's foggy, and I never visited this part of the world before, and as soon as I lose sight of you I shall be lost."

The damsel dropped the cloth into the bucket, got to her feet, and described to me the particulars of the route I was to take, with as much good-will as a Frenchwoman would have shown. But, when she had finished, something moved me to offer her sixpence, which she accepted very easily. I should not have thought of offering anything to a Frenchwoman: what is it about the English lower orders that so constantly suggests sixpences and shillings to the traveler's mind? "Tipping" is an unholy practice; it demoralizes them that give and them that take: in this instance, though it was the last event in my interview with the damsel of the bucket, it cast a disenchanting light over all that had gone before. I walked away sadly, for I had materialized my gratitude into a dirty bit of silver: what was in her mind of course I know not; since she had coveted the sixpence, she would not have been happy without it; but I think she would have been happier if she could have contrived, for once, to forget to covet it.

I felt my way along the sidewalk, the sound of the surf growing louder as I proceeded, and assuring me that I was on the right route. But by-and-by the sidewalk came to an end, and then, for what seemed a long time, and in spite of the directions I had received, I had to trust to instinct—or rather to luck, for I have no instinct in these matters. At last I stumbled upon an abrupt ascent, the surf sounding farther away than it had done a few moments before; but, on gaining the summit, it broke upon my ears with a startling roar, my feet trod in loose shingle, and I needed no one to tell me that the waves could not be more than forty paces distant. In a few steps farther, I picked up a wreath of dried sea-weed; a moment later a broad tongue of foam slid up the acclivity of the beach, and nearly surprised my shoes. I had discovered the English Channel.

The beach was shingle; but after walking along the surf-line for several minutes, I came upon a spot where the sand emerged somewhat, and here I resolved to take my dip. The fog was denser than ever; and when, having left my garments at a prudent distance above high-water mark, I stood within

reach of the waves, I felt like the only living creature in a world half redeemed from chaos. Pallid nothingness surrounded me; only this foam and sand about my feet were real; the tall, green breakers which loomed suddenly, one after another, out of the blank in front, though real enough when they burst upon me, were the creation of but an instant previous. In short, nothing existed save what was in contact with me; what if the experiment were to proceed no further, and I be left the sole inhabitant of so very fragmentary a planet? What would become of my clothes? and who would eat my breakfast?

I have never felt more lonely and diminutive than when a hectoring breaker eight feet high crept upon me unawares, knocked me over, fell upon me, and finished by raking me down, with a horrible rasping noise, into the foaming ditch formed by the resistance of the mass of waters to its own recoil. I was an atom of unassisted helplessness swallowed up in the fearful collision of incomprehensible immensities. By the time I had picked myself up, however, all my blood had come tingling to the surface, I gave the great green bullies buffet for buffet, and the fray was so exhilarating as soon to drive my moralizings upon the nothingness of things into the chaos they had contemplated.

But in man's contests with the powers of Nature, cleverly as he may manage the affair for a while, he must be outdone sooner or later; and, accordingly, the time came which saw me hobble panting and dripping up the slope, wondering where so many sharp pebbles had come from since I went in. But this speculation was forgotten before another of more poignant import: where were my clothes? Where I had left them, no doubt; but where was that? Where was I? I could not call my surroundings unfamiliar, for nothing was apparent except the fog and the sharpness of the flint pebbles upon which I was treading; but, unfamiliar or not, my surroundings were not those of my clothes, still less were they the clothes themselves. In losing them I had doubly lost myself.

The occasion of my calamity was plain enough: while I was unsuspiciously gamboling on the vexed surface, some wily current had borne me along-shore, setting me down at a greater or less distance from the spot at which I entered. The difficulty was, that I knew not in which direction the current had set, nor, consequently, whether I ought to start off eastward or westward in order to regain my lost outer man. To take the wrong direction would be to circumambulate the whole terraqueous globe—or, at any rate, England and Scotland, which was practically just as bad, especially as I had already discovered that to walk barefooted upon flint-shingle is a slow and extremely agonizing process. Moreover, the morning was advancing, and I recollected having heard somewhere that fogs on this part of the coast had a trick of clearing away at a moment's warning. Now, what if some enterprising speculator had set up a row of fashionable houses directly on the beach?—my mind shrank from the contemplation of

ghastly possibilities! I try to write lightly of this adventure; but, in fact, I cannot smile at it even now, and at the time I was thoroughly unstrung. All those nightmares seemed realized in which the sufferer finds himself—destitute of all normal apparel—in the midst of a fastidious and unsympathetic assemblage. I think my reason must at length have begun to totter on her throne, for I detected myself recalling hopefully the fact that the human body, after long exposure to the elements, becomes mercifully clothed with a thick suit of hair, and wondering whether the fog might not last long enough for me to acquire such protection.

"The devil fly away with the fog!—or no—no!" That is a perverse scrape indeed, which the victim fears to anathematize either up or down!

"Here you are, sir!" said a voice, which I seemed to recognize.

III.—SHINGLE.

"WHY is this hotel called 'Gunston's?'" I inquired of the landlord, after a comfortable breakfast, leaning over the office-bar.

"Well, it's owned by Mr. Gunston, sir," said he, approaching, with a deferential bow and smile. "You are acquainted with the gentleman, I think?"

I shook my head.

"Who is he?"

"Beg pardon; I fancied you had seen him last evening. Well, sir, Mr. Gunston is our great man here. He was born in the town, which wasn't much to speak of at that time; when quite a lad he shipped before the mast for Australia—made a large lot of money there, sir, and returned here to give his birth-place the benefit of it. He had this hotel built, as well as all this block of new buildings; it was he, too, sir, that had the railway prolonged from the town above us. And, with it all, he's just as plain and homely in his manners as any poor fisherman in the place. Yes, we think a great deal of Mr. Gunston, sir."

"Landlord, is there any chance of that fog's returning before night?"

"Well, hardly, I should think, sir. You are fond of fogs, I think you said?"

"Fond of them! they're my pet abomination. When is *table-d'hôte*?"

"At 4 P. M., sir.—If you thought of taking a bath, sir, our bathing-machines are—"

"I never bathe!" exclaimed I—of course, with mental reservations. I had not yet recovered my equanimity sufficiently to enlarge upon my experiences of the morning, or to confess that I had been rescued from my wretched predicament by my railway-porter!

On reissuing from the hotel-door, I beheld the blue sea "right plain in front of me," as the damsel of the bucket had said. There ought to be plenty of summer sea in heaven, for nothing on earth is more heavenly. What a blue—brilliant and tender, soothing and exhilarating! It tempts the soul of man to

despise the body for its poverty of utterance, for beauty is more unutterable than even love.

The fog still lingered about the horizon, as though loath to leave so fair a scene; but a jolly breeze came freshening from the west, and was already scattering white sparkles over the mighty surface of azure, and giving strange life to passing vessels, which dipped and glided far off and near. The narrow beach of mounded shingle stretched right and left for several miles, its extremities closed in by the famous white cliffs which I had come to see. Before me lay the path which I had groped after three hours earlier; and the little ascent up which I had blindly stumbled now appeared as the side of a leveled esplanade, along which were ranged at short intervals a number of brilliantly-painted wooden benches. But the prospect was too fine to be injured even by the benches; it seemed a miracle that the formless blank of six o'clock had been changed into such exquisite shape and hue by nine.

The tide was on the ebb, but the surf was still heavy—much heavier than was warranted by the breeze. Some great storm had lately ploughed the Atlantic, and these huge rollers were a sort of official advices of what had been done outside. A rough sea appears larger and more imposing than a smooth one. The distance from the main body of water to the limit of the surf's up-flow is so much greater; beyond, range after range of tossing billows enable the eye to realize the immense perspective; and, meanwhile, the roar of the surges disconcerts the judgment and leads it to exaggerate. That rasp of the retreating wave adown the shingle is a sound so harsh and guttural that I should have fancied only the German Ocean capable of uttering it. The sea grasps the beach as with gigantic claws, building the pebbles up perpendicularly here, while there it sweeps them away and bares the sand beneath. But this is nothing to what happens in the great storms.

At a point of the shore nearly opposite the village, I found the ruins of a small fort. Very small indeed it was, and in its original, circular form might have been taken for a gigantic millstone. It had been massively built, and I should have supposed that nothing less than an eighty-one-ton shot could so completely have knocked it to pieces. So I looked about for the grizzled, one-legged survivor of the fight, with his blue eye, his quid, and his spy-glass, who was to tell me all about it.

He was not to be found; but, instead, I happened, somewhat to my surprise, upon my railway-porter. He explained that he was off duty for that day; and, in answer to my questions about the fort, informed me that the waves, and not cannon-balls, had wrought this destruction. What a buffet must that have been that shattered such solid masonry! Methinks I see the vast, gray wave, toppling and hustling onward, snatching up a few cart-loads of pebbles, whirling them round and round as in a sling, and then, with a sudden rush and roar and foaming tumult of energy, hurling them in one lump point-blank against the wall! The stone courses crack and part, the fragments fall apart, and now the

innumerable little pebbles are washed into the gaps and crevices of the bulwarks they have overthrown, and half bury them from sight. For so does the sea heal the scars it makes; and these ruins, festooned with uprooted sea-weed and softened with drift, looked as accustomed to their catastrophe an hour after it had occurred as they do to-day.

Such great storms, my companion told me, come periodically. Every five years or so the ocean gives a yawn, as it were, kicks over its barriers, shakes its mane at the little village, and throws stones at the outlying houses. The latter, therefore, intrench themselves behind a sturdy wall of compact masonry, built round three sides of a square. But nothing entirely avails against the burly besieger; yonder stands a blighted mansion, whose lower story was entered last year by several hundred tons of rude sea-pebbles, which knocked, indeed, at door and windows, but came in without staying for an answer, carrying windows and door with them. No writ of ejectment or prosecution has been served on the trespassers, and they still remain in possession. Probably the astounding effrontery of the outrage at once and forever quelled all spirit of opposition. Certainly it would be hard to devise a more terrific way of awakening a peaceful householder in the dead of night; and what if he possessed a wine-cellar!

Three centuries ago, according to my porter, a sea-change happened here which really deserves to be called strange. At that time a small river (by no means an insignificant one, however, as English rivers go) flowed peacefully through the lowland, and found its exit to the ocean beside this same small fishing-village, upon which it conferred some little maritime importance. Ever since Julius Cæsar's eye for the picturesque brought him over to Britain, and for how long before that we know not, this quiet stream had pursued its accustomed course, with no more idea of altering it than the Conservative party in England has of altering its policy on the Eastern question. One winter night, however, during the latter half of the sixteenth century, a hurricane began to blow, the like of which had never been known before. The sea, so to speak, reared straight up on end, and stalked over the land like an army of giants. The surf broke miles inland, amid sequestered farms and over green country-lanes. It was the conviction of those who retained their senses sufficiently to be conscious of any conviction at all that the traditional subjects of Britannia had organized a successful rebellion, and that the "right little, tight little island" was not water-tight, but, on the contrary, was incontinently become part of the sea-bottom. The storm raged for three days, after which there was an improvement, so far as weather was concerned.

But when, at last, the appalled fishermen ventured to thrust their heads inquiringly outside their windows, lo! they had lost their river. Amazed, they staggered forth, and sought distracted up and down; the river was gone, and there was not so much as a pint of ditch-water left to show where it had been. It was not a case of annihilation, however: far worse—it was an elopement; the most

heartless instance of geographical unfaithfulness that I ever heard of. One of the villagers, wandering forlorn some miles to the northward, all at once stumbled upon a stream which he had never seen in that part of the country before. Oppressed with a dark suspicion, he followed it up toward its source, and ere long was compelled to recognize in it the traitorous current which he and his fellows had mourned as dead. It occupied its unlawful bed with so much demure self-possession, and smiled in its betrayed one's face so placidly, that had it been possible still to doubt he would have done so. It was an impressive story, and might, I thought, be worked up into a romantic and pathetic novel in three volumes, in which the heroine, if not the plot, should be entirely unhackneyed and original. It would be difficult, however, to inflict poetical justice in the last chapter. The real sequel is, that a new village grew up around the new river-mouth, and to-day flaunts its stolen prosperity in the former possessor's face. To set matters right by another great storm would denote poverty of imagination; and there are various difficulties in the way of creating a geological convulsion.

IV.—CHALK.

My sensible and entertaining porter now observed that he must go home to his kids, and so he bade me farewell and walked off. I kept ploughing my way onward through the gray shingle, with the sea on my right, and the cliffs lifting their strange whiteness heavenward, at an ever-lessening distance in front of me. I had heard so much about the snowy cliffs of Albion that I was prepared to find something very dingy and disappointing. Seen from a distance, they might, perhaps, assume a snowy gleam; but upon a closer examination this would disappear, and stains and discolorations would fill the view. Pure white is a rare color in Nature, and wise people are slow to believe in it before seeing it.

As I approached, the cliffs presented themselves to me in profile—a gradual slope of olive-green mounting from the landward side, and a sheer vertical precipice to seaward. It always affords me a fresh pleasure to behold the grand and bold breakings off of the land which are to be seen nowhere save at the sea-side, and at the summits of mountains. These are the unfinished places of Nature—there is no easing them down, or smoothing them off; they are where one order of things ends and another begins, and such mighty ends and beginnings it is good and satisfactory to contemplate. The present precipices were from a hundred to two hundred feet in height; the sky above them was of a shade of blue which I can indicate only by calling it infantine; the blue of the sea at their foot was vigorous and robust in comparison, and showed a slight greenish tinge, which was further set off by the delicate purple of the horizon. These splendid tints were kindled with sunshine, and harmonized by the white front of the great cliff, which rested athwart them all, its brow swathed in a misty indistinctness. Was the fog, then, a sort of spiritualization of the

chalk, or was the chalk solidified fog? They ought to be related in one way or the other.

But when at length I stood directly beneath the cliffs and gazed upward, the mist had vanished, and the zenith (to speak artistically) was genuine ultramarine, while the chalk was pure Chinese white—only one cannot buy these colors at the shops made up with cent. per cent. of brilliant sunshine. The effect of chalk upon the eye is very different from that of snow, although it appears to be just as white. One reason, of course, is that all snow-shadows have blue in them, which chalk-shadows have not; another may be that we feel snow—even "everlasting" snow—to be transitory, and its transitoriness brings it nearer to our sympathies than this strange primeval chalk can ever come—which belongs, by rights, far down in the bowels of the globe; but which rises up out of our green and familiar earth, the pale ghost of an unknown past—a ghost that we can touch, yet never really approach, for it owns no kinship with man.

Speaking soberly, however, it is not the fact that flint-chalk belongs to the latter part of the Reptilian age and Mesozoic time that gives it its impressiveness, but the fact that it is white. When the great Ode to the Colors is written, white will, I trust, be celebrated as it ought to be, but has never yet been. White is properly the type of goodness and purity; when, therefore, it appears under tragic and appalling circumstances, it is tenfold more terrifying than black would be, because it seems unnatural and monstrous. If waves foamed black instead of white upon the fatal reef, the doomed mariner would drown with one shudder the less. It is the soft, deceitful whiteness that insults and awes as well as kills him. Again, is it not the whiteness of a ghost and of a skeleton that gives them half their power over the imagination? or, if the devil, so far from being as black as he is painted, were to turn out dead white, would he not be a more grewsome fiend than ever? May it not be said, in short, that the color capable of producing upon the human mind the strongest influences, both for good and for evil, is white and not another? Then things are not at their worst when they look blackest; they have yet to put on that ghastly hue which, because it is the sum of all hues, we are fain to call hueless. And as for the famous white cliffs of Albion, they are superb or frightful, or both at once, according to our point of view or mood of mind. The longer I gazed upon them, the more weird and uncanny did they appear; and, if this was the case at noonday, it is easy to imagine what their effect would be in a moonlit storm, for instance. For miles and miles they stretched away, gleaming ghastly white along the sea, which itself blanched into foam even at the moment when it dashed defiantly against them. Most impressive, indeed, they were; and for once my prudent skepticism had been gratuitous: their whiteness was as unsullied and complete as report had given it out to be. But what an unconscionable amount of chalk it was!—enough, were the world a blackboard, to write its history in the longest and most ornate periods.

Interminable dotted rows of black flints slanted upward from base to summit, indicating the dip of the strata, and causing the uneducated mind to wonder how they got there, and why the rows happened to be parallel. Their only use seems to be to form a shingle beach—by the somewhat deliberate process of being washed out of their setting by the action of the waves. An immense number of these detached flints—quite one per cent., I should say—are pierced either partially or entirely by small holes; and, as I sauntered along, I picked one up every now and then and strung it on a bit of twine which I found in my pocket, until I had a primitive sort of necklace, such as an ancient Briton might have worn.

By this time the sun—it was a mid-August day of a remarkably hot summer—had got nearly overhead, and was beginning to make himself felt, his rays being reflected from the sea, the shingle, and the chalk, in a complicated but very effective manner. Seeing a cave in the face of the glaring cliff, I made my way to it, in the hope of finding it an agreeable retreat in which to smoke a cigar. But it was already tenanted by countless myriads of small flies and other lively little insects, who, with perhaps the best will in the world to be hospitable, only succeeded, like many bigger bugs than they, in being offensive. As I stepped forth again, a large fragment of chalk broke away from the brow of the overhanging cliff and fell with a dead thump near me, small chips splintering away from it on all sides, but the main lump remaining unbroken. The beach is strewn with similar fragments of all shapes and sizes, from cobble-stones up to boulders of many tons' weight. Some of these are below low-water mark, and at least a hundred yards from the present base of the cliff. Have they been carried out there by the waves? or did the cliff originally extend to where they lie? Their whiteness, in those parts which are not overgrown with sea-weed, is marvelously intense, the action of salt-water seeming to add a lustre to what was already immaculate. The sea-weed, by-the-way, takes root on the upper sides of these boulders instead of the lower, and on the landward instead of the seaward face. There must be such a good reason for this that one cannot help wishing to know what it is.

Any one who maintains that the sun of England is incapable of producing fatigue and perspiration should have been my companion on this day. The tide was now nearly low, but I kept as near the water as possible for coolness' sake. Presently I found myself on a low-lying ledge of rocks, amid which were numberless pools, each one a complete aquarium, containing sea-weed, fish, crabs, sea-anemones, and starfish. While studying the wonders of one of the largest of these pools, I inadvertently discovered that the water in it was a trifle over waist-deep. The incident suggested the propriety of taking a bath in a more deliberate and less inconvenient manner; so I laid my garments out on the shingle to dry, and then, in spite of my disclaimer to the landlord, I sought the surf once more. The water was just warm enough to make it easy to stay in too

long; and, on coming out at last, the hot pebbles were towel enough and to spare. The sun poured straight down and seemed to penetrate to the marrow, until I felt as if the warmth and light I had absorbed would last me some way into the cold gloom and dampness of the coming winter.

V.—UPS AND DOWNS.

It was already afternoon when I arrived at a depression in the line of cliffs, and found a narrow pathway leading upward from the beach to the summit. A few minutes' climbing brought me to the level of the South Downs, known to fame on account of the mutton raised upon them. They are a series of undulating plains, covered with a compact, close-cropped turf of a dark, olive-green hue. The contours of these undulations when relieved against the sky appear singularly sharp and clear; and the shadows cast are beautifully soft and gentle. Nothing would be easier, however, than to lose one's way upon them, there being absolutely nothing in the nature of landmarks (except the artificial "blazings" of chalk along some of the principal pathways) whereby to direct the course. One depression or elevation exactly resembles another, and the eye soon becomes bewildered. There is the danger, moreover, of walking over the edge of the cliff; for even in broad daylight you may walk within a dozen paces of it without suspecting your proximity; and at dusk or in a fog the only safe plan would be to sit down wherever you happen to be, and wait for better luck. How the ancient Britons contrived to walk along the edge of these cliffs, and throw down stones at Cæsar, I cannot conceive; it is even a mystery whence they obtained the stones. The nearest approach to a projectile that I saw were the innumerable little white snail-shells (with no snails in them), which, with the mutton—which I did not see—are the only ostensible product of the South Downs.

By this route it was a journey of two or three miles homeward; but, on reaching the brow of the descent to the village, I had the worth of my walk in a fine outlook over the neighborhood. On the left lay the broad, flat sea; on the right, green fields, and hedge-rows, and cultivated slopes; in front, a series of headlands approached from the pale horizon, until at my feet the little village lay huddled behind its wave-compelled barrier of shingle. It was a small and ancient-looking cluster of habitations, threaded by narrow and devious streets, all of which, however, if followed out to the end, would conduct you toward the shore. A dumpy little church of gray stone, with a red-tiled roof, and a short, squat tower bearing a diamond-shaped clock-dial on its front, presided with fitting dignity over this homely assemblage. All the old houses were red-tiled in strict conformity with their church, and were built only one story and a half in height, so as to escape the sweep of winter gales. But, on the west of the village, and insolently turning their backs upon it and the church, stood a row of brand-new, perked-up, four-story buildings, which had no more congru-

ity, physical or metaphysical, with the place to which they were accredited, than they had with Rome or Babylon. Of these houses, the tallest and most perked-up was, I regretted to see, my hotel. It would be well if a storm, like unto that which carried away the river, were to remove these impertinent pieces of architecture into some adjoining county. The winds and waves owe the village a good turn, and they could do nothing more acceptable than this. "And Mr. Gunston," said I to myself, "must, in spite of the landlord, be a wretch!"

Nevertheless, my exertions had given me an appetite, and since I knew that there was a place reserved for me at the hotel-table, I felt that it would be foolish to absent myself from it on merely sentimental grounds. Accordingly, I went down the hill with that uncomfortable rapidity to which slopes of a certain steepness always compel the pedestrian; and an hour later I was in a mood to endure the existence of a comfortable inn even at some sacrifice of æsthetic harmony.

When, after dinner, I again turned my steps seaward, it lacked some four hours of sunset. The sea directly beneath the sun had a whitish appearance, owing to the glitter of the light upon the waves; but this merged on either side into a pale-green hue, which, on the extreme north and south, became dark blue; while the horizon passed through a corresponding series of gradations from misty white to mauve. The breeze had died away, and the surf, no longer loud-voiced and eager, seemed half asleep, and barely maintained a mild, reiterating plash along the shore. Yet even these infantine waves had a sly way of making quick, unexpected onsets upon the unwary feet of those who trod too near; and every once in a while a small shriek would go up from somebody who had got wetted, or had narrowly missed being so. All the nobility and gentry of the neighborhood were out to enjoy the afternoon ocean; and after turning round and round, like a dog about to lie down, I at length fixed upon a commodious spot in the shingle, and established myself there.

VI.—LIFE.

It is pleasant to observe how intercourse with the ocean renders grown-up people childlike and playful. They gambol with the waves and the beach precisely as children do, only more awkwardly. They put themselves in perilous proximity with the surf, they cry out and laugh, they pelt one another with sea-weed. When they go in bathing, they become oblivious or reckless of personal appearance, and dance up and down in the water, splash, scream, and gesticulate, as they had not done since coming out of the nursery. The ocean is so immense, and at the same time, owing to its homogeneity, so personal, that every man and woman must feel themselves devoid of age and formality in its presence.

As for the children themselves, they are simply in their element, and appear the most reasonable of created beings. All their sayings and doings, which seemed so absurd and distracting in the parlor and dining-room at home, are here the very apples of

gold in the picture of silver. Let them set up the loudest racket they can—there are no echoes on the sea-shore, and we fancy that the sound of their voices is absorbed only too quickly into space. But, in fact, children are seldom so noisy here as are their elders; the vastness that surrounds them makes them quiet. They work about very busily, but with less uproar of tongues than they usually find indispensable. They are all devoted to paddling, and some very tall paddling is exhibited by young ladies from four to fourteen years old. Such lengths of sometimes chubby but often lean and bony shanks as those young people do measure out for the edification of spectators! There seems to be a fearful joy in paddling which is absent from malice-prepense bathing. It is a sort of stealing a march on expectation; and there is the fascinating danger of getting the clothes wet, besides. But painful observation has satisfied me that paddling won't do for grown people; even the ocean cannot make children enough of them for that.

The ocean has other effects besides reproducing childhood; it can create a philosophic serenity and repose such as we are more apt to associate with the Golden Age than with the nineteenth century. To sit face to face with boundless air and water makes it seem worth while to be silent and motionless: the pulse and the brain are calmed, the eyes move in long, leisurely glances, the breath comes slow and deep, and we realize with surprise how feverish and fussy the most of life is.

Little groups of people were encamped all along the beach as far as the eye could distinguish them, and resembling at a distance those clusters of seaweed and shells which every tide rolls up upon the shore. Some had settled themselves quite near the water's edge; others, more phlegmatic, were halfway up the pebbly ridge; others, again, with whom one would hardly venture to scrape an acquaintance under any circumstances, were seated decorously upon the painted benches on the esplanade. Each group had its umbrella or two, buff or black; the gentlemen wore white veils round their hats, with the ends hanging down behind, as though they had been in Ceylon; the ladies wore white dresses, and everybody had on canvas shoes.

But the persons who attracted me most were an exceedingly pretty little boy and girl, about seven and nine years old, who sat by themselves, not far from where I was reclining. The boy lay with his head in his sister's lap, and the two appeared, so far as I could discover, to be doing nothing at all except to enjoy the fun of being alive. At length I arose, and respectfully approached them, and asked whether I might sit down beside them. They gazed at me inquiringly, and seeing that I did not look dangerous, they graciously granted my request. For at least ten minutes we three sat in perfect silence, looking at one another with solemn earnestness; but, by the end of that time, we had arrived at an excellent mutual understanding. I now inquired whether they had ever listened to the wonderful and delightful story of the Caliph Stork; and forthwith

proceeded to tell it. It had a great success; and from that we went on straight through my whole collection of Hauff, Grimm, and Hans Christian Andersen. Then they told me that they liked me very much, but not so well as their papa, and that their papa's name was Gunston, and that he owned all the nice new houses, and had been to Australia. I really began to feel some curiosity to see this Gunston, who was as well off in children as in money, be he how rich soever.

From story-telling we fell to throwing pebbles at a mark—a universal and very absorbing employment at the sea-side. The conditions imposed were to lie flat on the back, raising the head just enough to see the target, and so to let fly. In such constrained circumstances any decent approximation to the mark is creditable; a narrow miss is a marvel of dexterity, while an actual hit is a triumph worthy of being recorded in the next edition of Mr. Green's "Short History of the English People." After this we began digging holes along the terrestrial radius toward China; but were content to stop at a depth sufficient to illustrate in transverse section the geologic formation of the beach. After a rattling and rolling descent through the world of flint stones, which grew ever smaller and smaller, like all obstacles resolutely met, we came to a region of brown sand; the pleasure of scooping out which, in contrast with the harshness of the previous labor, represented the rewards which should crown all earnest search after the inner substance of things. The sand being gone, however, we found ourselves stuck in a greasy bed of clay, not easy to penetrate, and leading apparently to nothing. From this we learned the un wisdom of prying too curiously into the arcana of life; and the best thing we could think of doing then was to wash our hands of the whole business.

As the sun went down, and the air grew cool, we were fain to abandon our stations on the beach, and the children said a cordial adieu, and left me. I joined the little throng which was pacing to and fro along the promenade. The dusk comes on slowly: from a crimson cloud in the west a rosy lustre is reflected against the white face of the great, white wall yonder to the southward, where I walked to-day. Its cold deadness seems to be touched into glowing life for a moment; but soon the light fades, and the cliff vanishes ghost-like in the gathering gray. Now some fishermen come from the village, and, laying hold of the boats which ever since morning have lain in graceful idleness upon the beach, they drag them with a rush and a shout down the slope, and so plunge through the surf of the risen tide. There is no wind; the waves break gently, as if hushing themselves to sleep; but for half an hour, if we listen intently, we may hear the measured sound of oars turning in the rowlocks. And when it has become quite dark, we descry, far out upon the waters, red lights, burning like fallen stars. Have those fellows any idea that they, in the business-like pursuit of their rude profession, have added the last touches of poetic beauty to the day?

I told the landlord I must take the first train the next morning; he expressed some commonplace regrets in his usual deferential manner, promised to have me called at the proper hour, and hoped I would come soon again.

"I mean to do so," said I; "and when I do I hope to have the pleasure of seeing your Mr. Gunston. If he is half as charming as his children, he's a Phoenix."

The landlord looked a little puzzled, but said, "Quite so—quite so, sir!" bowed, smiled feebly, and vanished. After I was locked into my room, and had put the candle out, I remembered that I had intended asking him to engage the railway-porter to carry back my valise for me. However, it was now too late, and since the distance to the station was but small, it would be no hardship for me to lug the thing myself. So next morning, after discharging my bill, I laid hold upon it and set stoutly off.

"Better let me carry that, sir," said a voice behind me; and there was my porter. I wondered why he never wore corduroys, like all other porters I had ever seen.

"No, thank you," said I; "I shall do very well; and it isn't worth a shilling when there's no fog."

"I sha'n't mind about the shilling, sir," replied the man, smiling. "A chap sometimes likes to help another a bit, when he can do it, without being paid for it."

"You are the first porter, however, from whom I ever heard those sentiments," I observed. "Well,

catch hold, then; and I sha'n't object to your drinking my health afterward."

As he took the valise, we turned the corner of the street, and came suddenly upon the two children of the famous Mr. Gunston, trotting along hand-in-hand. My porter sat down the valise, took up one child after the other, and gave them a couple of hearty kisses.

"My kids, sir," he said, resuming the valise, with a laugh. "Well, I'm proud of 'em.—Run along home now, pets; dad'll be round directly."

"Yours!" repeated I, stopping short, and eying him with astonishment. "Why, they told me last night they were Mr. Gunston's children!"

"Oh, you got acquainted with 'em, did you, sir?" returned he, with a smile, half mischievous and half embarrassed. "Well, my name is Gunston, sure enough."

"I hope," said I, at last, "that you won't refuse to drink my health, Mr. Gunston, or to let me drink yours.—Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Well, a man's a man, or he isn't, whatever his name may be," said Mr. Gunston, good-naturedly; "that's one thing I learned in Australia. And another is, that it don't necessarily hurt a man to carry another's burden for him once in a while, even if he does get a bob for it. Ha, ha, ha!—Well, here's your train, sir. Jump in! Good-by, and next time you get down here I'll carry your valise to my own shanty, if you're agreeable!"

We shook hands mightily: the train moved away.

RUSSIAN DISSENT, HERESY, AND SCHISM.

THE Russians are not Europeans except technically. It is necessary to put this caution before one's eyes whenever anything Russian is to be considered, because there could be no more fruitful as there is no more common source of misapprehension than forgetfulness of this fact. One naturally thinks of the Russians as only a modified sort of Englishmen, or Germans, or Frenchmen. In studying Russian life, or speculating upon probable Russian action, we are apt to regard things Russian from a West-European point of view. The fact is, as every student of the subject soon discovers, that the subjects of the czar are Europeans only as the Turks are, by geographical accident, and every judgment concerning them which rests upon the theory of anything like a close analogy between them and the other peoples of Europe must be sadly misleading.

We are accustomed to say that Russia, since the days of Peter, has advanced rapidly in civilization: it would be more exact to say that Russia has been advanced, as her attitude has been at best a passive one. The civilization which she has is something that has been superimposed upon the people by a power essentially alien to themselves—a power, that is to say, with whose ideas and wishes they have never sympathized. In accepting that civilization, they have not accepted the ideas that created it in

the countries from which it was borrowed by Peter the Great and his successors. The czars have plated Russia, so to speak, with the manners and the institutions of the West, but Russia remains unchanged under the plating. Her people have obeyed the imperial edicts, but they have not sanctioned them. They have submitted rather than consented to the changes which have been wrought, and their submission has not always been ready and cheerful. These changes have made Russia a European state, but they have not made the Russians Europeans. They are Russians still, of the old, semi-Oriental sort, and they have the old, semi-Oriental way of thinking which belonged to their forefathers.

It is especially important to bear all this in mind in considering the attitude of the Russians toward religion, the church, heresy, and schism. A recent writer on the Eastern question has fallen, as it seems to me, into a grave error from neglect of this, assuming that, because the Russians do not willingly tolerate heresy among themselves, they would probably persecute other than Greek Christians in any territory that might fall to them in a war with Turkey. Such an assumption would be perfectly logical in the case of any nation of Western Europe. If the Germans were accustomed to persecute Roman Catholics, it would have been fair to suppose that

they would persecute them in Alsace and Lorraine, when those provinces became German; but the Russians are not European in their ways of thinking, and the reasoning from analogy fails because no analogy exists. The Russian notion of religion is not at all our notion of it, and the supreme obligation of the Russian to practise the rites of the Orthodox Church is not held to govern persons not Russian, even though they be subjects of the czar. "According to Russian conceptions," writes Mr. Wallace, in the interesting work from which chiefly the materials of this article, as those of a former one, have been drawn, "there are two distinct kinds of heresy, distinguished from each other not by the doctrines held, but by the nationality of the holder. It seems to a Russian, in the nature of things, that Tartars should be Mohammedans, that Poles should be Roman Catholics, and that Germans should be Protestants; and the mere act of becoming a Russian subject is not supposed to lay the Tartar, the Pole, or the German, under any obligation to change his faith. These nationalities are, therefore, allowed the most perfect freedom in the exercise of their respective religions, so long as they refrain from disturbing by propagandism the divinely-established order of things. This is the received theory, and we must do the Russians the justice to say that they habitually act up to it. If the government has sometimes attempted to convert alien races, the motive has always been political, and the efforts have never awakened much sympathy among the people at large, or even among the clergy. In like manner the missionary societies, which have sometimes been formed in imitation of the Western nations, have never received much popular support. Thus with regard to aliens this peculiar theory has led to very extensive religious toleration. Tartars, Poles, and Germans, are in a certain sense heretics, but their heresy is natural and justifiable. With regard to the Russians themselves the theory has had a very different effect. If in the nature of things the Tartar is a Mohammedan, the Pole a Roman Catholic, and the German a Protestant, it is equally in the nature of things that the Russian should be a member of the Orthodox Church. On this point the written law and public opinion are in perfect accord. If an Orthodox Russian becomes a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, his heresy is not of the same kind as that of the Pole or the German. No matter how pure and elevated his motives may be, his change of religion is not justifiable; on the contrary, he is amenable to the criminal law, and is at the same time condemned by public opinion as an apostate—almost as a traitor."

And yet it is with sects and schisms that we shall concern ourselves in this sketch, and Russia furnishes abundant material of this sort for a much fuller treatise than any magazine-article can be. Russia is so full of sects, indeed, and many of them are of so abnormal a kind, that the subject has engaged many pens, and filled many volumes.

Of the sects which vex the government and the church, some of them slightly, others sorely, there

are two distinct kinds, which may be conveniently named, after Mr. Wallace's plan, dissenters and heretics; the dissenters being the members of the scores of sects which have been developed out of the protesting faction of the church in the time of Nikon, and the heretics being protestants of every degree against the Greek Church doctrines and rites. There are many fantastic sects in each of these categories, and they have long been a source of serious trouble to the government, as well as an interesting subject of study.

The dissenters originated in a schism, but they have always held that not they, but the priests of the Orthodox Church, were schismatics; they believe themselves to be more Orthodox than the church, to be the church, indeed, opposing an officially sanctioned heresy. They are a sort of Old Catholic body, which has been separated from the church by the church's departure from the true faith, or rather the true form, which, to the Russian mind, is more important. They have not protested against old things, but against new, and their separation from the church has been the result merely of their faithful adherence to the practices of the fathers as they have received them.

The Russians, as was shown in a preceding paper, regard religion chiefly as a set of semi-magical rites; and, believing as they do that both temporal and spiritual welfare are dependent upon the strict observance of forms, the more faithful among them have naturally resented and resisted everything like innovation in religious ceremonies, attaching inordinate importance even to the most insignificant trifles. The substitution of "O Lord have mercy" for "Lord have mercy" in a chant was sufficient to arouse the bitterest opposition; and an archbishop once declared that the repetition of a single word only twice instead of thrice was sufficient to secure the damnation of the innovating worshipers! The position of the fingers in making the sign of the cross is deemed a matter of vital importance; and the manner of bowing before an icon may involve the bowyer's eternal welfare.

During Nikon's patriarchate it became necessary to revise the liturgy, and it was discovered that various errors had been fastened upon the text by careless or ignorant copyists—as, for example, in spelling the name of the Saviour "Isus" instead of "Iisus." Nikon's effort to correct these time-sanctified errors was stoutly resisted by the extreme conservatives in the church, who refused to conform upon any terms to the new ritual; and in the end the devout conservatives were formally excommunicated.

Thus originated the dissenters; but they have since suffered many divisions. When the czar persecuted them, they named him Antichrist, and fled for safety into the forests or across the frontiers; but, when they sought to keep the church alive among themselves, everything proposed produced a new schism. They were without bishops, and some of them believed that they could ordain priests for themselves, others that they could not. Some of them accepted renegade or rejected priests ordained

by conforming (and therefore heretical) bishops; others refused to do so on the ground that such ordination was invalid—and thus arose the sect known as the priestless people, who hold that the ordinary means of salvation, through the sacraments, have been withdrawn from men. When the government relented and ceased to persecute the non-conformists, even permitting them to worship as they pleased upon paying a small fine, some of them accepted the clemency offered, while others refused to have any dealings with Antichrist; and so again a division occurred. It was a case in which private judgment was necessarily exercised upon points whose importance was only imaginary, and by men whose notions of the subjects with which they dealt were founded in most illogical conceptions, and the number of sects which have thus been created is surprising only upon a first view. Maturer consideration leads one to wonder rather that there is any limit at all to their number.

Their present condition varies as greatly as their notions do. One sect has regularly licensed religious houses in St. Petersburg and Moscow, while another consists of vagabonds who will not live in houses or enter upon business of any kind, believing that the end of earthly things is at hand, and that whoever binds himself to this world by participating in its concerns shall perish with it. Some of the sects live in a sort of harmony with the church itself, their members securing immunity from interference on the part of the careless and unscrupulous parish-priests by paying these clergymen the fees which they would exact for the performance of their functions if the sectaries wished to have them performed. The clergy, regarding their office merely as a source of revenue, are well content to receive their fees without being asked to perform rites in return, and dissenters whose consciences permit them thus to pay tribute to Antichrist get on well enough, nobody suspecting that they are dissenters at all. Their stricter brethren, however, have a less easy lot. Some of them go so far in their refusal to have intercourse with heretics—that is to say, with members of the Orthodox Church—that they remove and throw away door-handles that have been polluted by the touch of persons who have yielded to Nikonian novelties.

I referred just now to the origin of the priestless people, and I return to the subject for the sake of recounting a little more fully the story of the difficulties of the old ritualists in the matter of obtaining priests—difficulties in which the more practical half of them displayed a very praiseworthy disposition to bend to circumstances which they could not control. Their one bishop having died without transmitting his episcopal orders, their supply of priests speedily fell short. Up to that time these rigid ritualists had kept themselves free from everything like contact with the heretical priests who remained in the state church. Their need becoming sore, however, they relented so far as to accept the ministrations of priests who had remained in the state church upon two conditions—namely, the priests

must have been ordained before the schism occurred, and they must abjure their heresies. This served the purpose for a time, but after a while the supply of priests who fulfilled the first of these conditions naturally failed, and the ritualists again modified their doctrine to meet the exigency. They required only that the abjuring priest should be one who had been baptized before the schism, and in the case of such a one they overlooked the fact that his ordination had come from the bishops of Antichrist. Finally, even this condition was removed, and the old ritualists had renegade priests in plenty. At a later day they secured bishops of their own, so that now they are no longer dependent upon an heretical church for their clergymen.

Positive heresy is apt to be more interesting than mere dissent, and in Russia it is greatly more so. Sects are many in that country, whose members reject the official church utterly, and have creeds of their own concocting, nearly all of them being fantastic in a greater or less degree. Some of these sects number among their members men of culture and social standing, but usually the heretics are ignorant followers of more ignorant leaders. Mr. Wallace appears to have made no great effort to study these sects, and in attempting here to give the reader some notion of their peculiarities of creed and practice I tell chiefly what other travelers than Mr. Wallace have reported.

It must be borne in mind that many of the queerest of these Russian sects exist only in single neighborhoods, numbering only a few members, and having no real importance, social or political, and that distance is apt to mislead us with respect to their significance. I suppose that a Russian traveling in this country in search of queer things to write about would easily discover many little heresies among us of a fantastic kind of which we are in ignorance. I remember a little society of fanatics with whom I came in contact in the State of Indiana, many years ago, whose fancies would lend interest to a Russian writer's account of odd American sects. Their prophet and leader was an ignorant man, in humble circumstances, who dreamed one night, after eating an unwholesome supper, that he saw the Saviour of mankind, wearing a hat with the brim in the same plane with its crown. He straightway founded his church upon this dream, and he and his disciples wore hats of the pattern described. A book has been published in New York within the last month or two, in which an elaborate account is given of a certain "sleeping preacher" in North Alabama, whose pretense, or delusion, or whatever else it is, might easily bring a new gospel and church into being, if the religious instruction of the people around him were somewhat less thorough than it is. There are probably many scores of small and absurd sects in America of which magazine-readers know nothing whatever, and it is not unlikely that some at least of the queer Russian sects are equally unimportant, or would be so if the state church would let them alone, as it usually will not do. Others, again, are well organized and wide-spread, the Molo-

kani in particular, among whom Mr. Wallace passed a considerable time. He found them to be in effect very nearly Scotch Presbyterians, so far as doctrines and practices are concerned, but without the freedom of action, the ecclesiastical organization, and the formulated theology, of the Scotch. They are well-behaving people, industrious, sober, truthful, and prosperous. They mind their business, and pay their taxes, wherefore the civil government is disposed to let them alone, except when moved by the ecclesiastical authorities to interfere with them. The Molokani do not talk freely, however, of their religious doctrines, for fear of bringing trouble upon themselves, and Mr. Wallace found it necessary to lay careful siege to their confidence before he could learn much about them. They take the Bible for their sole guide, asserting the fullest right of private interpretation. They are plain men, usually, unlearned, but so well acquainted with the Scriptures that they can repeat at will all the passages which refer to a point under consideration. They have a general agreement of doctrine among themselves, but have no formal creed. They are open to conviction, and have no cherished doctrines to defend against new light. They meet to discuss doctrinal points, and seek merely to ascertain what the teachings of Scripture are. Many points are avowedly unsettled as yet among them, and upon these they hold their judgments in suspense with charming frankness and honesty. They reject fasts, believing ceremonies to be of no importance, and arguing that men who work need abundant food. Mr. Wallace calls them Presbyterians; other writers have believed them to be unaccountably strayed Lutherans; and one investigator, at least, names them rationalists. They are clearly Protestants, and rather logical freethinkers, whose freethinking is kept within certain bonds by their unquestioning belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures.

The Molokani show us the best side of Russian sectarianism, and the fact that they are rarely interfered with by the authorities seems to show that, whatever spirit of intolerance there may be in Russia, the civil government is wise enough to recognize the impropriety of persecuting a heresy which makes its followers thrifty, sober, law-abiding, and prosperous subjects.

There is greater allowance to be made for the enforcement of law against a sect which holds that Christ has come, and that it is now a sin to pay either rent or taxes. There are two such sects, one of very recent origin, and the other considerably older. They agree only upon this one point of doctrine, the newer sect having apparently no other article in its creed. The rent which these sectaries refuse to pay is the charge that was fixed upon their lands when they ceased to be serfs of the crown, and their refusal to pay it brings them directly into conflict with the civil power. The officers of government must collect what these peasants refuse, on a point of conscience, to pay, and the problem which is thus presented is an extremely vexatious one.

Another sect, the Helpers, were interfered with

some years ago, but the only thing which could be proved against them was that they were unusually and, as it seemed to their neighbors, unnaturally good men. They were suspected of believing heretical doctrines, but the machinery of the courts was insufficient to discover what the prisoners did believe, and they were finally set free, to be as abnormally good as they pleased.

It is not surprising, in the circumstances which surround these sects, that they should endeavor to keep their doctrines and practices secret, but some odd things result sometimes from the effort to do this. For the most part, the sects produce no books, partly because they are commonly composed of illiterate men, but still more because books may be read by official personages. What we can learn of them is usually made known by some apostate member, or discovered by some spy of the monks, who gains admission to their society by feigning conversion to their faith. The Champions of the Holy Spirit, indeed, have a book which sets forth their doctrines and practices, but it was written by an enemy, an Orthodox Russian state-officer, and was meant to be a cruel satire upon them. They accepted it as a respectful and truthful account of themselves, and a correct exposition of their creed, and have held it in high esteem ever since. Their regard for the book led the press censors to prohibit its sale as an heretical work, and this added to its value in the eyes of the Champions of the Holy Spirit. These people neither preach nor hold services, but lead the strictest of lives, and practise personal piety with the utmost zeal.

Many of the sects have persons among them whom they believe to be Christ, incarnate for the second time, and the Virgin. One sect was founded by a peasant-soldier, Daniel Philipitch, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and is now strong in many parts of the empire. Philipitch's doctrines, as reported by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who has made a special study in Russia of secret and curious sects, were, first, "I am God;" second, "There is no other God;" and third, "There is nothing new." He gave nine precepts to his followers, which I quote from Mr. Dixon's text: "Drink no wine. Remain where you are, and what you are. Never marry. Never swear, or name the devil. Attend no wedding, christening, or other feast. Never steal. Keep my doctrine secret. Love each other, and keep my laws. Believe in the Holy Spirit."

Another soldier has recently established a new religion which is so secret that it has no name, even among its disciples. He pretended to be Christ, and chose a woman for Virgin-mother. The accounts given of this sect represent its doctrines and practices to be unlawful and blasphemous. The members are said to insult the church in their meetings, and to treat sacred things with the utmost indignity; and yet when the authorities undertook to punish the heresy the men who were arrested established by abundant evidence their perfectly good behavior, and proved even that they were in all respects especially exemplary citizens and subjects;

that they paid their taxes, obeyed the law, performed all their duties, lived sober lives, attended the services and participated in the rites and ceremonies of the Orthodox Church, went to confession regularly, partook of the sacraments, and conformed strictly to the requirements of the church. Enough was proved, however, to make it certain that these men have a secret religion of their own; and an emissary of the police, who had attended their meetings, testified that they mocked the sacraments, spat upon icons, and gave other expression of their contempt for the church, which in public they treated with ostentatious respect and veneration. This sect also has a Virgin as well as a living Christ.

Mr. Dixon tells us of another sect in Moscow who regard Napoleon as the Messiah, and worship his image. They believe that the French emperor is still alive, somewhere in Asia, and that in due time he will return and conquer the forces of the czar.

I have mentioned here only a few of the many sects which have been described in Russian official records. The list might be extended almost indefinitely if there were space at command. One sect, whose practices are not proper matters to be described in this place, boast that even the Emperor Alexander I. was a member of their communion. This is extremely unlikely; but it is certain that that czar was deeply interested in studying the doctrines of the order, and for that purpose went among them in person, and questioned them of their belief and practice.

Besides dissent and heresy, there are some queer forms of religion in some parts of the empire, which have grown out of peculiar circumstances. The population is a composite one. There are Tartars, Poles, Finns, Kirghiz, and men of other races, living in villages or provinces of their own, in some cases, while in others they form parts of regular Russian neighborhoods. In either case they are in more or less constant contact with their Russian neighbors, and this sort of intercourse, continued as it has been through generations, has, of course, produced some strange admixtures of mutually modified religious notions and practices, varying in their character as the intercourse between different races has been greater or less.

Mr. Wallace saw some examples of this in certain Finnish villages whose people he studied with considerable care. These Finns, he believes, are aboriginal Russians, and their religion, their semi-civilization, and their agricultural methods, have much in them which has not been borrowed from the Russians; but the measure in which they have preserved their own ways differs in different villages. In some the people are still Finns, preserving their language and their customs, with no perceptible admixture of Russian ideas. In others the Russian influence is only slightly perceptible, and in others intercourse and intermarriage have done their work so thoroughly that scarcely a trace of Finnish traditions survives.

These Finns are technically members of the Orthodox Church, but they retain much of their pagan

religion, having modified rather than abandoned it in becoming Christians. The change for them was an easy one, inasmuch as the Christianity which their Russian neighbors accept does not differ in its essential characteristics from their own paganism, and the two religions have blended, the Russians borrowing something from the Finns in return for what they gave them. The pagan religion of the Finns was not a creed, but a set of magic rites designed to propitiate the deities and secure personal welfare; and, as we have seen in a former article, the Russian notion of Christianity is scarcely higher than this. The Finns, being without special prejudice in favor of their own charms and incantations, were ready enough to borrow those of their neighbors. When their prayers were not answered, or their magic rites failed, they tried to secure their ends by practising the rites of the Russians. They could do this, too, without abandoning their own religion; they had never believed it to be the only true faith, and from their point of view it was at best a very imperfect means of accomplishing the practical purposes for which alone they understood that religions exist. There was, in their eyes, no impropriety in accepting two religions at once, and hence they simply added the Russian ceremonies to their own as so much gained in the way of luck-giving magic. They practise a sort of eclecticism in religion, trying both pagan and Christian rites, and adopting whatever of either seems best to answer their purposes. In many cases they make assurance doubly sure by using both, praying first to their own deities, and then, with crossings after the Russian manner, invoking the aid of St. Nicholas or the Virgin.

Their prayers, whether Christian or pagan, are for material good, and are couched in the most direct and familiar terms. Mr. Wallace gives a specimen prayer, recorded by M. Zolonitski, a Russian scholar who has made a special study of the Finns. Here it is:

"Look here, O Nicholas-God! Perhaps my neighbor, little Michael, has been slandering me to you, or perhaps he will do so. If he does, don't believe him. I have done him no ill, and wish him none. He is a worthless boaster and a babbler. He does not really honor you, and merely plays the hypocrite. But I honor you from my heart, and behold, I place a taper before you!"

Sometimes the Finns carry their religious eclecticism so far as to offer pagan sacrifices to Christian saints.

The Finns were easily converted to the sort of Christianity which they have accepted, partly because they were willing to add to their list of magic rites any others that promised to be of advantage, and partly because very little was required of them in the way of change. They were asked to surrender nothing, to abandon nothing, and to accept almost nothing, except baptism by immersion; and this they readily consented to do on condition that the baptizing should be done in summer. In some instances the zeal of the priests to make proselytes led them to offer a small reward for each person who

should become a convert, and the Finns at once manifested a willingness to submit to baptism, not once, but several times each.

There is one other fact which must be mentioned before we leave the subject of religious differences among Russian subjects—namely, that the Russian habit of regarding religion as a matter of race serves to prevent intolerance, and enables even Mohammedans and Orthodox Russians to live together amicably. The Tartars, unlike the Finns, cling to their religion tenaciously; and intermarriage, which quickly effaces social lines, is unknown between the Tartars and the Russians, even where the two races have lived together for long periods of time, and

where the Tartars have adopted the Russian language. In the eastern provinces, where Asia and Europe meet, there are villages each of which is composed in part of Russians and in part of Tartars, united in a single commune, working together, and living in the utmost harmony, but never intermarrying, and never showing the slightest disposition to adopt each other's religion, or to seek proselytes to their own. They regard it as a matter of course that the Tartar shall continue to be a Mohammedan and the Russian a Christian, and in some cases they have carried their spirit of friendly tolerance so far as to aid each other in repairing their houses of worship.

THE STORY OF A BUSY WOMAN'S LIFE.¹

THE most salient traits of Miss Martineau's autobiography, perhaps, consist in its minute, vivid, and fearless detail, the stoical courage and fortitude with which it reveals the weaknesses, faults, and misfortunes, of a remarkable character, and the frankness and boldness with which, indifferent to the prepossessions or prejudices of the world, it criticises the events and men of the period embraced by the narrative. The story is very notable for its self-analysis and self-dissection; intensely subjective from first to last, as an autobiography should be, it is a very graphic picture of the growth and progress of a mind, and of the inner as well as outer life of a woman whose career and works amply justified its production. Some one has justly said that even the life of a commonplace person, in the course of which there were no striking or dramatic incidents, could it be written out in minutest detail, conveying a truthful history of the subject's real thoughts, motives, and springs of action, would make a most interesting book. Such a history Miss Martineau has given us, as nearly as it is possible for a perfectly honest, outspoken, fearless writer of her own life to do; while the work has the added interest of being the record of a celebrity whose public career extended over something like half a century, who was keenly alive to the political events and philosophical discussions of her time, and whose marked individuality and earnestness of purpose impressed themselves very deeply on the age in which she lived; besides that of presenting, in many cases in a new light, rapid and vivid portraits of the famous men and women with whom the author came in contact.

The picture presented by Miss Martineau, both of herself and her career, and of her contemporaries, is not altogether a bright and pleasant one. Indeed, the narrative of her progress from infancy to womanhood, and from womanhood to old age, is far more often colored by sombre than by cheerful tints. Especially in her earlier years, Miss Martineau's existence was a sad, even a pitiable, one. Yet so re-

solved was she to omit no detail which memory supplied, and which could throw light upon the formation of her character, so natural and piquant are the host of incidents related of her childhood and girlhood, so freely did she describe her shortcomings, as well as those even of her family, that the history of this part of her life is as absorbing as a spirited novel, with the added attraction that its reality imparts.

Her earliest recollections were of miseries, due partly to her wretched state of health, and her singularly shy, nervous, excitable temperament, and partly to the austerity of her parents, and their utter inability to comprehend the causes and motives of her strange and fitful conduct. Obstinate illnesses, and a painfully-delicate organization, rendered her, when a mere child, a victim to horrible dreams, to morbid fancies, and to agonizing terrors of things that had no existence. When she looked out at the scarlet sky, she imagined that it was coming down "to stifle and crush me." She could not cross her father's yard, in broad daylight, without "flying and panting, and fearing to look behind, because a wild beast was after me." Standing at the head of a staircase, she would be seized with a terrible feeling that she could never get down. She was morbidly afraid of everybody—of her father and mother, her sisters, even of her gentle eldest brother; and she was sixteen years old before she found, in one of her aunts, a person who did not inspire her with dread, one to whom she could open her heart, and upon whom she could freely lavish the wealth of affection which had been so long pent up in her young heart. With all this, she was almost devoid of the sense of smell, and only had that of taste in a small degree; and the deafness which was to be a life-affliction began to creep upon her when she was twelve years old.

A more discouraging and promiseless beginning of a life could scarcely be conceived; and to the misfortunes thus organic in or incident to her organization were added the miseries of her home—harshness and want of comprehension on the part of her parents, and the reaction of their treatment upon her temper, making it simply a source of constant torture to the whole household as well as to herself.

¹ Harriet Martineau's Autobiography. Edited by Marie Weston Chapman. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 1877.

She seems, at this period, to have had but a single consolation amid all her troubles, and that was religion. The piety of her parents, far from driving her away in dread from religious teachings and services, which might not unnaturally have occurred, had the good influence of making Harriet fond of going to church, and of awakening in her mind, when she was a very young child, an eager curiosity in the momentous problems which relate to a future life. When she was five years old she preached infantile sermons to her brother James, then a baby who could not walk alone.

Miss Martineau's father was a manufacturer at Norwich, and she was the sixth in a family of eight children. Her parents were Unitarians, and her first religious impressions were received from the teachings of that sect. The decline of her father's business during the long Napoleonic wars made it imperative that Harriet not only should be taught at home, but that she should have practical household duties as well as lessons from her schoolbooks. So she was brought up to "make shirts and puddings, and iron and mend, and get my bread by my needle, if necessary." Her eldest sister and two of her brothers, meanwhile, directed her studies, which comprised Latin, French, writing, and arithmetic; but her progress under these home-tutors does not seem to have been rapid or thorough. Her sister required too much; her brother Henry made a joke of his share in the teaching; and her own nervousness, timidity, and bodily ills, made her a far from apt scholar. There was one talent, however, which, but for her deafness, might have developed into a rich accomplishment. "Nature," she says, "made me a musician in every sense." But, even in the study of this art, she was unfortunate, for her music-master was irritable and a scold, and told her that she had "no more heart than the chimney-piece;" and her heart gave a bound of wicked joy when, one day, she heard of his sudden death.

Her minute account of her subsequent school-days are full of interest. At eleven she and her sister Rachel were sent to a day-school, opened at Norwich by Mr. Perry, an Orthodox minister who had turned Unitarian, and so lost his pulpit. It was a happy selection, for in this school Harriet seems for the first time to have taken pleasure in study and in the companionship of children of her own age; while Mr. Perry "was made to be a girl's schoolmaster." After this came another period of home-schooling, which was wretched enough, for her health was bad, and her mind continually troubled, and "it was a depressed and wrangling life." Her deafness came on; she grew jealous of her sister Rachel; and she became a prey to three griefs, two of which are singular enough—her bad handwriting, her deafness, and "the state of my hair!" She afterward found out that the latter was caused by over-combing, a difficulty easily remedied.

Her life at home was so full of discomfort both to her family and herself that she was sent to Bristol to a relative of her mother's, where she pursued her studies in school. There she remained about a year,

and then returned to Norwich, in her seventeenth year, to remain at home thirteen years. She had outgrown some of her early infirmities, and her strong character and keen mind were developing into an early maturity. She now found happiness in the companionship and confidence of her mother, a really sympathetic though reserved and sedate woman; and in the loving friendship of her eldest and her youngest brother. She continued her studies with the zeal born of genuine love of knowledge; translated Tacitus, read philosophy, pondered many a rapt hour over the Bible, became familiar with Hartley, Locke, and the metaphysicians, and engaged in meditations the most earnest over the theological problems relating to free-will, necessity, prayer, and revelation.

It was at the age of nineteen that Harriet Martineau felt the sensation, that is so delightful to most authors, of seeing her first contribution to literature in print. The account of her entrance upon the vocation of an authoress is full of interest. For some years, it seems, she had aspired to this vocation. It happened that her brother James, who was going to leave home for college, perceiving that she was far from happy, advised her to turn her attention to some fresh pursuit which would distract and engage her mind, and suggested writing for the press. The very next morning, before six o'clock, she was at her desk composing an article on "Female Writers on Practical Divinity"—a ponderous theme for a girl of nineteen—which, when finished, she sent to a small Unitarian periodical called the *Monthly Repository*. Keeping her design a secret from the family, she carried the article to the post-office, and awaited with palpitating heart the arrival of the next number of the *Repository*. It came just before service on Sunday morning; and when she turned the sheet her heart "thumped prodigiously" on seeing her article on the page. In the evening her elder brother, by chance, read the article aloud in his family circle, where Harriet was taking tea, praising it as he read. When he had ended it, he turned to her and said:

"Harriet, what is the matter with you? I never knew you so slow to praise anything before."

"I replied, in utter confusion:

"I never could baffle anybody. The truth is, that paper is mine."

"He made no reply, read on in silence, and spoke no more till I was on my feet to come away. He then laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, gravely:

"Now, dear, leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings; and do you devote yourself to this."

"I went home," she adds, "in a sort of dream, so that the squares of the pavement seemed to float before my eyes. That evening made me an authoress!"

She was now inspired with a new purpose and ambition, and the article in the *Repository* was the beginning of a long, industrious, brilliant, and famous literary career. That her literary progress was not all a smooth ascent of Parnassus, and that

she had to encounter many a rebuff and obstacle before winning the applause and admiration of the world, were circumstances to which she looked bravely forward, and which she met as they arose with a courage and determination all her own. Her days of distress and misfortune were, indeed, far from over when she made her first essay in letters. Her eldest brother died soon after at sea; then her father pined gradually, and also passed away; and, finally, the manufactory failed, and left the family almost penniless. Another sorrow, perhaps the keenest of all, overtook her before she had launched fairly forth on her new pursuit. A young man had formed an attachment to her, which she seems to have fully reciprocated. Supposing her family to be well-to-do, and he himself being poor, he had refrained from making a proposal. But when their property disappeared in the maelstrom of the failure, he sought her hand, and they became engaged. Miss Martineau, however, was rather distressed than happy at this event. Her deafness, her feebleness of constitution, her "entangled state of mind," made her fear that she might fail in securing his happiness. As she was deliberating this, her affianced suddenly became insane, and, after a long illness, he, too, died.

Miss Martineau says of this, her only love-episode, that "it was happiest for both of us that our union was prevented by any means. . . . The beauty of his goodness remains to me," she adds, "clear of all painful regrets. I am, in truth, thankful for not having married at all. If I had had a husband dependent on me for his happiness, the responsibility would have made me wretched. I had not faith in myself to endure avoidable responsibility. If my husband had not depended on me for his happiness, I should have been jealous."

Happily, she had already acquired skill and experience in writing for the press before poverty suddenly overtook the family. She had written "Devotional Exercises" and a number of tales, despite the ails and illnesses which had not ceased torturing her; had continued her contributions to the *Repository*, writing for it fifty-two articles in a year for fifteen pounds; and had completed a longer story, called "Principle and Practice;" working with prodigious industry, and meanwhile learning somewhat of the business aspects and mishaps of literature. She was now thrown upon the resources of her pen for subsistence; but, though sick and ill at ease with the world, she set about her work with renewed zeal. Her first triumph was her success in competing for the three prizes offered by the Unitarian Association for essays addressed to Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans. The amount thus gained, forty-five pounds, was small, but the reputation won was well worth having. She began to sketch out the plan of what was to be her "Political-Economy Series," and, when she had matured it, went to London to secure a publisher. Now began a bitter experience of the trials of a young and almost unknown author. She went from publisher to publisher, only to meet everywhere polite excuses and mortifying rebuffs. The publishers were afraid of the project. At last she secured

terms that were hard enough, indeed, but were at least better than nothing; and the "Political-Economy Series," which consisted of tales designed to illustrate the principles of that science, was issued, and then she reaped the reward of all her trials, discouragements, and seemingly fruitless labor. The series proved an unequivocal success; publishers and societies vied with each other to obtain the aid of her pen; the reviews and papers sang paeans in praise of the books; they were translated on the Continent, and spread broadcast through Europe and America; and she was famous.

We have not space to follow in detail her remarkable career as a writer, or to enumerate the many productions which she gave to the world, and some of which seem likely to endure as standard works. Only a glimpse here and there of her literary career and personal life and character can be given. "My life," she says, "began with winter, burst suddenly into summer, and is now ending with autumn, mild and sunny. I have had no spring, but that cannot be helped now." The celebrity attained by the "Political-Economy Series" was the sudden bursting of summer; and she now found it necessary to settle herself to work in London, the centre and focus of English letters, as of English politics and commerce. She went into lodgings "up two pair of stairs" in Conduit Street; and when, on summer mornings, she made her coffee at seven o'clock, "and sat down to my work, with the large windows open, the sun-blinds down, the street fresh-watered, and the flower-girls' baskets visible from my seat," she was probably as happy as ever during her long and checkered life. Excepting for the necessity of earning a subsistence, Harriet Martineau had, if we may believe her own words, no pecuniary or even ambitious purpose in entering upon a literary career. "Authorship," she says, "has never been with me a matter of choice. I have not done it for amusement, or for money, or for fame, or for any reason but because I could not help it. Things were pressing to be said; and there was more or less evidence that I was the person to say them." Neither was she ambitious to be lionized and flattered, and made the object of social distinction. The first two she avoided; and the brilliant society which sought her out, when her reputation had become established, was by no means warmly encouraged in its advances, though she appreciated the opportunity she now had of communion with many of the best minds of the age. Her custom was to work steadily from breakfast, which she took at seven, till two; she staid at home from two to four, to receive any one who called; and, after this reception was over, she went out for an hour's stroll, "returning in time to dress and read the newspaper before the carriage came—somebody's carriage being always sent—to take me out to dinner. An evening visit or two closed the day's engagements."

It is always interesting to learn the ways in which different authors do their work; and a word or two may be said of Miss Martineau's method of composition. After her earliest efforts, she never copied

her writings, and rarely revised or corrected them. She believed in Cobbett's maxim, that an author should first know what he wants to say, and then say it in the first words that occur to him. "It seemed clear to me," she says, "that distinctness and precision must be lost if alterations were made in a different state of mind from that which suggested the first utterance." Miss Martineau never waited for inspiration and congenial moods in which to write. Her view of the literary vocation was eminently practical and business-like. "I am confident," she declares, "that intellectual industry and punctuality are as practicable as industry and punctuality in any other direction. I have suffered, like other writers, from indolence, irresolution, distaste for my work, absence of 'inspiration,' and all that; but I have also found that, sitting down, however reluctantly, with the pen in my hand, I have never worked for a quarter of an hour without finding myself in full trim." She never passed a day without writing, and this was almost always done in the morning.

It was in 1834, when her fame was at its meridian height, that, accepting the advice of Lord Henley, Miss Martineau came to the United States. Of her adventurous travels in this country, which took place amid the feverish excitements of the early abolition agitation, there is not space to speak; suffice it to say that her own antislavery views, expressed in her works before she came, rendered her an object of interest and attention in both sections of the Union, and gave rise to peril and disturbance, which she braved with a masculine indifference in more than one locality.

It remains to snatch here and there an etching of the famous men and women whom she met and knew during her long career, and all of whom she depicts with a free candor and piquancy seldom found in books of this sort. Her judgments of her contemporaries were oftener severe than flattering, sometimes harsh and palpably unjust. They are uttered with a plainness of speech and a calm dogmatism which respect no person, and do not even distinguish between the living and the dead. Greville himself was not more free with his uncomplimentary epithets applied to kings and princes than Miss Martineau in dealing with her famous acquaintances. Not seldom her personal prejudices and pique evidently color the portrait with darker tinges. Because she had been "cut up" by the *Quarterly*, she refused to meet Croker; because a sarcastic poem had appeared in the *Times*, she refused an introduction to Tom Moore. In her estimate of eminent Americans, her praises are mostly confined to the small group of leading abolitionists with whom she sympathized in opinion. Edward Everett had "neither courage nor conscience," and was "a man of powers without principle, and of knowledge without wisdom;" vain, scorned by the many, pitied by the few. Clay was insincere, though warm and enthusiastic. Webster was dishonest and affected; Willis was a prig. But her chapters on America are the least satisfactory portion of her book. When here, although a guest in the country, she thought it prop-

er to take open part in the political contests, by identifying herself with the abolition cause; and it is obvious how her prejudices and convictions lend asperity to her criticisms and censures of the men opposed to this movement.

Despite her tendency to harshly unfavorable criticism, perhaps because of it, her descriptions of celebrities have not been excelled in vividness of portraiture by any recent autobiographer. Her reputation gained, she speedily made a very wide circle of eminent acquaintances. Among them were statesmen like Brougham, Canning, Durham, Lansdowne, and Russell; poets like Coleridge, Rogers, Campbell, Wordsworth, Southey, the Brownings, and Milnes; novelists like Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Miss Edgeworth, and the Howitts; historians like Macaulay, Hallam, Knight, and Milman; philosophers and essayists like Carlyle, Malthus, Mill, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Somerville, Sydney Smith, and Jeffrey; actors like Macready and the Kembles; and artists like Turner, Landseer, Chantrey, and Eastlake.

One of her first acquaintances of note was Lord Brougham, then chancellor, with whom she came in contact on a subject mutually congenial—that of the poor-laws. She very soon found much to dislike and very little to like in the highest judicial dignitary of the crown. She observed that Brougham was nervous and thin-skinned; dressed in black from top to toe, and with no brightness of color to relieve "the combined gloom of his dress and complexion." He talked and ate fast, "stretching out his long arm for any dish he had a mind to, and getting hold of the largest spoons, which would dispatch the most work in the shortest time." His manners toward women were awkward and bad, and he seemed ill at ease with them; and Miss Martineau's general impression of him, on meeting him for the first time at table, was that "no man who conducted himself as he did that day could be sane and sober." Her first and only experience of Tom Moore was an amusing one. "A ribald song, addressed to me," had appeared in the *Times*, and was generally attributed to the tuneful little Hibernian. Soon after Miss Martineau was at a party where Moore also was. He asked the host to present him to her, and "stood within ear-shot waiting for his introduction." She plainly told the host that if Moore was the author of the "ribald song," as was generally supposed, she must refuse the honor. The host took Moore out of the room for a few moments. When they returned, Moore, instead of coming up to be introduced, slipped off to the piano, and began to play and sing some of his songs; then "he screened his little person behind a lady's harp, and all the time she was playing he was studying me through his eye-glass." She afterward learned that he went off the same evening to another party, where he excused himself for being late on the ground that "he had been singing songs to Harriet Martineau." He added that Miss Martineau had asked to be introduced to him, and had then declined. For Coleridge, whom she met in her old age, Miss Martineau has many strictures; she evidently did not believe in the rhapsodical sage of

High Gate. She thought he must be laughing in his sleeve when writing some of his sounding treatises, and judged him to be irreverent and vain. "If Coleridge is remembered," she remarks, oracularly, "it will be as a warning." When she first saw him he was "a remarkable-looking personage as he slowly approached and greeted me. He looked very old, with his rounded shoulders and drooping head, and excessively thin limbs. His eyes were as wonderful as they were ever represented to be; light gray, exceedingly prominent, and actually glittering. His onset amused me not a little;" for he began with her a long metaphysical argument, which, as usual, he monopolized. Miss Martineau compares him to Babbage's talking-machine, for, while he lacked will or conscientiousness, he had "prodigious word-power."

Her acquaintance with Sydney Smith must have been one of the most charming of her social experiences in London; for, though she devoted her thoughts and labors to subjects the most serious, she had an ample appreciation of the hearty prebend's overflowing wit. He called on Miss Martineau at her lodgings; "he came and sat down, broad and comfortable, in the middle of my sofa, with his hands on his stick, as if to support himself in a vast development of voice; and then he began like the great bell of St. Paul's, making me start at the first stroke." Of his wit, Miss Martineau agrees with almost every writer who has left records of him—that "it was too innocent to raise an uneasy feeling." He quizzed everybody, and wounded nobody. His exclamation of Whewell, that "science is his fate, and omniscience is his foible;" and his description of Hallam, "with his mouth full of cabbage and contradiction," were very characteristic, full of the best wit, yet harmless and unpoisoned shafts.

She often met Hallam, the historian, and her account of him differs somewhat from our preconceived notions of so sober a writer. He was very social, though fond of solitary study. He was fond of good living, and one of the most inveterate gossips of the day; and gossip "he poured out with a childlike glee and innocence, which were very droll in a man who had done such things." He was rash and heedless in his talk, and once, in presence of Miss Martineau and other literary ladies, exclaimed that Mrs. —, who was not present, was the only handsome authoress living! Hallam was fond of titled people, which was a trait very repugnant to Miss Martineau; otherwise she regarded him highly.

Of the three great novelists of her time—Thackeray, Dickens, and Bulwer—she says but little, though she had met and knew them all. The first two she met on the same day, in 1851, at a dinner-party at the Bullers'. Thackeray she criticises freely. "He never can have known a good and sensible woman," she says. "He has said more, and effectually, about snobs and snobbism, than any other man; and yet his frittered life, and his obedience to the call of the great, are the observed of all observers." But she does not stint her praise of some of his works, and she calls "Henry Esmond" the book of

the century in its department. Of Dickens, too, she is critical, although she evidently regards him more highly than Thackeray. She misses the "pure, plain daylight" in his scenery, and wishes that his personages were less unreal; but his peculiar humor is "delightful," his capacity for progress is gratifying, he has a "glowing and generous heart," and is a "virtuous and happy family man." This was in 1851, before the separation from his wife. Miss Martineau seems to have esteemed Bulwer yet more highly; yet she is very free to point out his weaknesses and shortcomings. "He seems to me," she says, "to be a woman of genius inclosed by misadventure in a man's form." But "he had insight, experience, sympathy, letters, power and grace of expression, and an irrepressible impulse to utterance and industry;" he possessed also a "friendly temper, a generous heart, excellent conversation, and (when he forgot himself) simple manners." Bulwer, when he was growing deaf, could not bear to acknowledge the infirmity; and "his ignoring of it occasioned scenes which, painful to others, must have been excessively so to a vain man like himself." She speaks of Bulwer as "on a sofa, sparkling and languishing among a set of female votaries—he and they dizzied out and perfumed."

One of her chief and most admired friends for many years was Thomas Carlyle; and the sage of Chelsea, now over eighty, as he sits in his den at No. 5 Cheyne Row, may read the free analysis which the dead authoress has left of his character, and smile or frown at the anecdotes she has related of him. He may learn that he has "a rugged face, steeped in genius;" that his moods pass suddenly "from the deepest gloom to the most reckless and genial mirth;" that "his excess of sympathy has been the master-pain of his life." Miss Martineau regards the savageness of his manner, to which all who have known him bear witness, as due to "his intolerable sympathy with the suffering." His affections are too much for him, and are "the real cause of the ferocity with which he charges himself, and astonishes others." He had, when she first knew him, a shy manner, a rapidly-changing color; slept rarely, was "wofully dyspeptic," variable in mood, and "usually miserable." She relates an anecdote which lets us still further into this, one of the strangest and most enigmatical characters in the history of letters. "I remember," she says, "being puzzled for a long while as to whether Carlyle did or did not care for fame. One day I was dining there alone. I had brought over from America twenty-five copies of his 'Sartor Resartus,' as reprinted there; and having sold them at the English price, I had some money to put into his hand. I did put it into his hand the first time; but it made him uncomfortable, and he spent it in a pair of signet-rings, for his wife and me. This would never do; so, having imported and sold a second parcel, the difficulty was what to do with the money. My friend and I found that Carlyle was ordered by his doctor weak brandy-and-water instead of wine; and we spent our few sovereigns in French brandy of the best quality, which

we carried over one evening, when going to tea. Carlyle's amusement and delight at first, and all the evening after, whenever he turned his eyes toward the long-necked bottles, showed us that we had made a good choice. He declared that he had got a reward for his labors at last; and his wife asked me to dinner, all by myself, to taste the brandy. We three sat around the fire after dinner. . . . Then Carlyle mixed a toddy, and held out a glass of his mixture to me, with 'Here—take this. It is worth all the fame in England.' But Allan Cunningham protested to Miss Martineau that all that was needed to restore Carlyle's health was "a little more fame;" and Miss Martineau observed afterward that, as his reputation increased, he grew better and better.

Her portrait of Macaulay is a graphic, though, as we might expect, a by no means monotonously flattering one. She was disgusted with his speech on the copyright bill, which she calls "nonsense." He was not a man to be relied upon; he was a brilliant speaker, but hopelessly unsound; he wanted "heart;" was a failure as a politician, and an unsurpassable failure as a legislator; his reviews ought to have abolished all confidence in his honesty, and his history is an historical romance—a "brilliant fancy-piece." In society, Macaulay appeared with "strange eyes, which seemed to look nowhere, and his full cheeks and stooping shoulders, which told of dreamy indolence; and then the torrent of words that poured out when he did speak! It did not do to invite him and Sydney Smith together."

One remarkable man, of whose personal life and character the world has been told but little, was an object of Harriet Martineau's profound admiration. This was Malthus, the author of the population doctrine which bears his name, and has made it so obnoxious to many people. "A more simple-minded, virtuous man, full of domestic affections, than Mr. Malthus, could not be found in all England." One day she asked him if the abuse with which his writings were assailed troubled his spirits. "Only just at first," he replied. "I wonder whether it ever kept you awake a minute?" "Never after the first fortnight." He was a very serene and cheerful Church-of-England clergyman, a professor in Haileybury College; he was very gentle in manner, and had an imperfect speech, owing to a defect in the palate.

Poor Tom Campbell does not appear to very good advantage in these pages. One day he came in and sat down, before a room full of people, in a rickety chair from which he had been warned. Over he toppled, against the wall, at which there was general laughter; but the poet was so mortified that he went away hastily, and never called again. "I was not very sorry," says Miss Martineau, "for his sentimentality was too soft, and his craving for praise too morbid, to let him be an agreeable companion." Moreover, he was deteriorating when she became acquainted with him; and she dreaded his calls, "because I was never quite sure whether he was sober—his irritable brain being at the mercy of

a single glass of sherry, or of a paroxysm of enthusiasm about the Poles." Far more pleasant is her description of Jeffrey, her first interview with whom was had under amusing circumstances. Jeffrey called at her lodgings with a lady friend, Mrs. Marcet. "Almost before we had well begun to talk, in burst Mrs. A——, a literary woman whose ways were well known to my mother and me. The moment she saw Lord Jeffrey, she forgot to speak to us, but so thrust herself between Lord Jeffrey and me as actually to push me backward and sit on my knee. I extricated myself as soon as possible, and left my seat." Jeffrey could not help flattering this lady, but at the same time managed to show that he wanted to talk with Miss Martineau. Jeffrey's flattery and encouragement of the weakness of vain women, she pronounces his "most conspicuous and very worst fault." His manners were somewhat artificial, of a set "company state of mind," but he had a warm heart, was frank, generous, and charitable, prone to moralizing, and thoroughly wedded by love to literature. Miss Martineau finds it difficult to forget his devotion to the fair sex, which was lavished alike on the talented and the insipid.

Macready, the actor, she seems to have greatly admired; his "sensitiveness shrouded itself within an artificial manner; but a more delightful companion could not be—not only on account of his learning and accomplishments, but of his uncompromising liberality of opinion, and his noble strain of meditative thought . . . but there was, besides the moralizing tendency, a chivalrous spirit of rare vigilance, and an unsleeping domestic tenderness and sweet beneficence, which accounted for and justified the idolatry with which he was regarded, through all trials occasioned by the irritable temper with which he manfully struggled." Miss Martineau had a less favorable idea of Charles and Fanny Kemble, whom she describes as "full of knowledge and accomplishments, of course, and experienced in all manner of social intercourse; but there seemed to be an incurable vulgarity clinging to them among all the charm of their genius, their cultivation, and their social privileges."

One of the most interesting features of the book is the descriptions and estimates by Miss Martineau of her sister authoresses. And what a host of them she knew! Mrs. Barbauld and Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Mitford, Miss Edgeworth (at least by correspondence) and Lady Mary Shepherd, Mrs. Browning and Letitia Landon, Miss Bremer and Margaret Fuller, Mrs. Opie and Mrs. Howitt, Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Marsh—these were some of the feminine talents with whom, at some time or other in her career, she came in contact. Her acquaintance with poor L. E. L. began late in the latter's career; shortly, indeed, before she sailed away with her new husband to the distant Cape Coast Castle, there speedily to meet with a sudden and mysterious death. Of her, Miss Martineau says that at first she was agreeably surprised with the charm of her voice, face, and manners. "I thought her very pretty, kind, simple, and agreeable." But the next

time she saw her, Miss Landon was "listless, absent, melancholy to a striking degree." Her account of Mrs. Barbauld, who used to drop in upon her mother and herself at Norwich, "an elderly lady in her black-silk cloak and bonnet," who insisted on holding Mrs. Martineau's skeins, and "settled herself for a long morning chat," is very pleasing. She had a "gentle, lively voice," and there was "the stamp of superiority on all she said." She was learned, and graceful, playful, kindly, womanly; and a heroine in her martyrdom, after her husband became insane, in exposing herself to his violence. "I still think her," adds Miss Martineau, "one of the first writers in our language, and the best example we have of the benefits of a sound classical education to a woman."

In 1849 she received a call from that strange and brilliant genius, Charlotte Brontë. When her visitor came in, "I thought her the smallest creature I had ever seen, and her eyes blazed, as it seemed to me. She glanced quickly round, and my (ear) trumpet pointing me out, she held out her hand frankly and pleasantly." But the unhappy young authoress, in an unfortunate moment, begged Miss Martineau to criticise her forthcoming book, "*Villette*;" which she did by letter in so severe a manner, that the timid and crushed Charlotte could not summon courage to go and see her again for a long time. Miss Martineau thought her upright, conscientious, humble, candid, and self-reliant, but surrounded by circumstances unfortunate both for her physical and mental health, and thence morbid. "She was not only unspoiled by her sudden and prodigious fame, but obviously unspoilable. She was somewhat amused by her fame, but oftener annoyed; at least, when obliged to come out in the world to meet it, instead of its reaching her in her secluded home in the wilds of Yorkshire."

In Mrs. Mary Somerville, who died a year or two ago at over ninety, Miss Martineau naturally found a congenial friend; for, like herself, Mrs. Somerville was engaged on profound and serious literary work. Despite her proclivity to deep mathematics, however, Mrs. Somerville was "always well dressed, and thoroughly womanly in her conversation and manners." Her erudite pursuits did not prevent her from being entirely feminine in her skill in and care for domestic matters. "It was delightful to go to tea at her house in Chelsea, and find everything in order and beauty; the walls hung with her fine drawings; her music in the corner, and her tea-table spread with good things. In the midst of these household elegancies, Dr. Somerville one evening pulled open a series of drawers, to find something he wanted to show me. As he shut one after another, I ventured to ask what those strange things were which filled every drawer. 'Oh, they are only Mrs. Somerville's diplomas,' said he, with a droll look of pride and amusement."

Miss Martineau's descriptions of Joanna Bailie, Miss Mitford, and Miss Edgeworth, are equally pleasant; and we rise from the book with the feeling that she was disposed to criticise the celebrities of her own sex more gently than those of the other.

We have only been able to catch here and there a glimpse of the famous people with whom Miss Martineau was so long familiar, and among whom she was so freely admitted as an equal and an ornament. It must suffice to say that, in all her long list of works, for the most part works of learning and disputation and didactics, she has produced nothing, either in substance or literary manner, which will be so generally read, or so long read, as her autobiography.

HANS AND FRITZ.

HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived side by side,

Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride;

With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were spent,

And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Geld*—as they say—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan,
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking—his own simple language to quote—
"Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way—
"I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day"—

When the question arose, the note being made,
"Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You geepts dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans: "Dot ish so;
Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money some day."

A month had expired when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies, "Yaw;
Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?"

"I geepts dot, now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den, you
see,

I always remempers you baid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so, it vos now shust so blain
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ON all sides now we hear of household and decorative art. It is one of the forms in which color has revived—in which a long-dormant passion for art and beauty has awakened and taken possession of us. Why a cloud came over the race and for so many decades obscured its sense of color and of splendor, we cannot now inquire; but it is certain that the old mediæval delight in form, and light and shadow, and pomp, has come back to us—with many modifications, of course, but with much of its old sense of beauty for beauty's sake. It is curious to watch and see the manifestations of this latest renaissance. A whole new literature has grown out of it; new armies of artisans have been marshaled as its servants; and even new, or rather revived, sets of rules have been formulated. "It is against my principles," replied an artisan, upon being asked by one not within the radius of the new light to make for him a certain ornament for a bookcase. "Your principles!" exclaimed the astonished applicant; "why, have you principles?" "Assuredly," replied the disciple of Eastlake and Morris; "it is my rule never to construct ornament—I only ornament construction." And in this way the artisans, mastered by the new passion, deeply read in Owen Jones, disciples at the feet of Eastlake, Clarence Cook, and Eliott, filled, no doubt, with Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light," are banishing from our apartments ugly forms and bare walls, overthrowing white paint and colorless washes of all sorts, and overwhelming us with the charm of their studies of colors, their *ensemble* of sumptuous effects, their transformation of dull rooms into paradises of beauty.

It must be remembered that we are speaking of the true artists in the new passion for interior decoration. Bad art and bad taste have come forward, as well as good art and good taste: we see everywhere frescoes that have no excuse for their being, wall-papers and carpets that outrage every known æsthetic principle, and furniture that is written down from top to foot as the product of vulgar souls. But there is improvement, nevertheless, even with the mob of workers. Better designs in furniture appear in the shops; there are really good wall-papers to be found—and perhaps carpets, too, but here one must search far for good artistic design. Here and there one finds a truly exquisitely furnished and decorated room; and everywhere there are attempts made to wed Art and Beauty to the places where we abide.

One noticeable outcome of this new passion is the attention given it by some of the very best of our artists. This, we all know, is only a revival, for the greatest of mediæval artists adorned the ceilings of chapels and public buildings; but what more healthful sign could there be than that the artists of to-day accept the example of the great masters, and recognize the spaces of our churches and houses as a fit field for the employment of their skill? Mr. La Farge has decorated the new Trinity Church of Boston, and after this example we

may be sure that churches elsewhere will not hereafter fall exclusively into the hands of plasterers and daubers. Knowledge, culture, and thought, rather than the mere stereotyped examples of the workshops, will assert their supremacy here as well as in other directions of art-expression.

We observe that in England noted artists undertake even the decoration of parlors and dining-rooms. Recent accounts have been published of a London dining-room decorated by Whistler, the artist, which give a striking picture of a design that is at least original, whatever else may be thought of it—having for colors only blue and gold, and the design being drawn solely from the eye and plumage of the peacock. The description of this remarkable room has appeared in the newspapers, so we will not fully repeat it here; suffice it to say that there are but two patterns in the design, which, however, are so varied that they seem like a dozen; that the groundwork of the ceiling is gold, upon which the eye of the bird is reproduced in different arrangements in blue alternating with patterns from the breast-feathers; that the cove and dado are similarly treated, while the wall-surface is lined with leather, colored deep blue, where the eye and plumage of the bird reappear in gold; then the surface of the walls is broken by brackets and shelves for the display of china. This oppresses one somewhat with an excess of gorgeous effect, and suggests the wonder whether all this splendor would be quite the thing when the room is filled with gay dinner-parties, the ladies resplendent in many-colored silks. Should not, we may ask, Mr. Whistler have made his walls the background for this display, rather than a competing display on its own part? If it is accepted that the decoration of a room is to be a beauty in itself, and not a foil for other beauties, then his "harmony in blue and gold" is of course all right; but if pictures are to hang on the wall, if objects of art are to be gathered there, if beautiful women are to assemble within the radiant inclosure, then the blue and the gold will cease to be a "harmony." Our artists are right enough in bringing fresh designs into their decorative work; but they must recollect that they are not when decorating a room painting a picture, but rather the background for one. They may at first be unwilling to subordinate their skill to the practical purposes of an apartment; and yet, after all, will not their skill in the end seem the higher when it shows that all the conditions have been foreseen and comprehended?

HARRIET MARTINEAU declares, in her autobiography, that the creating of plot in fiction is a task beyond human faculty. This power, she thinks, is the same as that of prophecy: "that is, if all human action is" (as we know it to be) "the inevitable result of antecedents, all the antecedents must be thoroughly comprehended in order to discern the inevitable catastrophe. A mind

which can do this must be in the nature of things a prophetic mind, in the strictest sense; and no human mind is that." She goes on to assert that the only thing to be done is to derive plot from actual life, as everybody knows the best plots have been. Shakespeare's were; Scott's best plot ("The Bride of Lammermoor") was; Boccaccio's stories were undoubtedly derived from old narratives or from life before his eyes; and plot-making, such as it is, is often the gift of inferior writers. Dickens, she affirms, could not invent a plot—nor Bulwer—nor Douglas Jerrold—nor perhaps Thackeray—"while Fanny Kemble's forgotten 'Francis I,' written in her teens, contains mines of plot, sufficient to furnish a groundwork for a score of fine fictions." She describes how, in preparing one of her early economic tales, "Berkley the Banker," she sat over her materials for two days from seven in the morning until two the next morning, with an interval of only twenty minutes for dinner, and after all was obliged to have recourse to some facts of the financial crisis of 1825, and to those facts the story mainly owed its success.

Writers ambitious for success in fiction will be apt to derive a vast deal of comfort from these utterances. The difficulty of plot-making has doubtless kept many persons of brilliant imagination from the field of novel-writing; it was always a weight upon Washington Irving; it has kept writers like Ik Marvel and Warner hovering on the verge of story-writing in the form of the dramatic essay; it is peculiarly the deficiency of American novelists. But it must not be hastily assumed that, because original plots are impossible, it only remains for a writer to bring together facts and characters in real life in order to execute a novel. Somebody has said that to combine in Nature is to produce in art. A novel-writer, however much he may depend upon actual facts for his groundwork, must in one sense, after all, invent his plot—that is, he must create the grouping and the arrangement; he must, by means of his imaginative power, give a freshness and vitality to the picture. A novel is not really original by the mere facts of the story, but by the treatment of them—by the atmosphere, so to speak, in which they are enveloped, by the manner in which the characters are depicted and grouped, by the artistic coloring, by the light and shade—just as one painter may make the Crucifixion conventional and commonplace, and another give to the familiar incident original force and expression. These results are the highest tax upon the mental powers of a writer; and the reason why inferior writers are often good at mere plot-making is because it is purely a mechanical talent, a sort of puzzle-making, the faculty for which may be rare, but which is none the less far from being a high one. Mere plot, moreover, is never a satisfying quality in romance; none of the works that endure are famous for the story they have to tell, but rather for the character-painting and the manner in which the story is told. In almost every instance an intricate story holds the attention of the reader only so long as the puzzle is unsolved; the moment the mystery is known, the novel is as empty of interest as an old riddle. It is

thus obvious that writers are not going to produce successful books by adopting the idea that as original plot is impossible it is not therefore to be attempted, and that all one has to do is to borrow from history or experience a group of facts in order to construct an acceptable romance.

We doubt if there could be a better test of a writer's real inventive power than for him to take a plot already existing and re-place it—holding to the mere story, but transferring it to a different period, a different *locale*, and giving different characteristics to the persons of the story. If a writer could do this, and produce an impression of freshness—if he could give to the work a different atmosphere, a fresh tone, an individuality of its own—he would really show a high order of imagination and even invention, because he would have to perform the difficult feat of banishing from his mind old impressions, of forgetting what had been done, and clearing his mental tablet of hues and colors which we all know are apt to be so tenacious. It would be a curious and interesting experiment, and perhaps some of our ingenious writers may be prompted to make it.

MR. GEORGE ODGER, who died several weeks ago in London, was a rare example of a working-man who rose to be a political leader of working-men. A shoemaker by trade, he continued to work at his bench to the last, and went from it, with hands red and big with labor, to assemblages where he was welcomed as a chief and guide, and his influence over which made him a power throughout England. Yet, strange to say, his leadership brought to himself no personal advancement. Other champions of laboring-men pushed forward, were elected to Parliament, and got judgeships. Odger stood for Parliament three times—once in Southwark, where the working-men are in a large majority—and each time came out at the bottom of the poll. The truth is, the lower classes almost invariably prefer, and in places where they have power lend their aid in advancing, men of a higher social rank than themselves. The most successful advocates and tribunes of "the people" are noblemen like Lafayette, Mirabeau, and Rochefort; men of wealth like Grote, Bright, and Raspail; men of learning like Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Sir Charles Dilke, John Morley, Professor Fawcett, and Sir Francis Burdett. Popular parties in this country have almost always chosen such men for leadership; and in England, as is pointed out by a recent English writer, "Mr. Gladstone might be called the first commoner who led the popular party." Perhaps the reason why Odger was not supported more heartily by his own class was a feeling of jealousy, the want of that respect which, in a country with ancient social institutions like those of England, that class feels for social superiors. Radicalism has always been a pet hobby with young English nobles just out of the university, as well as with titled Frenchmen of an older growth. Once, at least, the latter found it a fatal hobby when they encouraged the propagation of "the gospel according to Jean Jacques," honored the encyclopedists, and

paid dangerous homage to Voltaire. In this country, working-men, rising to the rank of what is called "self-made men," have often attained the highest honors and dignities of the republic; but it has been after they have long left their benches, ploughs, and anvils far behind them, and have grown out of the stress of manual labor. It is very rare that a man is taken directly from such occupations to be put into important posts; and we can scarcely wonder, perhaps, that, even after the concession of household suffrage, such men do not succeed in becoming mayors, or getting into Parliament, in custom-bound England.

THE reader who has perused the article elsewhere in the JOURNAL discussing and explaining the laws of social ceremonial in Paris may be pleased to know that these rigid rules of fashionable intercourse have been published in a "Code Cérémonial" by the Countess de Bassanville, an elderly lady of fashion who has been regarded in Paris for many years as an unquestioned authority in the somewhat complicated art of *savoir vivre*. No *grande dame* is without the daintily-printed volume, which is as familiar a *vade mecum* in the aristocratic boudoir of Paris as Burke's "Peerage" is in the drawing-rooms of the West End at London. But, unhappily, despite the wide circulation and general acceptance of the "Code Cérémonial," Madame de Bassanville has to complain in her old age of what she regards as a serious decline of good manners. The French, she avers, are becoming Anglicized; and the French ladies in particular are betraying deplorable symptoms of falling away from the graces of the old school. They are too often guilty of "a want of common politeness toward the male sex." How rare it is, the countess mourns, in these degenerate days, to see even well-bred ladies "respond by a slight inclination of the head to the politeness of a man who makes way for them either on the street or on a crowded staircase!" How quickly their courtesy vanishes when a man unluckily treads on their trailing folds! The countess is persuaded that only a revival or crusade to preserve good manners can save the delicate and complicated fabric of French society; and that this revival should begin with the gentler sex. Perhaps there is some justice in her feeling lament; yet, it is possible that, disciple as she is of the old school, she may mistake the decline of ceremony and elaborate etiquette for that of good manners.

Social forms, like political and theological ones, seem in these days to be tending to simplicity. There are less stately courtesy, less bowing and scraping, less formality of posture and address; yet that kindness which is the basis of true outward courtesy has probably become more rather than less general with the advance of civilization. A hundred years ago boys at school wrote to their fathers as "My respected parent," or "Respected sir;" now they write "My dear papa." There are more familiarity and freedom of social intercourse; but with the pomposity of the old-time ceremonial we do not believe its consideration for the feelings and comforts of others is alto-

gether vanishing. That old-time pomposity had its ridiculous as well as its useful side; often it defeated its own proper purpose; and we certainly cannot blame the Frenchman of to-day if he is less painfully polite than those ancestors of his who, at one of Marlborough's battles, went to the chivalrous length of begging "Messieurs les Anglais" to fire first. The fact is, that true politeness, which is born of consideration and kindness, is as intuitive in intelligent people as the sense of right and wrong; and it is, perhaps, none the less politeness because unaccompanied by the code-imposed flourish which the old-school ceremonial was wont stringently to enjoin upon the frequenters of the French *haut monde*.

A WORTHY and somewhat sanguine legislator has introduced into the French Senate a measure intended to abolish dueling; not heeding, or perhaps forgetting, the fact that the same attempt has been made under every régime in France during the present century. The first Napoleon, in all his glory and power, could not abolish dueling even in the army, ruled as it was with an iron hand; not though he threatened to reduce to the ranks every officer who practised the code of honor. The philosophers and *savants* who were the statesmen of Louis Philippe's reign in vain racked their subtle brains for an adequate remedy for this evil; and Napoleon III. tried the experiment with no better success than his uncle. Dueling, with duellists, is a sort of higher law; and the prosaic laws which send injured honor to courts of justice in pursuit of a pecuniary retribution are ignored by these gentlemen of the code with a chivalrous contempt. At the very time that the hopeful senator of whom we speak was haranguing in favor of his remedy, an eminent member of the other Chamber of the French Parliament, an eloquent orator and a marquis, was sending a challenge to a journalist who had affronted him with a too stinging satire; and another Frenchman and marquis, a young man of learning, and distinguished as an explorer—the Marquis de Compiègne—was being shot dead in a duel at Cairo, on account of a petty quarrel over the action of a geographical society. In the first case, surprising to say, the challenged journalist had the courage to decline to fight, and that on the proper ground that his criticism had been on "a recorded fact concerning a public man," and that to accept the challenge would be to fetter the right of comment on the part of the press. This journalist condemns himself to be out of fashion, and probably to incur the contempt of his fellow-journalists; but he has set an example which ought to go further than any statute toward putting an end to murder by duel. The young Marquis de Castellane, whom he criticised, is one of the finest speakers and most zealous Legitimists in France; but, by a strange freak of Nature, he who can aid in shaping the destinies of the nation, and hold assemblies rapt by the eloquence of his tongue, is quite incompetent—so has decided one of the highest courts—to manage his own property, or to control his expenditures; and so the court has appointed trustees, or guardians, to gather his revenue, and dole it out

to him as they see fit. The journalist's offense was, that he asked whether a man who could not take care of his own affairs was fit to have charge of those of France. This, if an impertinent, seems a pertinent question also; and the marquis only added one more proof of folly by asking the privilege of running the critic through the body. Dueling is probably destined to die out gradually in France and the other Latin countries with increasing intelligence, as it has already done in England and America, and to a large extent in Germany and Russia.

The blue-glass mania has scarcely shown signs of subsidence ere another claimant as a cure-all is waiting its turn for the suffrages of the thousands who indulge in an excess of faith and credulity. No doubt a little industrious advertising will make as many converts to its marvelous powers as a health-restorer as has been done with blue glass, provided those interested are as shrewd as the glaziers. This new health-restorer is—heed it, O incredulous reader!—the delightful vegetable that garnishes our winter dinner-table under the name of *celery*. That men of good appetites and good digestion delight in this sweet, crisp, and juicy stalk—the tender white heart of the plant being the portion that the true epicure craves, and munches with infinite pleasure—all the world knows; and that would-be wiseacres shake their heads at the inviting dish, and in strange delusion pronounce it indigestible, all of us have painfully witnessed; but few have supposed, we imagine, that the much-prized plant has wonderful curative properties. Many readers will be surprised to learn that persons affected by nervousness, even when so seriously afflicted that “their hands shake like aspen-leaves,” have, by a moderate daily use of the blanched foot-stalks of celery as a salad, become as strong and as steady in the limbs as other people—so a writer on the subject affirms; and not only extreme nervousness has been thus cured, we are gravely told, but palpitation of the heart has been effectually arrested by its use. Now let the gardeners emulate the glaziers, and hire some ingenious newspaper-men to set stories afloat as to all the wonders of the celery-cure. Nervousness is so wide-spread an affliction in our modern high-pressure civilization that the patients will count by tens of thousands. Celery as a “relish” before soup; celery as a salad after meat; celery and cheese as dessert; celery-luncheons; celery-salad as a light late supper; celery plain or dressed for gentlemen whose nerves are ante-breakfast cocktails; celery-chewing parties by young ladies and gentlemen; celery in a hundred ways, and on every possible occasion, is now sure to be the fashion. We hear, indeed, of a druggist who draws from a soda-fountain a hot extract of celery, mixed with meat-extract, and serves the compound to waiting scores, who partake, and depart with nerves steadied and hearts fortified thereby. When the full wave of the mania rises, there will assuredly be “a corner” in celery. We shall soon hear of enormous consumption, and the struggles of the gardeners to meet the new demand; celery-beds will be widened and extended; town amateurs will

be for converting back-yards into space for the growth of the plant, and breathlessly studying gardener's hand-books as to method and manner of cultivation; so that by the time of the next autumn harvest-season all the world will be either raising or consuming the delectable plant, or else waiting and yearning for the next cure-all.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, who has recently been abroad, and who has set down certain of the experiences purchased by his “penny of observation” in an article entitled “English Traits,” makes a few affirmations which, while contrary to general opinion, accurately accord with the facts as we have seen them. They refer to the comparative physical condition of the English and American people. Mr. White asserts that he has watched crowds of English people at theatres, festivals, churches, and railway-stations; that he knows the human physiognomy of all quarters of London, and has walked through country villages and cathedral-towns; and, as the result of this wide observation, he declares that “the men and women are generally smaller and less robust than ours, and, above all, that the women are, on the whole, sparer and less blooming than ours.” He thinks there are more very ruddy people in England, but that delicately-graduated bloom is not very common, while the proportion of people without color in their cheeks is nearly the same as here. Now, we also, unwilling to let a vague impression go for truth in this matter, have stood and purposely watched crowds of people at English railway-stations—wherever, indeed, there were gatherings of men and women—and could but feel that, compared with similar assemblages here, the physical difference was but slight. But Mr. White dwells upon another point that we also noted, although the descriptive phrase he uses is his own. He speaks of the superior “set-up” of the men—meaning, of course, their carriage and bearing. This, he tells us, “appears in a marked degree in all military persons, rank and file as well as officers, and in the police force, which are, on the whole, inferior in stature and bulk to ours, but far superior in appearance, owing to the ‘set-up’ of the men, and the way in which they carry themselves.” This “set-up” is not alone, according to our observation, confined to drilled bodies of men. Mr. White must have noticed what a superior body, in appearance and carriage, the omnibus-drivers and hackmen are to ours. The London omnibus-drivers are no such ragged and slovenly vagabonds as those who make unsightly the Broadway stage (by way of compensation, the New York vehicle is much superior). They are generally well clothed, often wearing a “high hat,” that stamp of respectability in England, and they sit on their boxes with the dignity and upright carriage that here we never see, except on the box of a private carriage. Whether omnibus-drivers there are subject to any form of drill or discipline, we cannot say; if not, then they must be animated by greater pride and self-respect than ours are. Similar facts may be observed with English railway-officials, especially with the guards and porters, who are

always trim, neat, cleanly "set-up" men, prompt to serve, but always commanding respect. This is not a slight matter. If the habits of American life tend to make men slothful and negligent, if they encourage the spirit of the loafer and the vagabond (and the recent rapid multiplication of tramps would seem to confirm it), it behooves us to look well and see whence may come the remedy, and how to apply it. The good effect of

uniforms in dress upon the *morale* of men has often been observed. We see, therefore, one way in which, in large bodies of men, the evil mentioned can be partly remedied. Conductors on city cars, for instance, just as they are now on the steam lines, might be put in uniform: in all other cases where it is practicable this should be done, as one step toward counteracting an evil tendency of a very serious nature.

New Books.

IT is not surprising that the announcement that the late William Henry Seward had left an autobiography behind him awakened a profound and wide-spread interest. Few of our public men who grew up, so to speak, with the issues that culminated in the civil war, and who acted an influential part in that soul-stirring tragedy, could have done more than he to vivify and vitalize the record of that most eventful period in American history; and it was universally felt that if he should fairly meet the demands of autobiography for frankness and candor he would reveal many things essential to a thorough understanding of that history, and which would otherwise probably remain forever obscure. That Mr. Seward would have practised this frankness and sincerity in dealing with his own career is sufficiently indicated by the fragment of autobiography which fills the first hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Frederick W. Seward's life of his father,¹ but unfortunately it is only a fragment, and carries the record no farther than the opening of his political career in 1834. This is unquestionably a great misfortune, and the sense of loss is increased by reading what was actually written; but it is mitigated as far as possible by the system upon which the biographer has prepared his memoir, which consists to a very great extent of extracts from Seward's public and private correspondence. These letters (written chiefly to his wife and Thurlow Weed) are so numerous and consecutive as to partake largely of the character of a journal, and the copiousness of the materials which they furnish may be inferred from the fact that a closely-printed octavo volume of more than eight hundred pages completes the narrative only to the year 1846.

As to the import of the work, there can be no doubt that it will do much to clarify and extend the fame of one whose name is already inseparably linked with the history of his country. While he was yet living, and especially during his later years, the current impression of Seward was that, if not exactly a time-server, he was prone to subordinate principles to policy, and to take his cue from what he regarded as the *vox populi* of the moment; but the one surprising feature of the autobiography is the conclusiveness with which it proves that at an age when most young men have hardly begun to reflect upon politics at all he had already formulated and adopted those principles which it is now easy to see guided and characterized his entire career, and no one can read impartially the autobiography, memoir, and letters, as here presented, without being convinced that that career was one of exceptional consistency and fidelity. Looking back now, it is not difficult to comprehend how, in a period of unprecedented turmoil and fluctuation of opinion, this very

consistency of principle and purpose would make him appear a weathercock to men whose own standpoint was incessantly shifting. Many who were his bitterest opponents at one time found themselves in complete accord with him at another, and they naturally inferred that it was *he* that had changed, and not they; but we who have survived the political maelstrom can now realize that Seward was one of the few American statesmen who were not engulfed in its swirling eddies, and that the same convictions of public duty which divided him from the abolitionists before the war alienated him after it from the extreme Republicans, whose temporary dominance in political affairs made it appear as if in his closing years he had forfeited the confidence of the country, and lost recognition as one of its leaders.

It is not merely in his capacity of statesman, however, that this biography will enhance the popular estimate of Seward. It is always agreeable to find that the private life of a man who has played a great part on the stage of national affairs is in harmony with his public character, and his letters (written without the faintest idea of publication, and singularly free from all disguises and affectations) show that Seward's lofty ideal of public duty was but the reflection and counterpart of what he exhibited in all the relations of private life. Of perfect integrity both in speech and action, and scrupulously exact in the discharge of all obligations expressed or implied, he was generous to a fault in all that concerned his own interests, impulsive in affection but temperate in anger, warm and faithful in his friendships, inflexibly firm where he believed himself right but never aggressive or truculent, entirely exempt from the petty susceptibilities and animosities which so often mar and embitter political life, lavish in hospitality, and if not, strictly speaking, a "domestic" man—he was far too busy for that—yet an affectionate husband and kind father. Such is the character portrayed by the letters, and if such free use of private correspondence is sometimes to be deprecated, in Seward's case it can be productive of nothing but good, and in fact is but the closest possible approach to the autobiography which he had hardly begun before death put an end to his labors.

THE growing popular interest in what is called household art, and the consequent demand for instruction on the subject, are sure to evoke numerous attempts to "educate the public taste;" and the "Art-at-Home Series" is doubtless but the precursor of a prolific species of literature of which Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste" furnished the prototype and model. The object of the series is professedly to provide persons of moderate means with such information and suggestions as will enable them to furnish and adorn their homes in accordance with sound artistic principles; and the first two volumes enable us to discover in what spirit and to what extent

¹ Autobiography of William H. Seward from 1801 to 1834. With a Memoir of his Life, and Selections from his Letters from 1831 to 1846. By Frederick W. Seward. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 822.

this aim will be carried out. The first volume, "A Plea for Art in the House,"¹ by Mr. W. J. Loftie, editor of the series, is of a hortatory and argumentative character, and undertakes to prove by precept and example that "collecting" not only exercises a civilizing effect upon taste, and affords valuable training to the individual, the family, and the nation, but that it *pays*—pays simply as a business occupation or money investment. This certainly is an eminently practical argument, and it is emphasized and illustrated by anecdotes of persons who have bought pictures, or prints, or books, or china, and sold them at a profit amounting to two hundred, five hundred, eight hundred, and in one case to two thousand per cent. on the investment. These anecdotes are highly appetizing, and are, no doubt, perfectly true; yet Mr. Loftie would have much pecuniary loss and consequent heart-burning to answer for if his book should obtain a wide circulation. Great "finds" are now and then secured—sometimes by accident, as it were—but none the less certain is it that profitable collecting implies either exceptional luck (which cannot be relied on), or special taste and trained knowledge (the latter of which can only be acquired by experience as well as study). Mr. Loftie is doubtless aware that vastly more money has been wasted on "collections" than has ever been made by them—that where one collector has succeeded, a hundred have lost; and to present a score of such anecdotes as we have mentioned as fairly representative of the results of collecting is about as disingenuous as it would be to cite Brassey, and Meigs, and Vanderbilt, as examples of the profitableness of railroad speculation, while ignoring the multitudes who have been ruined by it. True, what the author has in mind is *intelligent* collecting, and he imparts such principles and practical hints as should save his readers from the more obvious errors of inexperience; but he does not discriminate sufficiently, and the "average person," already too prone to confide in his own judgment on aesthetic matters, will be very apt to be carried away by Mr. Loftie's idea, while forgetting its conditions and qualifications.

The second number of the series, "Suggestions for House-Decoration in Painting, Woodwork, and Furniture,"² is a much more valuable and trustworthy book. It shows too decided a partiality for one style of decoration, and descends too seldom to particulars; but it is sound and practical, and helpful as far as it goes; and, if the authors could only have convinced themselves that the public was really desirous of any information they had to impart without being argued or persuaded into it, they would probably have produced a work which would have exactly met what we have already said is a great and growing popular demand. As it is, most of their space is consumed with what, if the series has any *raison d'être* at all, is entirely superfluous matter.

Another serious defect, common to both books, is that they are adapted and written for a market wholly different from our own. The principles propounded are or should be universal, but the exemplary references are nearly always to collections, or buildings, or articles, which can only be seen in England. This is extremely confusing, for very few persons can comprehend a general principle, especially in art, without seeing its con-

crete application. The few illustrations in the volumes are very good.

In his earlier and best-known works—the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man"—Mr. Darwin may be said, in legal phrase, to have formulated the brief which in his subsequent works he has been supporting by detailed evidence drawn from the animal and vegetable kingdoms. As we remarked in our notice of the second edition of the "Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication," that voluminous work is a huge collection of material in support of the main proposition of the "Origin of Species," namely, that "individuals known to be descended from a common ancestor may be made to differ to an indefinite, or at all events to an unknown, extent;" and his newly-published work on "The Effects of Cross and Self Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom"³ fortifies the same argument with a vastly increased range of phenomena and observations. Mr. Darwin himself explains that the present work is a complement to the previously-published "Fertilization of Orchids," and aims to show that while the adaptations for cross-fertilization are perhaps more obvious in the *Orchideae* than in any other group of plants, it is an error to speak of them, as some authors have done, as an exceptional case, but that there are immense families of plants that show as perfect or nearly as perfect a structure as can be found in any orchid. Indeed, the outcome of the long series of investigations described in the work is the general law, applicable to the whole vegetable kingdom, that "cross-fertilization is generally beneficial, and self-fertilization injurious; and that this is shown by the difference in height, weight, and constitutional vigor, and fertility of offspring, from crossed as compared with that from self-fertilized flowers, and in the number of seeds produced." About three-fourths of the volume is devoted to a record of the experiments and observations, extending over eleven years, and embracing many varieties of plants, on which the author's conclusions are based, and this provides some tough work for non-scientific readers; but the concluding chapters, giving the general results, are eminently striking and attractive, and Mr. Darwin himself suggests a way by which those who are not naturalists can master the principles and methods of the work without reading its entire contents. The bearing of the facts upon the general question of evolution by descent is rather implied than insisted upon; but it is easily made out, and may be stated as follows: If all plants were self-fertilized, or if the advantages lay with self-fertilization as against cross-fertilization, species would remain absolutely fixed. With the introduction of cross-fertilization, accompanied by the fact of greater vigor and fertility in its offspring, a new and vital element is brought in, which, in fact, involves and explains the origin of species. As long as external conditions are uniform, there is no reason why a species should ever vary; but as soon as these conditions are changed, the self-fertilized plants, being the less vigorous, die out or give place to the more vigorous cross-fertilized plants, while at the same time the cross-fertilization takes place between individual plants becoming more and more variable, thus giving rise to new varieties and ultimately to new species.

How far and in what way an author should "dip down" in order to reach the level of the youthful mind,

¹ A Plea for Art in the House, with Special Reference to the Economy of collecting Works of Art, and the Importance of Taste in Education and Morals. By W. J. Loftie, B. A., F. S. A. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 16mo, pp. 100.

² Suggestions for House-Decoration in Painting, Woodwork, and Furniture. By Rhoda and Agnes Garrett. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 16mo, pp. 90.

³ The Effects of Cross and Self Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom. By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 482.

is a question which confronts the maker of text-books no less than the writer of juvenile history and fiction; and as in the one case so in the other, some solve it by adopting a sort of baby-language, carefully ignoring all the difficulties of a subject, and avoiding everything that involves sustained and consecutive thinking, while others adopt the better plan of reducing a complex subject to its simplest elements, stripping it of all side-issues and superfluous argumentation, and then requiring the child to master it in the same way that it must master all other subjects whose difficulties can neither be evaded nor ignored. In his "Introduction to Political Economy,"¹ Professor Perry has followed the latter method. "It is believed both by author and publishers," he says, "that young persons of ordinary intelligence and training, who have reached the age of fourteen years, will find no difficulty in mastering every point in these pages;" but he has not even attempted to shirk the very real perplexities and complexities with which political economy confronts young or inexperienced students, and, above all, he does not delude them with the idea that a few so-called general principles and phrases exhaust the phenomena of the science. The book, in short, offers no easy highway for beginners, but then it has the immense advantage that it lays the foundations of political economy in their whole circuit in such a way that they will never need to be disturbed afterward by persons resorting to it for their early instruction, however long and however far these persons may pursue their studies. Viewed from this standpoint, the only objection to Professor Perry's exposition is that he now and then introduces controversial and controverted topics, which are not essential, and which if they must needs be discussed should be discussed elsewhere than in an elementary text-book. The language throughout is singularly clear and simple, the practical application of the general principles is shown step by step, and the illustrations of the principles are drawn largely from recent facts and events in this country and in Europe, so that the exposition really utilizes whatever collateral knowledge is floating at the time in the minds of either readers or students. It should be added that the "Introduction" is in no sense a compendium or abridgment of the author's larger treatise, but an entirely independent work, propounding the same scientific doctrine, of course, but in simpler language and with fresh illustrations.

By many competent judges who knew him intimately, and who had watched his career from the start, the late Chauncey Wright, of Cambridge, was regarded as one of the ablest, if not the very ablest, philosophical thinker that America has produced. He obtained no wide popular recognition in his lifetime, and he died without having achieved any single work to which his friends could point as a vindication of their favorable judgment; but he discussed many of the most important problems of modern scientific research in the *North American Review* and the *Nation*, in papers which attracted the attention of scholars, both at home and abroad, by reason of the wide reach of thought, the penetrating analysis, and the large store of acquirement, which they exhibited. His best-known essay, on the "Evolution of Self-Consciousness," in which a natural explanation is given of the chief phenomena of human consciousness, is considered a real and very valuable contribution to the theory of Natural Selection; and his

defense of that theory against Mr. St. George Mivart's attack upon it in the "Genesis of Species" elicited the warm approbation of Mr. Darwin himself, at whose instance the article was republished in England. His principal writings, including the two above-mentioned papers and several fragments now published for the first time, have been collected and reissued in a volume entitled "Philosophical Discussions,"² which is prefaced with a biographical sketch of the author by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton. The papers, as a rule, are too compact of thought and too terse and exact, not to say technical, in style to attract any very wide audience; but the few who can enjoy the treatment of philosophical problems in a purely philosophical spirit and manner will get ample stimulus from the book, and will, moreover, find in it, as Mr. Norton says, "abundant evidence not only of a mind of rare power and unusual balance, but also of wide acquisitions and thorough intellectual discipline." The biographical sketch is brief, but discriminating and sufficient, and imparts a lively impression of one whose private character was as lovable as his intelligence was exalted.

THE successive issues of the "No-Name Series" crowd upon each other so rapidly that the monthly reviewer can no longer cope with them singly, but is compelled to take them in groups. "Kismet,"³ the fourth volume of the series, is evidently the outcome of a voyage up the Nile, and the author has undertaken the difficult task of combining a somewhat detailed record of travel with a love-story of the orthodox and conventional type. The plan is a plausible one, but in practice it is seldom found to work well, for the interest of the story, if it be interesting at all, is apt to render the reader impatient of the constant interpolation of descriptive interludes, even when they are good, while if the story be bad it is apt to distribute its burden over the entire book. It must be acknowledged, however, that the author of "Kismet" has managed the combination with noteworthy skill. The descriptive portions of her work are particularly striking, and one can hardly help wondering at the affluence of imagery and epithet which seems to flow from the author's pen with such apparent ease and inexhaustible copiousness. The vividness and felicitousness of the word-painting often call to mind the similar passages in "Shirley," and the only drawback to the enjoyment of it is that the monotony of the Nile scenery and experiences inevitably imparts to the most varied description an air of sameness and repetition. The people for whom this elaborate background is constructed hardly come up to its requirements, though in externals, at least, they fit very well into the general picturesqueness. The difficulty is that, in spite of a good deal of painstaking analysis on the part of the author, no one of the characters attains to any real distinctness or individuality. The "parts" in the little drama are well distributed, if only the actors could catch the cue; but the man in whom it is essential to the success of the story that the reader should feel a sympathetic interest impresses us as a thoroughly artificial and inexplicable personage, while the heroine, if more natural, is even less intelligible. Part of the pervading indistinctness comes from the prodigiously tall talk which does duty for conversation, and in which it is impossible to discover from internal evidence whether the speaker is the cultivated Arthur, the emotional Bell, the frivolous

¹ Philosophical Discussions. By Chauncey Wright. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by Charles Eliot Norton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 8vo, pp. 434.

² No-Name Series. Kismet. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 338.

³ An Introduction to Political Economy. By Arthur Latham Perry, LL. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 16mo, pp. 348.

Gerty, or the commonplace Kate. "Kismet" is decidedly above the ordinary run of novels, its chief fault being that the author is either deficient in dramatic faculty or has allowed herself to be seduced from her duty to the creatures of her imagination by her delight in describing the incidents of what must have been a most impressive and suggestive voyage.

If "Kismet" rises above the average level of current fiction, the next volume of the series, "The Great Match,"¹ falls as decidedly below it. It would be inappropriate to apply any very strong epithets to such thoroughly trivial, inartistic, and feeble work, and yet it is difficult to characterize it without the use of emphatic language. Perhaps it can be least offensively described as the kind of story produced by many a bright boarding-school miss in hours of effervescent sentimentality, exhibited clandestinely to sympathetic and admiring schoolmates, and, after a time, when taste has slightly matured, consigned to the flames which kindly obliterate so many records of youthful folly. That the present specimen has found place in a series of novels announced as "by eminent authors" would seem to indicate that such self-sacrificing modesty is too exaggerated for current standards. There is just one good thing in the book, and that is the opening picture of the external contrast and social antagonism between the manufacturing town of Milltown and the agricultural village of Dornfield; it is hard to decide whether the insignificance of the plot or the crudeness of the character-sketches is its most conspicuous demerit.

ONLY a practised versifier should venture to pronounce absolutely upon the merits of the Rev. Samuel W. Barnum's "Vocabulary of English Rhymes,"² but even a layman who never woos the Muses can easily see that it is a great improvement upon Walker's antiquated "Rhyming Dictionary," which it is designed to supersede. For one thing it is far more comprehensive, containing more than double, or, in one sense, quadruple the number of words; and, while an immense number of obsolete words have been dropped from the list, a still larger number of those which have come into use during the past century have been inserted. Another feature of the "Vocabulary"—which, indeed, constitutes its distinctive merit—is its new method of classification and arrangement. In Walker the words follow each other in the order of the letters they end with—a system manifestly misleading and inadequate, since rhymes are based not on orthography but on pronunciation, and since, in the English language, at least, pronunciation and orthography bear a very eccentric relation to each other. Mr. Barnum's plan discriminates and groups the words according to their terminal *sounds*, the groups being classified under, first, single or male rhymes, as *bay, delay*; second, double or female rhymes, as *vary, canary*; third, triple rhymes, as *various, multifarious*; fourth, quadruple rhymes, as *variously, multifariously*; and fifth, quin-

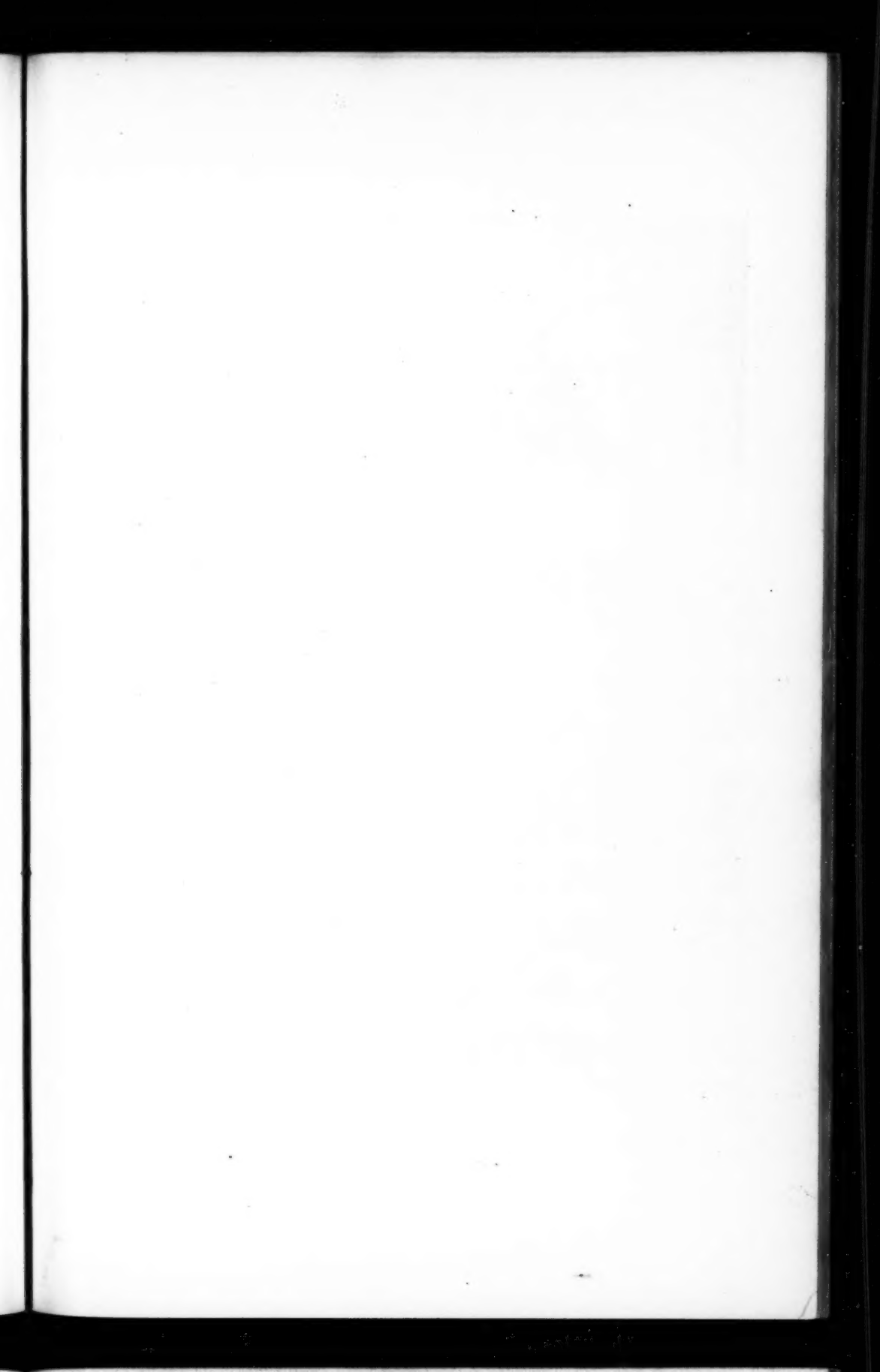
tuple rhymes, as *eligibleness, intelligibleness*. The several words under these groups are arranged, in general, according to the sounds of the rhyming vowels and the letters or syllables following (or preceding) them, taken in their alphabetical order; and the word is easily traced by the rhyming vowel and the following consonant or vowel (if any) placed at the beginning of each division and subdivision, and in the running title at the top of each page. The "Vocabulary" is unquestionably a work of great ingenuity and laborious research; and poets and versifiers will doubtless concur in Dr. Barnum's opinion that it "will aid them to do their work better and more easily, and thus assist in the cultivation of good taste and feeling, the improvement of literature, the promotion of human welfare, and the glory of Him who is Lord of all."

IN his "Fleets of the World" ¹ Commodore Parker undertakes to "give some account of the fleets which from time to time have made their appearance upon the deep, together with a sketch of the gallant men who organized and fought them"—in other words, to do for the naval annals of mankind what has been so often done for its military annals. The task is, of course, a somewhat comprehensive one, and the first volume deals only with "The Galley Period," though this brings us up to the time of the Spanish Armada, and includes some of the largest fleets and greatest sea-fights of which we have any record. The author's method is very unsystematic, and his arrangement chaotic in the extreme; yet he follows, on the whole, a chronological order, and, beginning with Chinese vessels and their navigation, surveys successively the Egyptian and Phœnician vessels, the war-galleys of the Greeks and Persians, the fleets of the Romans and Carthaginians, those of the Venetians, Genoese, and Saracens, the naval exploits of the Norsemen, the rise of the British navy, and the abortive performances of the Invincible Armada. Included in this survey are the great battles of Salamis, Heraclea, Actium, and Lepanto, besides a multitude of minor engagements, of all of which detailed and animated descriptions are given. Should the author be encouraged to persevere in his undertaking, he promises in future volumes to take his readers over more certain ground. "Together," he says, "they will visit Van Tromp and De Ruyter in the British Channel, Blake at Santa Cruz, Rodney in the Antilles, and Suffren off Trincomalee; and later, from the quarter-deck of the Victory, behold the magnificent fleet led by Nelson as it 'sweeps through the deep' on its way to Trafalgar, where the mighty hero fell. Finally, leaving the Eastern Hemisphere, they will see passing before them in regular succession those famous sea-captains whose deeds of daring have emblazoned the naval annals of the United States." It is to be hoped that he will receive such encouragement; for there can be no doubt that he will bring together much valuable material, while his practical knowledge of seamanship gives his comments on construction and manoeuvres a value entirely apart from the usefulness of his work as history.

¹ No-Name Series. The Great Match. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 203.

² A Vocabulary of English Rhymes, arranged on a New Plan. By Rev. Samuel W. Barnum. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 767.

¹ Fleets of the World. The Galley Period. By Foxhall A. Parker, Commodore U. S. Navy. Illustrated. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 8vo, pp. 235.





"Put up her slender hands to smooth her hair and fasten her hat."

"Cherry Ripe!" Chap. XX.

V
the